SANCTITY,

AND

OTHER SERMONS.

BY

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LATE RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. IGNATIUS, NEW YORK.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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And a Memoir by
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INTRODUCTION.

The friends of the Rev. Dr. Ewer have for their object in the preparation and publication of this volume the accomplishment of the laudable desire that the eloquent preacher, the profound theologian, the saintly priest, though dead, should still continue to speak. With this purpose the writer heartily sympathizes, and contributes this introduction as his humble tribute of reverence and love for the dear memory of his deceased friend and brother. He has not read a single line of the contents which follow, and hence he is not responsible for the sentiments expressed or the statements made. No two men can agree, nor are they expected to agree, as to all points, but there may exist sympathy between them as regards their general views and aims, and a cordial appreciation of each other's labors, as directed toward the attainment of a common end. In this bond of relationship the Rev. Dr. Ewer drew to himself and united very many who differed widely from him as to practical measures, subordinate lines of teaching, and doctrinal conclusions. This statement is made not to imply that on any point which may be selected for criticism, the Rev. Dr. Ewer was in error, and the author of this introduction is right.

Far from it. This would be presumption. The reverse is the more likely to be true. It is placed on record simply to vindicate for himself entire independence beyond the general sympathy and agreement which he has already distinctly avowed with the Rev. Dr. Ewer's life and labors as a priest in the Church of God.

If it be asked what was *the one thing* above all others which the Rev. Dr. Ewer sought to accomplish, we answer, to recover for the Church of God, in this land, the recognition and acknowledgment on the part of her own children first, and of those outside as well, of her divine origin, her imperative claims, and her notes or marks which characterize her and distinguish her from all other associations or bodies which might otherwise be confounded with her. The creation of the Church by the operation of the Holy Ghost is a matter of historic record in the Acts of the Holy Apostles. Her features, which her divine author stamped upon her at her birth, are there portrayed in clear, distinct outline. God has as clearly told us that she will have these same features in the end, when she becomes the Bride of the Lamb in Heaven. These features must of necessity really belong to the Church and characterize her in the ages all along, in the interval between the beginning and the end, the day of Pentecost and the final triumph in heaven, since it would be absurd to affirm that a human being could have two eyes, and a nose and a mouth at birth and at death, but during youth, maturity, and old age, all distinction of features would disappear, and the face become a

confused mass, with no outline or harmony of detail. Strange and unaccountable as it may seem, this is precisely the paradox which has been asserted within the last three hundred years by many, and is still affirmed of the Church of God. Nothing can be clearer, if one admits the truth of Holy Scripture, than that on the day of the Church's birth, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the one hundred and twenty, and when St. Peter preached the first Christian sermon and three thousand were baptized, nothing can be clearer than that the Church was then *One*, because her children were all *with one accord in one place;* that she was *Holy*, because all were filled with the Holy Ghost; that she was *Catholic*, because there were there, brought into her fold, devout men out of every nation under heaven, the representatives of all lands; and that she was *Apostolic*, because all the apostles were there. Nothing can be clearer than that in Heaven, in her eternal condition of triumph and perfection, the Church will display the same characteristics, Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity since we have St. John's description of her as he saw her, in prophetic vision, preserved for us in his Revelation. He tells us that he beheld the redeemed of all ages and races gathered together before the throne of God, and that they were all holy, and that the great multitude, with white robes and palms in their hands, included the twelve tribes of Israel, and all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, and the twelve apostles were there sitting on their thrones, and their names are in the twelve foundations of the new Jerusalem.

In the face of these facts, since the middle of the sixteenth century there have been many who, while arrogating to themselves the merit of being pre-eminently *Bible Christians*, have formed associations of their own on the basis of agreement of opinion as to certain doctrines, and called them churches. They have repudiated the historic Church, rejected the divine polity and apostolic ministry, and asserted for themselves the unlimited right of private judgment in regard to all that relates to the things of God. Such errors in religion and laxity in practice have permeated society, and exerted a baleful influence upon the minds and character even of those who still continued within the fold of Christ. The demoralizing effect of sectarianism upon the practical life of the Church has been intensified by a childish dread, a panic fear of Rome. The thought, the speech, the very life of a large proportion of those who rejected the authority of the Pope was moulded, directed, animated by this Romanphobia. Protestantism was and is the general name which shelters the mass of negations, bad as well as good, which have taken root and grown up and flourish in the religious world, or rather the world outside the Church of Rome. The atheist, the deist, the infidel, the Mormon is a Protestant, and more of a Protestant than the orthodox Christian, who rightly rejects, on proper grounds, the distinctive errors of Rome. Unfortunately this name of uncertain meaning, and to some extent of ill repute, became, *through carelessness*, attached to the Church of the living God in this land as a characteristic so distinct and conspicuous that it put out of sight

and largely out of mind with many her Catholicity. Men forgot that they were Catholic in their zeal to be Protestant. The legislation, the activities, the order for public worship, the ministration of the sacraments, the thought, the life of the Church were largely shaped and influenced by this silly, unreasoning fear of Rome. The question was not, is the thing right, is it positively commanded or clearly implied in the Scriptures, is it the voice of antiquity? This was not, and in some quarters still is not the question, but the simple inquiry was, does Rome do it? And if the answer was "Yes," then the case was settled at once without argument, without trial, the verdict was instantly rendered, the judgment and sentence were immediately pronounced, "Away with it, down with it." This ignorance, this prejudice, this temper and spirit of fanaticism have had, as they must always have, two effects: an immediate and present, and an ultimate and enduring. The immediate result is apparent success and triumph. The madness of passion sweeps all before it. The ultimate result is reaction, and often a strengthening of the cause which originally provoked the opposition. The pendulum swings back and passes the meridian line nearly as far, if not quite as far, on the other side. Witness the revolt from Puritan excess and tyranny in England in the seventeenth century, which brought back the monarchy at the Restoration without a single constitutional safeguard for the protection of the liberties of the subject, the securing of which had been the one alleged cause of the Great Rebellion; witness the counter Reformation, as it was called, in the regions where

the Reformation movement in the sixteenth century had developed the wildest excess in doctrine and practice; witness the condition of our own New England to-day, where supra-lapsarianism with penal persecuting statutes to enforce its sway has generated the extreme of laxity as regards all faith in the supernatural; witness, in the case under consideration, the help which Protestantism has given and is giving to Rome, her antagonist.

No one cause does more to promote the advance of the Papacy among us than the fanaticism, the prejudice, the ignorance, and utter misconception of the character, genius, and purpose of the Church of God manifested by most of the sects which gather under the banner of Protestantism. They have practically conceded to their adversary and taught the outside world to concede to her the name of Catholic, the Cross of Christ, the ritual of the Bible. Who is responsible for educating the general public to call Romanism Catholicism? The sects. Who is guilty of allowing Rome to monopolize the cross so that in the popular eye to sign one's self with the Holy Symbol is to stamp one's self as a Romanist? The sects. Who is to blame for putting under the ban of disparagement, and sometimes of the sentence of banishment, the sacraments and scriptural idea and symbols of worship, so that Rome can point with triumph, and say, these are exclusively ours? The sects. Protestantism was doing its best—it was not its intention of course—to help on the cause of Rome. Its indirect influence upon the Church has been to weaken her positive position, her

office as a witness and keeper of the truth. Alas! she has acted feebly and spoken with bated breath. The fear of Rome has been upon her sons and daughters, until even God's command to do a thing has not been sufficient to inspire the courage to obey, because, forsooth, Rome has done it all along, and their obedience might be construed into a sympathy with Rome. Christ's counsels have been discredited, and those who have been called to follow them by the inner voice have been discouraged, because Rome has sons and daughters who have listened and obeyed. The positive truths of the Gospel, formulated in the creed of Christendom, have been obscured, ignored, sometimes denied, because Rome had distorted these truths into errors, as the intermediate state, the historic organic Church, the communion of saints. Thus we have drifted on. We could not think, or speak, or act, but some brother cried, beware of Rome. We were denied our birthright, we were slaves in our own home, we were living as the perpetual victims of suspicion. The sects without, meanwhile, were free to do as they pleased, they had disowned the Catholic name, they had evacuated all meaning from the sacraments, and virtually said they were what a man made them; they reversed the true idea of worship, and made it simply an act of *receiving, not giving;* they were themselves the centre around which everything circulated, in which everything centred. Prayer was really addressed to them, through God, as well as the sermon. They made the sacraments, their thoughts, their will, their hearts did everything, they could not be suspected of

Romanism or of Catholicism, or of any sympathy with historic Christianity, hence they could do what they wished without exciting suspicion. They could range over the field of self-pleasing, from the disgusting exhibitions of the revival to the polished lecture-room of the philosopher, who was improving Christianity, without the reproach of any sympathy with Rome ; but we, alas! have been compelled, at the cost of valuable lives, of reputations blasted, of reproach, scorn, contempt, to vindicate for ourselves the right to use the Lord's Prayer, to sing the chants, to adorn our churches with the badge of man's salvation, to celebrate with decency the awful mysteries, to wear official garments, to seek to approach the Lord with the reverence and honor which are His due. Alas! what sacrifices men have been called upon to make in defence of these and like things, which the ignorant, prejudiced multitude called Romish, and hence condemned.

Gloriously associated with these confessors for the truth is to be numbered the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer. The aim which gave unity to his life of many vicissitudes and his various labors as a priest in the Church of God was, to assert for the Church her rightful heritage, her notes or marks or features, as One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, her polity as having, by divine appointment, a continuity of office to perpetuate her existence until the end ; her priesthood, as representing Christ, and ministering, by His command, in His name ; her sacraments, as means of grace, imparting to those qualified to receive what the Lord who instituted them promised that they would convey ; her worship, as hom-

age paid, *given* to the Almighty in prayer and praise and above all in the Blessed Eucharist. It was for this he lived and labored and suffered as a priest and man. The fruit of his labors and of others like-minded with himself here, and beyond the sea, is seen in the altered public sentiment which prevails, without, in regard to the Church of God, and within, the change of spirit which animates her councils and directs her legislation and moulds her action.

A vast deal is yet to be accomplished, but we may rejoice that we have gained so much, that we no longer shape all our thoughts and utter our words, and do our deeds with the fear of Rome before our eyes. We have reached that stage of religious freedom when we can call ourselves by our own name, use our own symbol, "the sign of the Son of Man," bow our heads and bend our knees in reverence to holy places and sacred things, as well as in worship to our God, and speak of the Lord's presence in His own sacrament without losing our reputation entirely, or being universally proclaimed superstitious fools, traitors, idiots. The tyranny is not yet wholly overpast. In some quarters still the cimmerian darkness of ignorance and prejudice and fanaticism lingers. There are still those who, while professing to believe in the *Catholic* Church, refuse the name, and scorn and contemn those who claim it and rejoice in it; who, while they accept the ministry of Bishops, practically disown the polity of the Church, and call apostolical succession a figment, and the grace of Holy Orders a delusion; who, while they go through the form of administering sacraments, deny their

power; who, while they will speak of our Christianity as the religion of the Cross, hate the holy sign, and would, if they could, forbid its use either in wood or stone, on church spire or porch, on font or altar, or book, or forehead, or breast; who, while they use the offices of the Church, venerable with an antiquity as great as that of the Church herself, import into them the inventions and novelties of the last three hundred years, and then charge with Romanism those who accept and use the offices as they were understood before Papal error appeared, much less the heresies of Luther and Calvin and Zwingli.

Much remains to be done, but we have good hope for the future. Such lives as Dr. Ewer's, which has just closed amid such pathetic circumstances, is an earnest that others will follow in his footsteps and labor, and suffer in the same road which he so nobly and heroically trod. The tendencies of the age are fast bringing Protestantism to the test. It is a matter of compulsion, not of choice. Infidelity is employing the very weapons which Protestantism has systematically used against the Church of God, to assail its strongholds, and in the issue Protestantism must suffer disastrous and irretrievable defeat. There is no logical standpoint which can be maintained between the barest Deism and the acknowledgment of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. All other positions are simply halting places where men may linger for a generation; their successors must move on, advance or recede, they cannot stay. Endowments may tether them, or even anchor them, for the dead hand through money has an iron grip, and

paralyzes conscience and overturns morality, but the laws of thought must have their way as well as the laws of matter, and in the event it will be seen that either evasion will escape the inexorable condition, or else the skeleton fingers will clutch but dust and ashes, the living forces will depart. All positions which rest only on a negative, are simply stages of transition from bad to worse, or worse to better. The mind and soul can no more live on negations than the body can live in a vacuum. The question with the Protestant is not so much what do you *affirm*, but what do you *deny;* and the more he denies, and the less he affirms, the better Protestant is he. He is not expected to give much heed to the Creed or the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments, and for the most part he does not disappoint the expectation. He can tell glibly what he rejects, the Pope and all his errors and abominations, the cross, the altar, the liturgy, and all superstitious practices; but when he is asked what he accepts, he answers, the Bible, and then, if pressed, his speech halts, he may add justification by faith only, election, partial redemption; he does not say, for rarely can he say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty Who created me, in God the Son Who redeemed me, in God the Holy Ghost Who sanctifies me; in the Holy Catholic Church, in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and in the life everlasting." And if he could say this it would not express his faith, since he has no adequate idea of the Church; he for the most part repudiates the intermediate state, and absolutely denies, in any proper sense, the resurrection of the body. What re-

mains? Alas! his negations. On these he must live, on these he must die.

Protestantism, or so much of it as embraces sectarianism, has done *three things* as the master-strokes of its policy. It broke away from the Church in the sixteenth century; it rejected the Sacraments in their primitive and Catholic meaning, and it virtually superseded the creed of Christendom with confessions of faith formulated by men. In the place of these—the Church, the Sacraments, and the Creed—Protestantism must provide substitutes, and it did. It put the Bible in the place of the Living Church, the Pulpit in the place of the Sacraments, and Private Judgment as to the meaning of Scripture in the place of the Creed. Thus equipped, it started on its mad career. The final result has not been, even yet, fully reached, but it is tending rapidly toward its accomplishment. There are stages in its progress; step by step the problem is worked out, and a few years more will witness the utter and absolute overthrow of the system, as regards its hitherto avowed principles. All this might have been foreseen, and was foreseen, and foretold. But the device—it was more than man's, was clever, and promised well. For a time it exceeded the most extravagant expectations of its votaries. It carried, in certain regions, all before it.

In its *first stage* of development, with private judgment in matters of religion as a substitute for the Creed of Christendom, it speedily demonstrated its failure, since all the machinery of persecution, where Protestants possessed the power, was brought into play to

suppress the exercise of that very private judgment, the free use of which was boldly asserted to be one of the leading principles of Protestantism. Still, private judgment, with no living church to teach and creed to guide, would assert itself until, in succession, sect after sect appeared, and the type of Babel has its fulfilment in a hundred and more of so-called religious systems, each warring with its neighbors, confounding confusion with the many strange voices which tell, each in different manner, how the tower is to be built, and the way opened to heaven. In no other sphere of life is such a paradox asserted as that a man may pursue an independent line for himself, without regard to the past or the relations of the present. Home, society, the state, science, put limitations upon a man's judgment, and he must, in spite of his best exertions to be free, submit. Religion is no exception to the rule, and the result thus far reached presents an awful comment upon the folly of teaching that in the realm of faith God has placed no restraints upon man's will.

In its *second stage*, in substituting the Pulpit for the Sacraments, the result, though longer deferred, has proved equally disastrous. The Sacraments, denuded of their value, have been set aside as worthless. The font has disappeared, the altar has been degraded into a common table, placed in some ignoble position, while the pulpit has been set up as the chief object in which all else culminates in their churches. Alas! Christ's sacraments, in their institution the most emphatic acts which He ever performed, in that He associated them as His *last* acts before leaving the world—baptism with

His Ascension; the Eucharist with His Crucifixion—are ever, as God's gifts, *the same;* they change not. They are, in the hands of the humblest missionary, as precious as when ministered by the greatest and grandest ecclesiastic. They suffer not by comparison with advancing or receding stages of civilization. They confer as great a gift upon the savage as on the scholar, and are as far removed, on their divine side, from man and earth, to-day, amid the grandeur of modern life and manners, as they were when S. Peter and S. Paul administered them to Jew and Gentile, in the first age. It is not so with the pulpit; its value varies with him who occupies it. He may be bright or dull; he may be learned or ignorant; he may practise what he preaches, or he may be careless and unspiritual in his life. Again, the pulpit has direct and essential relations in its influence and power for good to the ages as they pass, and the conditions of society as they change. Once the pulpit stood almost alone, as the only source whence, aside from the school and university, men derived knowledge; now it is a competitor among many rivals for attention—the printed book, the newspaper, the magazine, the lecture, the athenæum, and kindred agencies have sprung into being and placed the pulpit at a discount, even in its own legitimate sphere—the preaching the Gospel of Christ. The result is that Protestantism has lost both its sacraments and its pulpit. It virtually discarded the one and perverted the other, and now, among Protestants, few care to be baptized or receive the Holy Communion, since where is the use? and few are attracted to hear the preacher, since the

sermon has lost its charm amid the multiplicity of sweeter voices which speak from the elegant volume, the article in the review, the encyclopedia, or the scientific lecture-room.

The *third stage* in the crucial test to which Protestantism must submit has now been reached. The Reformers on the continent designedly put the Bible in the place of the living Church. This has been the line of Protestantism ever since. The Church, as an outward visible kingdom, having a polity, institutions, laws, authority to bind and loose, has been dismissed and relegated to the exploded fables which once deceived mankind. An invisible Church has been much talked about and insisted upon, as though our Lord means *an invisible Church*, when He declared that He would build it upon a rock, or the Apostles, when they speak of it in a way, which absolutely forbids such an interpretation. Still, this ignis fatuus of an invisible Church would not do as a substitute for the living historic Body of Christ, which, tracing its origin to the days of the Apostles, was present to men's eyes as a substantial reality; there must be something equally substantial and if possible equally old to take the place of the visible Church. The Bible was pressed into service to do this office, and for a time it seemed to answer the purpose marvellously well. Printing had just brought the Scriptures within the reach of all who could read. They were reputed to be, in their mechanical form as a translation and a book, without qualification the Word of God, and were popularly accounted to be older than the dispensations of

which they treated, and the experiences which they related. The Church and the Bible *God* joined together; *Protestantism* put them rudely asunder. It sunk the Church out of sight, and as far as it could do so out of mind, and elevated the Bible as a book into an idol. Popularly for a time men worshipped it. They knew not how it came into the world; somehow they thought of it as the heathen reasoned about Minerva, in regard to whom they were taught to believe that she sprang forth full-armed from the head of Jupiter. The Bible was here and in their hands; they must be satisfied with the blessing without question or examination. For the most part they were; years passed and few inquired as to the origin of Holy Scripture, how it was separated from fictitious and apocryphal writings, and how it was preserved from corruption and handed down in its integrity from the remote past to the present. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," is the divine law. Protestantism cared not for this principle. Its necessity must know no law; it needed the Bible for its purpose; it did not want the Church, and so it took the Bible from the custody of its witness and keeper to whom God had consigned it, and started with the Bible in its hands as a book by itself, independent of all relationship to anything else in the world.

This brand-new plan, the invention of the sixteenth century, worked well for a season. It seemed as though there would be no further need for Church, or Priesthood, or Sacraments, or Creed. The Protestant with his Bible was all-sufficient. He needed nothing more.

So confident did he feel of his success, that he embodied his conviction in an apothegm, which is still cherished by many as a maxim of wisdom and a ringing note of triumph: "The Bible, and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." Alas! then for the Apostles and their contemporaries—either *they* were not Protestants or else they had *no religion;* one or other of these alternatives must be true since the first century of Christianity had no Bible. The New Testament was growing then by gradual accretions in the hands of the faithful to whom God gave it. The plan of discarding the Church, "the witness and keeper of Holy Writ," we say, worked well for a time, and the Protestant flourished and felt secure; he was committed to his position, and to render his idol more sacred he largely avowed the theory under different forms of the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture. Alas! the evil day has come at length for him, and his idol, the printed book, is in the crucible of criticism. The Bible is his all, he has nothing else; he must defend it, if he defend it at all, apart from its witness and keeper, the Church.

The Protestant has disowned the historic Church, *an invisible Church* he cannot summon to his aid in this conflict. The investigation must be a trial of witnesses, a question of testimony. But witnesses who are to be trusted to tell us what is the Word of God and what is not, are also competent to inform us what men believed, and how they worshipped God in their day; testimony which is sufficient to convince us that God said so and so, must also be adequate to convince us that the claims of God's visible Church are to be

allowed, the credibility of the Creed admitted, and the validity of the Sacraments recognized. This the Protestant cannot do—*it is fatal to his very existence as a* PROTESTANT. Besides, the Bible is a *relative* book; from first to last it implies something else correlative with itself, and that something is the Church. The Bible without the Church needs no infidel to assail it, it refutes itself. The Church and the Bible are related to each other as a kingdom or state to its constitution. The kingdom can exist without its constitution, but the constitution cannot exist, except as an historic curiosity, without the kingdom. Yet this has been the avowed position of Protestantism all along, "the Bible and the Bible only is its religion," and now with its Bible apart from the living Church, if it adheres to its own cherished and avowed principles, it must be ground to powder. It has reached its last entrenchment, its other works have long since been carried, it has no Creed, it has no Sacraments, and soon it will have no Bible. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The Protestant has done this, and now he must pay the penalty of his rashness and impiety. He must either surrender his position as a Protestant and return to a Catholic standpoint, or else he must be content to be at the mercy of the infidel and be stripped and slain.

The infection of Protestantism had passed largely into the Church; it had leavened many of her members with its loves and hates, its prejudices and fears. Social and domestic ties, uniting churchmen to sectarians, carried weakness and the spirit of compro-

mise, and half-heartedness into her halls of legislation, the administration of her prelates, the teaching of her priests, and the practice of her laity. It needed some one to speak out, and act, and recall this generation to lay hold of forgotten truths, and assert them and embody them in their lives and conversation. Such a work, looked at from a human standpoint, must be at the best a most unwelcome task. He who undertakes to do it must expect to be misrepresented and abused. He must count upon being regarded with suspicion and treated with disrespect. He must be prepared to sacrifice all earthly ambition, and pay the price of loss of popularity and the fruits which popularity pours into the lap. He must be prepared for this, and more than this, or else he will be surprised, and disheartened, and driven back, and defeated ere he has begun his warfare.

The Rev. Dr. Ewer was one of those favored ones, whom God called to this noble mission of lifting the church in this land out of the miserable depths of apathy, coldness, ignorance and indifference as to her real claims and character, to the position which she now holds, and the greater and better things in the future which await her. He was not disobedient to the heavenly voice. He girded on his armor and he went forth to the fight, no more to lay it aside until He, who called him, released him, as he was discoursing sublimely of the better country and of the higher life from the pulpit in Montreal.

The American church may well be proud of her confessors, who have suffered and been willing and glad to

suffer in her behalf. We have our missionaries, abundant in their labors and self-denials, such as Chase, Kemper, Breck; our saintly men, such as White, Griswold, Croswell; our heroic champions, such as Hobart, Whittingham, Doane; and our confessors, such as Carey, De Koven, Ewer. We may yet have our martyrs, since the last days, while they will give us the worst results of depravity and sin, will also yield us, through that awful wickedness, the best fruits of righteousness in the lives of saints and the deaths of martyrs. Infidelity, and its handmaids, heresy and schism, are helping forward the arrival of those days. All the signs of the appearing of that evil time are upon us in the bud; the maturity of growth is not far in advance.

Protestantism has degraded marriage from the sanctity with which God has invested it, to the level of a mere civil contract, and the infidel has welcomed the concession; and the infidel and the Protestant together have made our laws and the practice of our people contradict the fiat of God. Divorce, the desecration of home, the ruin of children, laxity of morals, and the steady deterioration in all the virtues by which society is held together, and the state sustained, are the result. The end is not far to reach. It will not take much, as it has not taken much in the past, to incite men who have cast off all restraints, to murder the priest at the altar and the bishop on his journey. When that day comes, if it should come, there will not be wanting those who will vindicate their living faith in Christ, and their loyalty to His Church, by giving the testimony of their blood as a free-will offering in His service. We

are sure of this, since the lives and labors of such men as Mahan, De Koven, Ewer, are an earnest of what they would have been had God required the sacrifice at their hands.

In all that we have written we have had reference to a system, not persons. We have been seeking to expose fallacies, errors, delusions; we have not intentionally said one word to wound the feelings of a brother. If we are wrong we shall be more rejoiced than they who set us right, to be enlightened, as Dr. Ewer would have been on whose behalf we write these pages. But the methods employed toward him are not likely to convince the understanding, and win the heart. Hard names, abuse, ridicule, baseless accusations, imputation of bad motives—such were the weapons for the most part directed against him. Could those who thus ruthlessly assailed him have seen how closely he followed his divine Master in this experience which he shared with Him, and which it was his privilege to endure, they would have been won at least to admire his meekness, his sweetness of disposition, and his cheerful submission to the divine will.

In this world time ultimately does much to set things right, even if it does not fully anticipate the judgment of the last great day. We remember years ago sitting in an English cathedral, at a formal visitation of the bishop of the diocese. The choir was crowded with clergy. The bishop sat in state. In due time he read his charge. The burden of his message to his flock, and through them to the Church of England, was the arraignment and condemnation of John Keble for erroneous teach-

ing, if not heresy. The poet-priest sat among his brother clergy, undistinguished by any preferment save the humble living which the partiality of private friendship had awarded him. He was so gentle, so unassuming, so meek. He bent his head in respectful attention to his ecclesiastical superior, and when the charge was over we all departed. We thought as we witnessed that scene, and our eye passed from prelate to priest, Ah! time will adjust this; a few years will reverse the sentence of this hour. The bishop will go down, the priest will go up. The bishop will be remembered only as one of the many insignificant men who filled the see, while John Keble's name will be sacred on the lips of all who can speak the English tongue and read "the Christian year." So has it come about. It was popular to abuse Keble then. The excitement of the Papal aggression, as it was called, had not passed away, and to punish a suspected sympathizer with Rome was esteemed a meritorious act, and so the good bishop improved the occasion. He won present applause, but had his charge been worth preserving, would he have secured *lasting renown?* This scene, and the sequel, are an epitome of the history of all confessors for the truth's sake, and their assailants. God takes care of His own, and brings them out of all their troubles. He vindicates the right, and blesses those who suffer for righteousness' sake.

MEMOIR.

Ferdinand Cartwright Ewer was born in the town of Nantucket, in the island of the same name, and in the State of Massachusetts, on the twenty-second day of May in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six. The place of his birth had the usual insular characteristics. If there was a certain narrowness, there was also a considerable activity, particularly of religious thought. Isolated communities, especially when they are of an original religious foundation, not uncommonly lapse into bigotry or latitude of speculation. In Nantucket the influence of the Society of Friends, if not predominant, was at least marked; and if it had been different, the maternal grandparents were Quakers, Dr. Ewer's mother being ("if anything," he says) a Unitarian. His paternal grandparents were Unitarian Quakers, followers, we may presume, of that well-known schismatic, Elias Hicks. The period of Dr. Ewer's birth was one of what is called religious inquiry, especially in Massachusetts, and the Unitarian controversy, the natural result of the theology of Calvin, only came after several generations of the clergy of the State had fallen either into doubt or indifference. As a child, at a time when men had become more intellectually in-

terested in such matters, Dr. Ewer must have listened to many discussions of the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Atonement, of Original Sin, of Predestination, and of Conversion; and it is not improbable that these early experiences gave him a taste for doctrinal speculation, which afterward developed into something much higher and more important. The father of Dr. Ewer was Peter Folger Ewer, an eminent merchant of Nantucket. His mother was Mary (Cartwright) Ewer. He was the first child born of a second marriage. When he was three years old his father determined to remove to Providence, R. I., there to engage in commercial business. With this city his earliest memories were connected, and his affection for it lasted through his life. In after years, when travelling, he would go out of his way to visit it; he thought it, as he says, "the most charming place on the face of the earth." He mentions that here, when he was about five years old, his mother taught him the Lord's Prayer. He was put early to school, and made the usual progress. He says, curiously enough, "my principal amusement was to play church ('Episcopal Church,' of course). My mother humored me in allowing me to arrange the furniture in my room for a permanent pulpit, reading-desk, and chancel; also in preparing for me a surplice and stole, and sometimes in allowing me light for an evening service." The child was, indeed, the father of the man. Another amusing circumstance which Dr. Ewer mentions in his notes is that when a boy he had such an invincible repugnance to declamation that, for two months, without the knowledge of his family, he absented himself

from school rather than attempt it. This was certainly a singular beginning for one of the most accomplished pulpit orators of his time.

The family of Dr. Ewer again removed, in 1834, from Providence to the city of New York. He says that he set up his church establishment in his new quarters. He was put into a school on East Broadway, kept by a Frenchman, where he learned nothing except a few French words and "the origin of the names of the days of the week." He was soon transferred to another school, kept by Solomon Jenners, in Henry Street, where he made good progress in the elementary branches, except spelling, which he "found an intellectual impossibility to master," adding frankly that he has not yet mastered it. He used occasionally to attend service at St. Thomas' Church, at the corner of Houston Street and Broadway, of which Rev. Dr. Hawks was rector. More frequently he went to All Saints' Church, in Henry Street, and occasionally to the Friends' Meeting-house, in Rose Street, which he found "an unendurable place." No pains were taken with his religious education, though his moral training was attended to. Now and then his mother would see that he said his prayers at night. He grew up with "Unitarian impressions," casually received, whatever they may be.

In 1836, when he was nine years old, young Ewer was placed at the boarding-school of Charles G. Greene, at Jamaica Plains, near Boston. He seems to have made good progress in his arithmetical studies, and he composed and delivered a speech upon "Our Forefathers"—a fair specimen of juvenile rhetoric. The

boys had a speaking society, as a member of which he began "to spread his elocutionary wings." He left Jamaica Plains in 1838, when, going back to Nantucket, he was placed in the school of Mr. James B. Thompson, author of a once popular treatise on the Higher Mathematics. The subsequent winter was spent by the family in Providence, where the lad attended the Greene Street school, in which Margaret Fuller was either then or afterward an assistant teacher. He retured in 1839 to Nantucket, where he spent the next five years. About this time he began "to collect books," and as illustrative of his love of preserving everything, it may be mentioned that some of the volumes then acquired stand to-day upon the shelves of his library. The preparation for college had begun, for a college training had been resolved upon. To the study of the classics he appears to have come with very little of avidity; but having changed his teacher, and with an impression that the time for trifling had gone by, he applied himself resolutely to the study of Greek and Latin with good success. Now, too, at the age of sixteen years, his natural interest in religious matters, already noticed, was by no means abated. He has left upon record some account of his thoughts and speculations at that time, and in that rarefied atmosphere of Unitarianism. He was at first astonished to find the whole body of Unitarians so very small; he began, with the assistance of the Bible, to investigate for himself; and he found himself quite unable to reconcile the Unitarian hypothesis with Holy Writ. Historical study also softened his opinion of the Roman Catholic Church. Then the question of

baptism coming in, he decided against immersion. Even then he thought that the Episcopalians had the best of the historical argument. Then, having determined to be baptized somewhere, he went to the Rev. F. W. Pollard, Rector of Trinity Church, Nantucket, asked for the administration of the rite, and was received into the Church, on the 24th of March, 1843. He has left a partial list of the books which he read at the time—an extraordinary one, it must be admitted, for a boy of sixteen years. He mentions Pierson on the Creed; Burnett on the Thirty-nine Articles; Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation; the Confessions of St. Augustine; Whately on Common Prayer. Unquestionably this early reading gave a bent to the mind of Dr. Ewer, and a taste for theological inquiry which it never lost. He was right in afterward saying that this was an important era of his life. It was certainly one of intellectual activity. He was studying theology; he was editing a MS. newspaper; he was preparing for college; and he was undoubtedly reading all the time on general literature. Residence in his island-home had given him intellectual habits, and this he always cheerfully acknowledged.

Dr. Ewer was matriculated at Harvard University in 1844. He was a regular and methodical student, and little seems to have occurred to break the routine of his university pursuits. One tendency of his mind is shown by his preference for mathematics, when selecting from the elective studies. He had also a special liking for other branches of scientific knowledge. His researches in German Literature about this time had brought back

some of his old skeptical notions. He began to doubt the inspiration of Scripture, and in his style he seems to have caught something of the affectations of Carlyle, as many college lads did at that day. All his religious belief had been based upon his acknowledgment of the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and when this was withdrawn, everything else went with it. He was, to use his own words, "left at loose upon the sea of unbelief."

The quiet of his university life was, during his Junior year, unpleasantly interrupted. Financial reverses overtook his father, and his withdrawal from Harvard seemed a necessary consequence. There was a proposition that he should go on with his studies at West Point. For this plan he had no relish, and though he reluctantly acquiesced, he was never called upon to make the sacrifice. Some arrangement was made by which he was enabled to remain at the university until his graduation, in 1848. In a class of sixty, he graduated eighteenth, delivering upon Commencement Day a disquisition on "The Indian Race." He has recorded under this date the continued fluctuations of his religious opinions; his determination to sever himself from the Church, and his confidence that "Nature" would satisfy all the aspirations of his soul, and answer all troublesome questions, if it was proper that they should be answered. There is a sincerity evident in this sciolism which entitles it to respect. The time for earnest and settled faith had not yet come. It may be harmless to quote from his Diary kept at this time, the following passage: "This day I formally sunder

the bonds which have for five or six years connected me with the Protestant Episcopal Church. And now my soul swings from all forms, creeds, and books. I sweep all away and start for myself. I know nothing but the outward and the inward, viz., Nature and my Soul. The universe is my body which is to educate my soul for——no one knows; for something, for Nature says nothing is without a purpose. What do I know of Bibles? Do I wish for an answer, I will go to Nature. If it is proper for me to know, she will answer. This is no sudden step of mine. But this day I formally take that step which in practice I had taken long ago. This is the record." Such an avowal as this is valuable as showing the religious activity of Dr. Ewer's mind. When he wrote these words he was nearer than he thought to Christianity. He was thinking, it is true, very inaccurately, but with perfect honesty and sincerity.

After graduation came the difficult question of a profession. Dr. Ewer's first impulse was to become a teacher, a calling to which he felt specially drawn, and for which all who knew him will acknowledge that he had a special and natural fitness. Something he was compelled to do, for he had become dependent upon his own exertions. He thought of opening a school for young ladies, and afterward endeavored to procure a position as instructor of a school; but he was compelled to abandon these plans. He determined at last to become a civil engineer, and entered an office, in Boston, to prepare himself for the business. But his prospects were not very encouraging, and just at this time (1849)

he turned his eyes, with so many others, toward California. "I have no gold fever," he says pathetically in his Diary, "I only desire not to starve." He found friends whose assistance enabled him to join one of the numerous companies of emigrants then so common. He sailed for San Francisco in April, 1849, arriving in September of that year, where he found his father, who had preceded him. Several plans for going into business proved abortive. For a little while he was in a surveyor's office drafting maps. Then he quite accidentally drifted into *The Pacific News*, of which he soon became the editor. This post, for creditable reasons, he soon resigned, becomining editor and part proprietor of *The Sacramento Transcript*. The enterprise, however, soon failed, leaving Dr. Ewer in debt. He returned to San Francisco "without a penny in the world." An attempt to establish a Sunday newspaper called *The Despatch* was another failure, and he accepted (having no money) a position as reporter for *The Alta Californian*. In this he remained until early in 1852. He admits in the Diary above quoted that he saw "a great deal of wild life, and was in the lowest depths of infidelity and atheism;" but this statement must be received with a considerable degree of allowance. Through various vicissitudes and mental and spiritual experiences he still struggled on; but it is proper that he should tell in his own language the interesting story of his return to a belief in Christianity. The following is extracted from a record of his life, under date of January, 1852:

"This is a very important year. For this winter

the whole tenor of my life was changed, principally by a single remark of a friend, Mr. Louis R. Lull, who one day about this time joined our club table, at Randall's, at which I was present, of course, on my occasional visits to San Francisco from the Legislature. I was and had long been an infidel. I was always trying to make converts. I attacked Mr. Lull, at table, on the subject of Christianity. One day he stopped me with the remark that he did not wish to hold any conversation with me on the subject; that he knew I was a follower of Locke and an atheist. I told him such was a strange position for a man of sense to assume; that I was after truth, as every man should be; that if I had it, and he had it not, he surely should be willing to be set right. If he had it, and I had it not, I surely should be willing to be set right. He said if I was not bound up in the chains of inevitable prejudice I had better read Cousin's 'Psychology.' This was one of our text-books in college, but I had not really studied it properly. I told him I should do so. . . . As I read and thought and studied, I found my whole belief irredeemably tumbled into ruins. I was thrown back to Christianity. I gave up 'seeing life,' began attending Trinity Church, where, every Sunday, I sat in Henry Meiggs's pew. I ceased, of course, my infidel conversations, for I was confounded.

"There was one more chance remark made by a friend that had a marked and effectual influence in changing the tenor of my whole subsequent life. The circumstances were as follows: During the spring of 1853 I was at Marysville for a few days. Rev. Mr. Bell, a

Presbyterian clergyman, was at the same hotel with me. We were shut up by an inundation of the Yuba River. As we were sitting together at a stove in the bar-room, I asked him playfully how it happened that such a glorious good fellow as he should have thought of the staid profession of a clergyman. He said: 'I reasoned, Mr. Ewer, in this way: I belong to God by the highest of all titles—the divine right of creation. As that is so, I am bound to do his service, bound to give my efforts in his cause.' This went like a bullet into my mind, and it rested there. I changed the conversation, but the remark weighed within me till I at last had given myself to His cause." The momentous conclusion of this, Dr. Ewer sums up as follows: "I decided to return to the Church, and to become a clergyman if God was willing to accept me." Dr. Ewer was then twenty-five years of age.

In July, 1853, Dr. Ewer was appointed to a place as warehouse clerk, in the San Francisco Custom-house. This made his circumstances comparatively easy, as he continued to report for *The Times* and *Transcript*, and for *The Price Current*. He records that, at this time, he paid up all his college debts with compound interest.

In January, 1854, Dr. Ewer, in connection with Mr. William H. J. Brooks, issued the first number of *The Pioneer*, a monthly magazine. He says, with quite pardonable complacency, "I was, indeed, quite a pioneer editor now, having edited and brought out the first political and Democratic newspaper on the Pacific coast, the first tri-weekly, the first daily in the interior of California; the first political and Democratic newspaper in

the interior; the first literary weekly on the Pacific coast, and the first monthly magazine." *The Pioneer*, a very creditable publication, was never remunerative, and Dr. Ewer soon disposed of most of his pecuniary interest in it.

On December 9, 1854, in Grace Church, San Francisco, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, Dr. Ewer was married to Miss Sophia Mandell Congdon, formerly of New Bedford, Mass.

All this time Dr. Ewer's resolution to become a priest of the Church was sedulously maintained. In this he did not receive much encouragement, until he laid his plans before Bishop Kip, whose first advice to him was to return at once to the holy communion. His first application to be admitted as a candidate for Holy Orders was so coldly received by the Standing Committee of the Diocese, that, mortified and abashed, he withdrew it. He determined, however, to pursue a course of theological study; and in this he seems to have failed, at first, in obtaining any direction from those who were most competent to afford it. He went from rector to bishop, and from bishop to rector, but all were too busy to point out to him the way to the priesthood which he was afterward to adorn. But something may be forgiven the priest who condescended to recommend him to begin with "Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures." It was good advice at least, however grudgingly given; but it was acted upon instantly and with a will. Horne was bought, and those theological studies began which ended only with the student's life. To Horne Dr.

Ewer devoted a year, but it must be remembered that he was all this time attending to the duties of his position in the Custom-house. Bishop Kip began to be impressed by the persistent labors of this young man, so bent upon entering the ministry of the Church. Matters were at once made easy for his first examination, which he passed creditably, as he did subsequently the second and third. He tells us that he wrote his first sermon in February, 1857, from the text Joshua i. 9. He had probably himself found personal comfort in the words: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest." He was ordained deacon in Grace Church on the Sunday before Easter, by Bishop Kip, and preached his first sermon—it was upon "Prayer" —on Easter Day in the same church.

He said, at this time, to his bishop, that he was ready, nay, eager for work; that he did not desire a farthing from the diocese, but would support himself; but might he not go down to the southern part of San Francisco, hire a hall, and there establish a free church dependent only upon the Sunday offerings? But the bishop answered, "No; I have need of you elsewhere," and he then learned that his destination was Petaluma, a little agricultural town of 4,000 inhabitants. This, however, was abandoned. The bishop was also rector of Grace Church, and he wished to leave Dr. Ewer in charge as assistant minister. A resignation of the place in the Custom-house followed, and Dr. Ewer assumed his new office with the full assent of

the vestry. "My clerical life is now begun," he writes in his Diary: "God send his grace upon my feeble efforts. Amen." Bishop Kip, in December, 1857, resigned the rectorship, to which Dr. Ewer was unanimously elected. He was ordained priest, January 17, 1858. He celebrated the Holy Eucharist for the first time on February 9, 1858, in private, at the bedside of a sick person. Dr. Ewer was elected one of the Standing Committee of the Diocese in June, 1858, and the next year was appointed its secretary. There is an abundant evidence of the success of Dr. Ewer as a clergyman in San Francisco. He won a very high reputation as a preacher, and his church was always crowded. In 1859, he was elected a delegate to the General Triennial Convention of the American Church. He had intended to visit the East, but so strong was the opposition to it in the church, that he abandoned, for the present, his plan, to be resumed during the following year. He was exceedingly anxious to visit the East, for there were very many who were very dear to him; his aged mother, from whom he had so long been parted, his sister, and others to whom he was fondly attached. His health, too, was precarious, and it must be remembered for how many years he had been an exile from the scenes of his youth. He offered a resignation of his rectorship, which the vestry refused to accept, and affairs were in this condition when he left California. He, with his family, left San Francisco, not without a premonition that he might never return, and this was destined to be fulfilled. But between himself and Grace Church there was only the kindliest

feeling, and the future remained in the hands of Divine Providence. It is proper that the following resolution adopted by the vestry should be placed upon record:

"*Resolved*, That the letter of Mr. Ewer be entered on the minutes, and that his resignation as rector be not accepted, but remain subject to such action thereon as in the judgment of the vestry may hereafter be deemed advisable.

"That the sincere regards of the vestry be tendered to Reverend Mr. Ewer, and that he be assured that the good wishes of the parish will attend him and his family wherever in the dispensation of Providence he may be called to labor."

In Bishop Kip's Annual Address to the California Convention, in May, 1860, he spoke as follows:

"I regret to state that the Rev. F. C. Ewer, Rector of Grace Church, San Francisco, has been obliged to return to the East by indisposition. At his first outset in the ministry, taking an important parish, he was most abundant in labors, and the work has proved too much for his constitution. We trust, however, that a few months will restore him, entirely recovered, to a congregation by whom he is so highly prized, and the diocese in which he holds so honorable a place."

Dr. Ewer arrived in New York, the scene of his future labors, May 12, 1860. He was thirty-four years old; more than half his life was spent, yet the life before him, how full was it to be of growth and accomplishment and great experiences! His first clerical work, apart from some accidental preaching, began

at St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, in New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was rector. His first engagement here was only for two months, during which time the offerings, upon which the church was mainly dependent, greatly increased. At the expiration of the engagement it was extended for six months. His popularity as a preacher continued to increase, and if he had desired mere worldly praise and success, he might have had both to his heart's content; but even at this time, he seems to have set little value upon either. Since his return to the East he had received many calls from important churches, which he declined with no more thought than was necessary for a conscientious decision. The duty at St. Ann's interested him, and he made himself somewhat acquainted with the sign language, that he might use it in leading the devotions of the peculiar and unfortunate parishioners. He cast many longing lingering looks back to his old parish in San Francisco, which was eagerly expecting his return. But there were many considerations, and among others that of his health, which residence at the East had greatly improved. Dr. Ewer's Diary shows that he gave to the matter of his return anxious and prayerful reflection. He felt that his prayers were answered, and that he must not go back. He was a very long while in coming to this decision, but he never repented it. The whole matter is recorded in particular detail in his Diary, but what is here given will be sufficient for the public eye.

Dr. Ewer still remained at St. Ann's. There was some effort made to found a new parish expressly for

his ministry, but the Civil War had deprived men of means, the subscriptions lagged, and the project was finally abandoned. What was to come next? Dr. Ewer wrote in his Diary: "This was the darkest time of my whole life. God was trying me. What should I do with my poor family? One hundred and thirty-three dollars was all I had left in the world. It would not support us more than three weeks. But God was in the heavens, and the very hairs of our head were numbered by him. He knew—He knew—and that was enough."

On the 5th of May, 1861, Dr. Ewer preached in St. Ann's his sermon on "The National Crisis," which by general request was published. The connection with St. Ann's was renewed for another half year. His old California friends in the First California Regiment wanted him for their chaplain, but though his "war fever" was high, he felt obliged to decline the appointment. Several times during the war he received similar offers. In October, 1861, the connection with St. Ann's was renewed for a third period of six months. Zealous in all good works, he read about this time a paper before the Sanitary Association of New York, which was published by the Association. On the 22d of February, 1862, he delivered, in the Academy of Music, an oration on "The World's Obligation to War," under the auspices of the New York Seventh Regiment. About a fortnight after, the oration was repeated, by request, in Clinton Hall. He also visited at this time the Army of the Potomac. A call to the Church of the Holy Communion he felt obliged to decline.

In November, 1862, Dr. Ewer was called to the rectorship of Christ Church in New York City. The vestry of St. Ann's in accepting his resignation as assistant minister, wrote to him as follows: "Your name will ever be held in grateful remembrance in this parish, for you have been instrumental in a special manner in contributing to its present prosperity. Your sympathy with deaf-mutes and the readiness with which you have co-operated with the rector in all his efforts to extend Church privileges among them, have endeared you to all with whom you have been so long associated."

Dr. Ewer was instituted Rector of Christ Church on the third Sunday after Advent (December 14, 1862). The sermon, on this occasion, was preached by the Right Reverend Bishop Potter. It is an evidence of his pulpit popularity at this time, that all the pews in the house were immediately rented, and the church was usually so crowded that the aisles were filled with listeners. There never was a ministry begun under auspices apparently more favorable. He entered at once into the work of the parish with the greatest ardor, and showed then, as he showed afterward, that mere preaching could not satisfy him. His first labor almost was to organize an association for the support of Christ Church Parish School, and a Ladies' Charitable Association. In September, 1864, he delivered his well-known sermon against political preaching, which attracted great attention. It was printed at length in many newspapers, and was universally regarded as both eloquent and logical. A single memorandum in

Dr. Ewer's Diary will show how he was otherwise engaged. It is as follows: "I commenced this month (December, 1864) to raise $12,000 to pay for a new organ and to liquidate the floating debt of the church. I succeeded (spring of 1865) in raising the amount;" and it was through labors like these conscientiously, though most imprudently undertaken, that he wore out his life and went so early to his reward. At the very time above mentioned he had gathered together five hundred children in the Sunday-school, the Parish School for the Poor, the Mission School, and the Industrial School. Meanwhile his services as a lecturer and speaker were everywhere in demand, and his vacations meant only opportunities for varying his work. In August, 1865, when he should have been resting, he delivered an oration before the High School Alumni of Nantucket—a very full and philosophical exposition of the dignity and the duty of the teacher's vocation.

Upon the death of Bishop Elliot, in 1867, Dr. Ewer was frequently spoken of as his probable successor in the Diocese of Georgia. He carefully considered the matter, and became convinced that he ought not to be even a candidate for the place.

In 1867 Dr. Ewer received from Columbia College the honorary degree of S.T.D.

Meanwhile the work at Christ Church went on. Under Dr. Ewer's supervision the interior of the edifice was beautifully decorated. He had his own views of a neglected and commonplace sanctuary, and then, as afterward, believed in giving the best to the Lord.

On the Sunday after Ascension, 1868, Dr. Ewer

preached before the Bishop Seabury Association of Brown University, a sermon on the "Logical Impossibility of any Compromise between the Church and the Sects."

In the year 1868 Dr. Ewer preached in Christ Church his well-known sermons on the "Failure of Protestantism." Of these the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, in an admirable article in *The American Church Review*, says: "They cost him a large measure of his popularity, and prepared the way for the more serious loss of his rectorship. The outburst of indignation with which they were received in many quarters might be likened to the sweep of a cyclone. However widely men may differ as to their contents, on one point all must agree: the utterance of such sentiments was the act of a brave and fearless man. I wish that they might now have a fresh and calmer reading; without indorsing everything that they contain, I say that they abound in strong common-sense, and give many a needful note of warning. There is no reason for growing angry over these discourses; rather let us honor such dauntless expression of unpopular sentiments; and moreover, let me insist upon another point, that whatever may be thought of the force of his objections to that which he assailed, the specific Protestantism of the anti-sacramental, anti-sacerdotal, non-episcopal, and rationalistic type, there is not in all these discourses one word of defence of any distinctively Romish doctrine, or of disloyalty to the Church of which he was a priest." Dr. Dix does not overestimate the excitement which these sermons created. They especially provoked an amount of com-

ment, more or less ignorant, in the secular newspapers which was quite appalling. Nor were the religious newspapers much more intelligent or tolerant. The Protestant pulpit also stood upon its defence; and for a time it seemed as if the storm would never abate. The Protestant preachers all went deliberately to work to prove that Protestantism was not a failure, as if the refutation, if there could be one, were not palpable and before all men's eyes. But Dr. Ewer was "a reverend assailer of the faith of his fathers," and as such he was pilloried, alas! it must be admitted, in the pulpits even of his own beloved Church. He took the matter very calmly; he revised the obnoxious sermons, and having printed them in a book, he left them to be judged hereafter, when the wrath which his utterances excited had abated. Such sermons as these could hardly fail to create some excitement in the church in which they were delivered. Yet we have Dr. Ewer's word for it, that the main doctrines of these sermons had been preached over and over again in Christ Church for seven years, without eliciting a word of protest or complaint. It was only when he endeavored to substantiate them by liturgical propriety of worship that those who did not much care for the prosperity and advancement of the Church found in the discourses a pretext for dissatisfaction. Then some of the parish, singularly enough, united with the Roman Catholics and the Dissenters in loudly condemning them. It was some compensation for this that from every quarter, from clergy and laity, from strangers and from friends, came words of encouragement and sympathy. But Dr. Ewer's main

interest was of course in his own Church, and this was unhappily divided. But he had many stanch friends within the pale, and many not less stanch without. His correspondence shows how far the influence of these sermons had extended. At the same time he was subjected to much ridicule in sectarian newspapers, some of it of an exceedingly ill-bred type. What does the reader, considering the solemnity of the discussion, say to the following, from a Lutheran newspaper: "This Mr. Ewer, of whom few ever heard before, has attracted attention very much as a monkey draws the boys and loungers on the streets. The very absurdity of the man and his sermons have gained a general notoriety, very much as any grotesque phenomenon will make a sensation in society. His propositions are so ridiculous in their assertions that all sensible people wonder at the fatuity of the man who could make them." And this was expected to prove that Protestantism had been a success! How little could the writer have known this singularly modest man who said, in *The Baptist Quarterly*, that Dr. Ewer had undertaken "a new movement, with himself as the leading apostle!"

If it were possible or desirable here to tell the true story of Dr. Ewer's resignation, in 1871, of the rectorship of Christ Church, there would be nothing in the narrative discreditable to his memory. It was his own wish that the remembrance of the circumstances which led him to leave the altar which he so much loved should not be perpetuated, and he destroyed many documents which would have thrown much light upon the story. He was impelled by two motives: he wanted peace,

and he desired that his office, which he never ceased, however humbly, to magnify, should be respected. Undoubtedly, so far as the feelings of a majority of the Church were concerned, there was no necessity for this. He had been preaching to specially large congregations, and the temporal affairs of the Church were never in so prosperous a condition. But he hungered for greater latitude, and a larger amount of freedom. Those who loved and trusted him were prompt to follow him, for they, too, did not care to submit to mere secular dictation. Time might, indeed, have reconciled all differences; but Dr. Ewer was anxious to be working without let or hindrance elsewhere, and he made great sacrifices to that end. He boldly faced all merely worldly consequences, and left his old pulpit with a self-rewarding serenity of conscience which perhaps his opponents did not share. It is of record that he was willing to make all reasonable concessions. But never for a moment did he give up the point, that he must teach the truth according to what he believed the Church to set forth. He would not admit himself answerable to the vestry or other laity of the parish for the character of the faith which God had sent him to teach, while he confessed his responsibility to his bishop and the ecclesiastical courts. He would listen to no direction as to the Faith and Doctrine which he should preach, but he was willing to unify the Regular Sunday Services and the Catholic Services by raising the one and lowering the other.

This honest effort at conciliation failed, as any effort of a like kind must have failed. Those who were

troubling the peace of Christ Church did not really desire its restoration. They were influenced by motives and purposes of which nothing can here be written, except that they were not of a religious character, and were of a strictly secular and even of a personal nature. Nothing remained to Dr. Ewer but the dreaded resignation; but when it became a duty he met it fearlessly, and assumed the great responsibility even of severing the parish. So much it is necessary to say, but Christian charity forbids the recital of many unpleasant details.

For a very short time Dr. Ewer, with those of his old Christ Church parishioners who had withdrawn with him, worshipped in the Church of the Holy Light. The Church of St. Ignatius was organized under the canonical authority of the Bishop of New York. For this the vestry secured the structure on West Fortieth Street. It was speedily altered to adapt it to the services of the Church, which were celebrated in it, for the first time, on Easter Sunday, 1872. The new parish started vigorously, with a large number of families and communicants. What money was needed for the new enterprise was raised without the least difficulty. There was a general feeling that Dr. Ewer had placed himself where he should have been three or four years earlier. It is a significant fact that this little parish raised for the support of the Church, during its first year, not less than $17,000. Under such auspices the last period of Dr. Ewer's spiritual labor had begun, and it was begun in earnest. It was to be full of difficulties; but difficulties he felt it to be the busi-

ness of his life to surmount, if possible, or bear with patience and resignation should they prove insurmountable.

The services at the Church of St. Ignatius, arranged and settled as they were under Dr. Ewer's direction and supervision, were undoubtedly what the world, for want of a better title, had been pleased to call Ritualistic—a word which he did not like, although he might sometimes be compelled to use it for the sake of convenience. He was at great pains to explain his views upon this subject, both in the pulpit and afterward in the newspapers, when fit occasion offered. He held the arrangement and ceremonial of the altar to be the mere expression of the Real Objective Presence. On what principle, he asked, can the ornaments of the altar or the dress of the priest be considered puerile if the Prayer-Book of the Church commands them? He was accustomed to hold that if there were unanimity of faith in the Church, there would be no wrangling about the ritual? He was accustomed also to point to the great changes in a ritualistic direction of the services in all the churches of his faith in New York, except two; and he might well ask why his own practices should be selected for special animadversion. He showed that these changes had been going on gradually for sixty years without provoking special condemnation; and there was hardly a peculiarity in the ceremonial at St Ignatius' which did not have the directly expressed sanction of the historical Church and the implied approbation of the General Convention. It would be a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Ewer

regarded ritualism as of the first importance; but he did regard the recognition of the Real Presence as vital, nor would he abandon any rite or ceremony which recognized it, or kept it fully before the minds of the people. Without keeping in constant recollection his firm hold upon the doctrine of the Real Objective Presence, the life and work of Dr. Ewer cannot be understood.

He used to smilingly characterize ritual, "on its very lowest ground," as "object-teaching." He had, of course, higher motives, but he waited for an answer to this simplest of explanations, and he waited in vain.

The new temple in which he had recommenced his work, might indeed have been considered the Home of the Sacraments. It was for these, and for his entire and unreserved acceptance of them, that he was always ready to do battle; and here, as well as anywhere, his controversy with Bishop Williams, of the Diocese of Connecticut, may appropriately be referred to. He had preached, on the 30th of January, 1870, at East Hartford, upon these Sacraments, and his teachings were not entirely agreeable to the Bishop of Connecticut, who wrote to Dr. Ewer, asking for an explanation of the following words contained in the sermon: "There were yet customs, and doctrines, and other Sacraments set down in the Prayer-Book and Homilies, as truly part and parcel of our Church as was the Atonement, or the Apostolical Succession, or Baptism, or the Eucharist;" and also of these: "There was the whole supernatural system of the Church, with the Sacramental Grace of Confirmation, and Ordination, Penance, and

Marriage, and Unction, and there was the doctrine of the Real Presence and of Catholic Authority, all neglected, but all really held up for acceptance by our Church." Bishop Williams, before proceeding to present Dr. Ewer for heresy, put to him the following among other questions:

"When you speak of 'other Sacraments' besides Baptism and the Eucharist, in what sense do you use the word *sacraments*, and to what besides these would you apply it?"

"In what sense do you intend to present Ordination and Confirmation as Sacraments?"

"Do you intend to speak of the 'Sacramental Grace' of 'Penance, Marriage, and Unction,' and if so, what am I to understand you as meaning by the term?"

"What am I to understand you as meaning by Penance and Unction, and how do you intend to present them as 'held up for acceptance by our Church?'"

Dr. Ewer was prompt and explicit in his answers to these questions. He pointed out to the bishop that the Church in the Homily "of Common Prayer and Sacraments" gives two distinct definitions of a Sacrament. The first she calls the *exact* signification of a Sacrament; the second she calls the general acceptance of the term. Her exact signification is, "Visible signs, expressly commanded in the New Testament, whereby is annexed the promise of the free forgiveness of our sin, and of our holiness, and joining in Christ." But he went on to show, that according to the Homily "in a general acceptation, the name of Sacrament may be attributed to anything whereby a *holy* thing is signi-

fied." He goes on to say, that the ancient writers have at least given this name "to the *other five*, commonly, of late years, taken and used for supplying the number of the seven Sacraments." "I therefore," said Dr. Ewer, "hold, in the language of the Catechism, that Christ hath ordained in His Church two Sacraments only as generally necessary to salvation—that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. But I also therefore hold that in *some sense of the word*—viz., 'under its general acceptation,' under which 'the name of Sacrament may be attributed to anything whereby a holy thing is signified'—there are other Sacraments besides the said two of Baptism and the Lord's Supper." Could any answer be more complete, made from the Church's standpoint? There was literally no reply to this. In the matter of Confession he stood with Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Secker, Hooker, and many other Fathers of the Church. He had equal authority for Unction. The answer to Bishop Williams was perhaps one of the completest scholarly works which ever came from his hands. The correspondence was prolonged, but the matter was settled in Dr. Ewer's first letter. There was something humorous in the way in which he called Bishop Williams' attention to a card distributed through the Parish of St. John's, East Hartford, in which the very doctrine of the Sacraments which he advocated was urged upon the minds of the laity. No reference would be made to this controversy did it not illustrate Dr. Ewer's method of debate. It was easy to sneer at his learning, as Roman priests were wont to do when they could do nothing else; it was easy for Protestant

newspapers to speak of him as a mere pulpit declaimer; but those who engaged with him in theological controversy usually found that he had quite enough learning for his purposes, and much more than they found it easy to grapple with.

The public has a general idea of the work, benevolent and religious, done in St. Ignatius' Parish, under the constant and untiring supervision of Dr. Ewer; but only those connected with it, or who have examined it, know how great and varied it was. It was the Church Service which was most familiar to the community, for this was often brought to its notice through the medium of the public journals. But in addition to this, Dr. Ewer was one to whom many, doubting or despondent, in all parts of the country, came for advice and for encouragement, making many and heavy demands upon his mind and conscience. The letters which he received were almost innumerable, and they were always promptly and faithfully answered. But there were also labors of a widely different kind. The church building on Fortieth Street was originally hired, in 1872, for one year, at the large annual rent of $5,000. The property was then valued at $70,000. To meet the rent and current expenses was a daily care. The parish met with a severe blow in 1873, in the sudden death of the Senior Warden—a thorough churchman and an expert financier. This, for a time, brought great depression on the new church organization. The executive ability of the rector was severely taxed to provide ways and means for perpetuating the very existence of St. Ignatius'. The vestry, and many

of the laymen, were untiring in their assistance; but at times there was hardly anything to do but watch and pray, for failure was imminent. In 1875, during a great financial panic, real estate property in the city so depreciated in value that the church building and land were offered for $50,000. By the great exertion of Dr. Ewer the interest of personal friends and of his parishioners was aroused, and $15,000 were raised, secured by church bonds paying seven per cent. interest. The remainder of the purchase money was secured by mortgages on the property. The interest on the bonds and mortgages was promptly paid semi-annually, and to-day the property is valued at $65,000. Thus Dr. Ewer, by his untiring energy and practical good sense, actually secured to the parish a profit of $15,000. Just before his death, with the same unflagging zeal, he had raised money enough to pay off the bonds, amounting to $15,000, while he also obtained subscriptions to a considerable amount toward paying off the general church debt. And all this labor was accomplished at a time when he was prostrated in health. He literally sank under his burdens, and the only wonder is that he was so long spared.

All this time, and while these temporal difficulties were demanding his attention, the work of the parish went steadily on, and all the organizations connected with it, with the rector at the head of each, maintained their active usefulness. Each looked to him as its ruling spirit. The Sunday-school and Industrial School flourished in proportion to the size of the parish; confirmation classes were instructed by the rector with

the assistance of his teachers; and much was accomplished by the Guild of St. Ignatius', with its thirteen different wards, each doing a different work. A full account of the guild may be found in *The Church Eclectic* for April, 1877. The plan has been adopted by several parishes with great success. Many poor families received relief from physical want, and obtained spiritual teaching from the Mothers' Meeting system, which was borrowed from England, where it originated with the Catholic portion of the Anglican Church.

St. Saviour's Ward of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, of which body Dr. Ewer was Superior, came under his direct supervision. One evening of each week, through several seasons, was devoted to answering questions of Church matters, of doctrine, history, and ceremonial. These were handed to him in writing, without the name of the querist, and he replied to them at once. This was a continuation of a similar institution organized by him at Christ Church, under the title of "St. James' Union."

In all this labor up to 1880 Dr. Ewer had no regular assistant. Transient aid was rendered by Seminary students, but substantially he conducted the whole work of St. Ignatius'. As it stands to-day it is somewhat less than his monument. His congregation was always larger than his parish; numbers who thronged his church, attracted by its earnest services, were not enrolled among its hearty workers. Yet it has held its own from the beginning. It began with a hope that those who loved Christ for His sake alone, might be

drawn into its courts, and labor to secure its temporal welfare, thus reaping its high spiritual benefits. If the rector, and those who heartily aided him, had an ambition, it was that the young, rich and poor, should be attracted by the spiritual privileges which were offered, and be influenced by spiritual motives rather than by the allurements of the Martha part, which, as a great Church writer has said, "receives lavish praise for her worldly minded clubs and bazaars, soup kitchens and highly secular but appetizing school treats, and choral festivals, and all the rest of it, not omitting her painful examinations wearisome to contemplate." Catholic principles do not draw crowds who love to carry them out to the end, and sacrifice their substance to pay the debt commanded by the Lord for the maintenance of His house. These were not popular principles. It is too true of many churchmen that, however they were enticed to join the elevating services of St. Ignatius', they were reluctant to enroll themselves as actual servants of the Catholic cause. So the parish does not boast to-day of masses of members, of scholars, of zealous workers in the guild. The rector had always a dislike of the ordinary methods of raising money for Church purposes. If he sometimes tolerated them it was with great reluctance and in concession to the views of others, for the help which he most loved was that which was proffered through a sense of religious duty and in accordance with scriptural injunction. Again, many most devoted to the Catholic cause were removed by circumstances from the city; and in some instances distant residence in the city was a hindrance.

Differences of opinion in families affected many. Death made fewer the faithful few; and many were kept away by various and undefinable influences. St. Ignatius' Church was surrounded, too, by a wall of prejudices which did not crumble easily away to let in the throngs eager to worship and give of their substance.

The result of all this is that as St. Ignatius' Parish now stands, after all its trials and struggles, it does not appear to be what it has been, or what it was intended to be. The devoted friends of the Catholic cause who knew Dr. Ewer and his labors best, do not consider it a monument of his work. They rather regard it as a point from which he has sent forth in all directions a most important influence. His example, his positive adherence to the truth of the Church, his arguments in defence of that truth which men of judicial reputation have pronounced irrefragable, his written works, strong enough to bear the test of analytical criticism as regards the Faith, Doctrine, and Practice of the Primitive Church, his ardent preaching, his own spiritual life known through his spiritual letters and pure daily walk —all these will some time accomplish the end that Providence desired to accomplish through his life and death. The parish is the Lord's and He will protect it.

The work and the sacred services at St. Ignatius' Church naturally attracted no little public attention, and Dr. Ewer himself, just as naturally, was a good deal in the public eye. This led, undoubtedly, to some misapprehension of his tastes and feelings, but those who had the best opportunity of observing him knew how little he cared for the world's approbation or censure. For

religious truth, as he had received it, he did care with his whole mind and heart, soul, spirit, and strength; and such a man as he was has no need of seeking notice, for it comes to him unsought. Moreover, Dr. Ewer had been a journalist, and a successful one, before he assumed the great responsibilities of priesthood, and he understood the value of newspapers in reaching the ears of great masses of men who were quite beyond the sound of his voice. From the beginning of his ministry in New York, his sermons were fully and constantly reported in the public journals, the columns of which he did not hesitate to use freely in correcting error, in clearing up misapprehension, and in refuting misrepresentation. The reporter who came to talk with him found him genial, candid, obliging, and patient. He recognized the right of society to trustworthy intelligence respecting the cause in which he was laboriously engaged. Precise himself, it was his business to see that others were not misled. This sufficiently accounts for his frequent appearance in print, and apparent love of controversy. If he chanced to be wrong, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to be set right, and he never could understand why other men, upon being good-naturedly corrected, should not experience a similar satisfaction. Yet in the heat of battle, he was always courteous, even when receiving scant courtesy from others, and he gave many a clerical adversary and religious editor a lesson in politeness, which was not always appreciated and improved.

Dr. Ewer's main work was at home, yet he was ever heedful of the cry, "Come over and help us." In 1878,

at the request of thirty laymen, of different parishes, in Newark, N. J., he gave in that city a series of six "Conferences" upon the subject of Catholicity, Protestantism, and Romanism, or, more definitely to use the words of those who made the request, on "The Church as the Custodian and Teacher of Divine Truth in opposition to ultra-Protestantism, and the anti-Catholic claims of the Papal Church." In these Conferences he reiterated the opinions long before expressed. In the first he undertook to show Catholicity to be a continent of certainty, and Protestantism an ocean of conjecture. In the second he set forth Catholicity as a life and an organizer, and Protestantism as a disorganizer and a death. In the third he pursued the same subject, setting forth the true position of the Anglican Church "as a double witness against Protestantism and Rome." The fourth was a bold and unsparing attack upon the Papacy, and this was the subject also of the fifth and sixth. These Conferences have been collected and published in a volume, and this meagre statement of their character must here suffice. They were fully reported in the newspapers as they were delivered, and were the occasion of many replies from both Protestant and Roman Catholic pulpits. They were soon followed by a series of four addresses also given in Newark, in the House of Prayer, on "The Functions of The Holy Spirit." These also have been published in a volume.

Dr. Ewer preached about this time, in Newport, R. I., his sermon on "The Object and Meaning of the Catholic Movement in the Anglican Church." In September, 1880, occurred Dr. Ewer's controversy with a

Catholic priest upon the Doctrine of Intention, especially in the Eucharist, in which he held that "Catholicity teaches, in opposition to Rome, the comforting truth that so long as the man is publicly recognized by the Church as her priestly agent, so long the people can depend upon it that the Sacraments he formally administers are Sacraments of God and valid. For then validity depends on the priest's *ministerial* and not on his *personal* acts." Dr. Ewer's first article provoked a reply in *The Catholic World* kindly entitled "Dr. Ewer's Blunders," the old favorite way of refuting him adopted by Roman priests, who always find the retort of ignorance convenient. Having called Dr. Ewer a cobbler, and by implication, if not directly, a liar, the answer was of course complete. Dr. Ewer returned to his charge that it is a matter of uncertainty as to whether a layman receives any sacrament in the Roman Church; and in the opinion of lawyers and logicians proved what he said. In the same year Dr. Ewer published his "Grammar of Theology." It was intended as a Manual of Instruction in Churchmanship, to be used either before or after Confirmation, individually or in classes. Although denounced by several Low Church journals, the book is still much used, and has passed through several editions. It provoked, especially from Southern quarters, loud demands for his trial for heresy; but these did not mean much and soon subsided. The "Grammar of Theology" was highly recommended in England by the London Church papers, and has to-day a large sale in that country.

In December, 1880, Dr. Ewer preached in St. Igna-

tius' Church, a sermon on the imprisonment of the English priests, Messrs. Dale and Enright, charged with a violation of ecclesiastical law, in not yielding points of ceremonial commanded by the rubric. This sermon he soon after repeated in Trinity Chapel, at the special request of the Rev. Dr. Dix, when the blunders and persecutions of the English law courts were still more thoroughly discussed as a plain violation of the provisions of *Magna Charta.*

In 1881, before the Seventh Church Congress, which met in Providence, R. I., Dr. Ewer read a paper on "The Education of Divinity Students," as fitting them for their office as spiritual advisers, and especially for hearing confessions. He held that the study of dogmatic theology was not enough, but that priests should be trained in a knowledge of the human soul.

In July, 1883, Dr. Ewer contributed to *Leslie's Sunday Magazine* a paper in answer to the question, "What is the Anglican Church?" which, of course, he presented as the One Catholic Church, while its doctrines, history, and practices were set forth in a clear, precise, and popular way. This article was reprinted in pamphlet form, passed through several editions, attracted much attention, and had a wide circulation.

We are now approaching the last literary work for the Church which Dr. Ewer was permitted to accomplish. With a Christian fairness and liberality worthy of the highest praise, the Right Reverend Dr. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York, had asked Dr. Ewer, in a friendly letter, to make a clear statement of the special beliefs and objects of the men in the Church

"sometimes called Anglicans, and sometimes Ritualists." The bishop continued: "So you often hear it said, 'To be sure we don't see anything bad in these ritualists, but then we see only the entering wedge. They are going somewhere, to Rome or somewhere else!' Thus a definition of the *terminus ad quem* has been much needed. Out with it, the whole of it, the worst of it, and then we shall know what to deal with." Such a request as this, coming from a source so worthy of respect, could not fail to give Dr. Ewer the profoundest satisfaction. He was in ill-health; he was just going to the country for rest and recreation, but he at once girded himself for the task of answering Bishop Huntington's letter. He began by affirming that the Catholic movement was of God, and that no man could control it. He made haste to declare that so far from being Romanizing in its tendency, it was exercising an important and salutary influence in keeping its children from drifting Romanward. What was "God's final design in it," he would not presume to say. What Catholics most fervently desired was a reunion of the scattered fragments of the Church—a desire at present without any strong hope of fulfilment. But he held that to-day the foremost opponents of Rome are the Anglican Catholics. They are really fighting the practical battle against the Papacy. Whatever of truth they may find there they accept, not because it is there but because it is truth. They offer prayers for the dead, because they believe that the dead may be in an intermediate state, and not yet fit for the final resurrection and the Beatific Presence; they accept the Real Objective Pres-

ence; they hold that the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and not the Morning Prayer, should be the main service of the Church; and that the plain English rubric provides that the Eucharist should be surrounded with its respectful and fitting and expressive adjuncts of vestments, lights, incense, song, and adoration; they adhere to the mixed chalice because Christ instituted it; they would worship Christ wherever he is by outward acts; that the Eucharist is a commemorative sacrifice as well as a sacrament and a communion. So they claim the right of religious orders; to hold retreats and missions; to make and hear voluntary confessions; they do not rank Confirmation, Orders, Absolution, Marriage and Unction with the two great Sacraments, but they admit their sacramental character; and they do not reject the apostolical command to anoint the sick.

The letter to Bishop Huntington was a very plain and simple exposition of the opinions and practices of Catholic churchmen. Accepting the historical premises of the Anglican Church it is a logical *sequitur*, and however much it may have been abused and misrepresented, it has never been answered. Certain church newspapers continued to speak of his "soul-destroying errors," as if such phrases, pretty well worn at the best, were arguments. The Church was entreated to rid itself of this "false teacher," but the Church seemed to be in no haste to do so; for at no period of his ministry was he held in such affection, both by those who agreed and those who disagreed with him, as at the time of his departure.

The publication of the Open Letter brought innumerable letters of thanks and of congratulations, both from the clergy and laity in all parts of the country. There was a feeling, to use the words of one correspondent, that "it ought to accomplish much toward the pacification of the Church"—and no suggestion could have been more pleasant to Dr. Ewer. So, too, an eminent judge of the city of New York wrote: "I wish others would more violently attack your exposition that it may acquire the greatest attention. There is no satisfactory denial of your argument. It is the truth." Those who did not care for peace still continued to talk of his heresies and Romanizing, and yet a Presbyterian pastor could write to *The Living Church:* "I am particularly pleased with the attitude of Dr. Ewer toward Rome. Here he may be plainly seen, and from this point his voice gives no uncertain sound."

In England, also, the Open Letter attracted much attention and favorable comment. It was curious to find several American newspapers, of the "religious" sort, warning their readers against Dr. Ewer's "mild tone and gentle sophistries," for these very journals not long before had been cautioning the public against his controversial spirit and passionate polemics. Such people it was not very easy to satisfy.

In the summer of 1883 Dr. Ewer sought a renewal of health and strength at Jefferson, N. H. In this locality he had usually found an alleviation of the asthma, from which for many years he had so grievously suffered. But on this occasion he did not re-

cuperate as he should, and it was painfully evident that his general health was greatly shaken. If he could have been persuaded to abandon work altogether, it is possible that his life might have been prolonged, but constitutionally he could not be idle. He put by one pursuit only to engage in another, and study which he called recreation seemed only a continuation of his toil to those about him. Of course his whole heart was in his religious duties, and his mind was continually reverting to the affairs of his church, in New York, and to the flock which he loved so well. For its sake he had not spared himself, and he could not banish it from his memory now, though for a little while away from it. If he was not studying he was still thinking, and although he was out of his library, he carried wherever he went the knowledge gained in it. His pastime was in the mathematical studies to which he was so much attached. There was a local newspaper, and if he could write for nothing else, he could, and would, and did write for it. He made maps and he measured mountains. He kept up his correspondence with absent friends, and could not for an hour forget the cause to which he had given his manly strength. If by some interposition of Providence he could have been forced to abandon writing, reading, drawing, thinking, for a sufficient period of time, it is not inconceivable that a portion at least of his physical force might have been regained. He had, indeed, the higher peace of mind which left all resignedly to God; but he could not escape his delicate sense of earthly responsibility and an admonition of duty which was

constantly with him. He may have had a presentiment that the end was near; indeed there is some reason to believe that he had, and it was quite consistent with the moral energy and the self-devotion of his nature that he should prefer to be called while he was yet laboring in the vineyard. Earthly rest was little to him while he was striving for endless repose as the great crown of his endurance to the end.

Early in October Dr. Ewer left Jefferson for Montreal, where he had many and dear friends, and where he had also promised, if possible, to preach in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where he had been heard before with pleasure and profit. He was still feeble, and in one sense this determination was not a wise one. But when he felt himself called he was not in the habit of disobeying the summons. The announcement of his preaching gathered an unusually large congregation. He had selected for the occasion the sermon which will be found in this volume, the text being from Philippians iii. 26: "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (v. p. 8). He was speaking of the popular instinct which recognizes the features of heavenly citizenship, when he was observed to falter and to grasp the sides of the pulpit. He then said with great difficulty: "You will excuse me, dear brethren. I came here, though very ill, to speak to you, but"— Here his voice failed him, and he sank helplessly down in the pulpit. A medical man, Dr. Fenwick, who was in the congregation, and whose tender professional

services are here most gratefully acknowledged, hastened to the side of the prostrate preacher, who was carried to the vestry. He was still conscious, and was strengthened to receive the consolation of the Holy Eucharist, at which, as was natural, he expressed the greatest satisfaction. The wife whom he had loved so long and so well was also with him. He was placed in an ambulance and carried to St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, where he was until the end assiduously cared for by the Sisters of St. John. His daughter, who had hastened from New York, was also with him before his departure; and he would have been glad, could he have known it, of the presence of his old friend and brother, the Rev. Father Brown, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York. He soon, however, relapsed into unconsciousness, and thus lingering, expired on the 10th of October.

The sad intelligence was soon communicated to his many friends and anxious parishioners in New York, who had been constant in their inquiries at the rectory for intelligence. His death was felt to be a public loss, and was noticed at great length in the public journals of the city, most of which, in addition to the usual obituary notices, published leading articles reviewing his life, labors, and character, and fully recognizing his devotion as a rector, his force and ability as a preacher, and his fidelity to his convictions. From many pulpits not in fellowship with the Church came words of kindness, sympathy, and appreciation. The old controversies were forgotten over his bier, and only a kind remembrance of the man remained.

The funeral of Dr. Ewer took place at the Church of St. Ignatius on the 13th of October. It was very largely attended both by the clergy and laity, the edifice being filled to its utmost capacity. The service was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas McKee Brown. In the chancel were present the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Assistant Bishop of New York; Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rev. Dr. H. G. Batterson, Rev. Heber Newton, and others; and in the body of the church about one hundred clergymen in their surplices. The singing was by the united choirs of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Ignatius. After the Burial Service there was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The Lesson was read by Rev. Dr. Dix, the Epistle by Rev. Dr. Batterson, the Gospel by Assistant Bishop Potter. Among other particulars it may be mentioned that the body, enclosed in an oaken coffin, was clad in full eucharistic vestments, a chalice and paten being placed in the hands; while upon the breast lay a crucifix and the medal of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

It may be also mentioned that among those present was a delegation from the Independent Royal Arch Chapter of Masons, headed by Claudius F. Beatty. Dr. Ewer was much interested in the benevolent work of the fraternity, and at one time held the office of Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New York. Fifteen members of the Chapter accompanied the remains to the place of interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. The pall-bearers were the following vestrymen of St. Ignatius' Church: J. R. Morewood, John W.

Emerson, J. Fisher Reese, H. Sylvester Bosworth, Nelson Millerd, Charles L. Brown, Richard Withington, and John Long.

The death of Dr. Ewer was tenderly and affectionately noticed by Catholic churches and associations throughout the country. It is impossible to recount all the commemorative services which it occasioned. Those at Newark, N. J., in the House of Prayer, where he had been so often and satisfactorily heard, and where, outside of his own church, he was perhaps best known and appreciated, are specially worthy of mention here. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. L. Wood, followed by some remarks by Rev. H. Goodwin.

On November 13th a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, at which the Rev. T. McK. Brown acted as celebrant, the Rev. H. G. Batterson, D.D., deacon, and the Rev. J. C. Kerr, subdeacon. Dr. Batterson also preached a memorial sermon.

The St. Margaret Ward of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, at Brighton, Mass., adopted sympathetic resolutions. The bereaved family of Dr. Ewer received from every quarter letters which were a great comfort and consolation, and which showed how widespread had been the influence of his religious teaching. They came from all classes and were of a various character; but all of them spoke in one tone of the love which he had awakened in so many hearts, and of the friendship which had a common and precious faith for its foundation; and all of them recognized the death

of such a man, at such a time, as a dark and mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence. Many of these letters came from those who had not known Dr. Ewer personally, and who had come to love and trust him only through the perusal of his published writings.

These private expressions of loving remembrance would have been very grateful to the heart of the departed; nor would he less have appreciated those which came with an official authority from the church of which he was the devoted servant. The following finds an appropriate place, and should be perpetuated here:

Minute of the Committee appointed to prepare the same by the Assistant Bishop-elect, the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., at a meeting of the clergy held at St. Ignatius' Church after the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Ewer, Saturday, October 13, 1883.

It having pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to take to Himself in the rest of Paradise, where no torment can touch it, the soul of our dear brother, the Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, S.T.D., late Rector of St. Ignatius' Church, in the city of New York; we, his brethren of the clergy, while bowing submissively to the ever-blessed will of God our Heavenly Father, and giving thanks to His most holy Name for the joy and felicity into which, we trust, He has brought our brother departed, deeply mourn for our own present loss in that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more on earth.

We desire to bear witness to his many excellent natural gifts; to his good and varied learning; to his power in word and deed exercised for the glory of God: that he was a man of large and tender heart, who loved the Church of Jesus and the souls of

men; who knew whereof he affirmed, and whose was always the courage of his convictions; that he was a faithful pastor and priest; diligent in preaching the Word of God and in administering the Sacraments of the Gospel, keeping the faith which he taught—who though dead yet speaketh in that which he hath left for our learning. We would offer to his family and to his flock our tender and respectful sympathy, and bid them find consolation with ourselves in the sweet and comforting remembrance that living while here as one whose citizenship was in Heaven, when summoned to depart hence and go into his own country, he was found in his place and ready with his loins girded and his light burning.

The Lord Jesus cherish him in the pleasant land of Paradise, and daily renew and strengthen us in all holiness of living.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors."

GEORGE H. HOUGHTON,
MORGAN DIX,
CHAS. W. MORRILL,
R. S. HOWLAND,
WM. J. SEABURY,
FRANCIS HARISON,
Committee.

The following is the testimony of the church to which Dr. Ewer so faithfully ministered:

At a meeting of the Warden sand Vestry of St. Ignatius' Church, of the city of New York, held October 15, 1883, the following minute was adopted and ordered to be entered on the records of the parish. The clerk of the vestry was also instructed to forward an engrossed copy of the same to the family of our deceased rector.

It is with a deep sense of our personal loss that we, the

wardens and vestrymen of St. Ignatius' Church, are now called upon to record the death of our beloved rector and friend, Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, S.T.D., who entered into rest at Montreal, on October 10, 1883.

There was a special sadness as well as a special fitness in the time and manner of his death. Stricken down while in the act of preaching in a distant city, and at the very time when his parishioners and friends were looking forward to his return among them, after his summer absence, the tidings came to us with a sudden shock of an unexpected sorrow. But it was eminently fitting that to so earnest and faithful a soldier of the Cross the summons should have come while he was actively engaged in his Master's service, delivering his Master's message, and the theme of that his last sermon, unfinished here on earth, sounds now as a prophet's word: "Our citizenship is in heaven."

Well and widely known as was Dr. Ewer, he needs no lengthened eulogy from us. His praise is in all the churches. Saintly in his character, kind and courteous in all his intercourse with others, tender and unfailing in his sympathy with every form of trial or affliction, he has left behind him a loving memory in the hearts of all who knew him, and most especially of those who last shared his pastoral care. But beyond and above all this was the uncompromising boldness with which he earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints. His was no uncertain voice, no timid utterance of half truths when the whole truth might be unpopular. He was ever ready to spend and be spent in his Master's service, and to sacrifice worldly position and worldly popularity rather than abate one jot or one tittle from the faith of the "One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church" which he loved and served.

"*In hoc signo*, pale nor dim,
Lit life's battle-field for him;
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the crown for duty done."

To his widow and family we offer our heartfelt sympathy, praying that our Heavenly Father, who alone can, will comfort and sustain them in this their heavy sorrow.

J. R. Morewood,
J. Fisher Reese,
Richard W. Withington,
Committee of the Vestry.

J. R. Morewood,
Christian Zabriskie,
Wardens.

H. Sylvester Bosworth,
Nelson Millerd,
John W. Emerson,
W. A. Sherman,
J. Fisher Reese,
Chas. L. Browne,
Richard W. Withington,
Vestrymen.

The later years of the life of Dr. Ewer were, as is well known, almost exclusively devoted to the duties of his sacred profession. He put aside for the most part, the merely literary work of his earlier years, and the general reading in which he had so much delighted. Allusion has already been made to his connection with *The Pioneer*, a monthly magazine published in San Francisco. In the September (1850) number of this was published Dr. Ewer's remarkable paper entitled "The Eventful Nights of August 20th and 21st." This professed to be an account of the death of one John F. Lane, and of certain spiritual communications

received from him by the writer. It is somewhat singular that these revelations should have been regarded by many persons as an authentic narrative, especially as they bear upon their face evidence quite sufficient of their imaginative character. The Spiritualists, whose foibles and fancies the story was intended in some measure to expose, insisted that the writer must have been influenced at least by some spirit in writing it. One of them immediately wrote to a San Francisco newspaper demanding further investigation. People at once began to write to Dr. Ewer to inquire whether "the story was really true, or merely a dream, or something of that kind." One of them wished to be informed if the narrative was "a simple, honest statement of what occurred." "If there be any *truth* in your record of the 'Eventful Nights' you certainly are in duty bound," writes another, "to make it known to the public by a candid avowal of the facts." Among these letters came one from Judge J. W. Edmonds, the well-known Spiritualist of New York, stating his interest in Dr. Ewer's "experience," and the information that the writer had been favored with an interview with Mr. Lane. "It was," so the Judge wrote, "very characteristic of the mind which communed with you. He desired to open a communication between you and me through him." He added that he had reprinted the article in *The Sacred Circle*, a magazine edited by himself. Finding that the belief in the truth of the fiction was steadily increasing, especially in spiritual circles, Dr. Ewer wrote to the *New York Herald*, stating the true character of the story, and avowing its sole author-

ship, without any aid from any medium whatever. Judge Edmonds replied, in the same journal, that he "had been fool enough to receive the revelations as truth," and he had, after making inquiries, believed Mr. Ewer "incapable of perpetrating such a frand." He admitted that he had been entirely deceived, and the necessity of exercising hereafter greater caution. The Spiritualistic journals saw fit to charge Dr. Ewer with want of veracity, as if a writer of fiction were necessarily open to such an accusation, which would apply equally well to De Foe or Dr. Swift. Indeed, there was more feeling exhibited than the facts justified, but at the same time this was perhaps natural. One of the most curious facts of the whole matter was that there was a real John F. Lane, Colonel of United States dragoons, who committed suicide in 1836, and Judge Edmonds discovered that this soldier's spirit did really impress Dr. Ewer to write "The Eventful Nights." It was an easy expedient to declare Dr. Ewer to be a medium, and a writing medium, without knowing it.

We have thought it right to give as succinctly as possible the history of this literary mystification, which for a time attracted so much attention. It is only just to his memory to mention that Dr. Ewer took no pride in his part of the affair. He felt, indeed, that perhaps he had done Judge Edmonds an unnecessary and gratuitous injury by diminishing the public confidence in him as a judicial officer. His course was characteristic. Happening to meet him one morning in New York, in a quiet street, though personally unacquainted with him, he accosted him and asked to be forgiven for having

been the means of adding to his worldly embarrassment by misleading him in "The Eventful Nights." He was sorry and grieved that a young man's folly had brought a good, kind, and single-hearted man into trouble. He found Judge Edmonds amiable and gentle, and quite ready to forget and forgive. He admitted that just at the time of the controversy he was afflicted by the death of his wife, to which was added the public doubt of his capacity as a Judge, to which his mistake gave rise. There was undoubtedly an entire establishment of good feeling, and the relation between a daughter of the Judge and Dr. Ewer became a friendly and confidential one.

In 1855 Dr. Ewer took a lively interest in the establishment of the Public School system of San Francisco. In that year he was chosen a member of the Board of Education of that city. There had been a previous provision for a division of the school moneys between the Protestant and Roman Catholic schools. When Know-Nothing politics were in the ascendant every teacher of foreign birth had been discharged, and it was as an opponent of this act of injustice that Dr. Ewer was nominated by the Democrats and elected a member of the Board. The plan proposed by Dr. Ewer was to declare a vacation of the schools, to abolish all the schools of the city, both ward and district, to divide the city into separate school districts, and generally to reorganize the schools. All the old teachers, Roman Catholic and Protestant, it was determined to reexamine. When this was done, all who were deemed worthy were reappointed. Dr. Ewer, bent upon giving

the Roman Catholics a fair chance, was violently attacked in some of the public journals. He had no object but an equitable adjustment of the controversy, and this, at least, he secured, as well as an evening school for adults, in which he volunteered himself to teach until a suitable teacher could be obtained. A High School for instruction in classical learning was also established. He was for a time a candidate for the principalship of the school, but withdrew in favor of his opponent. The system which he thus largely assisted to organize was highly successful, and was in operation not long ago, even if it has been at all changed.

In the contemplation of the life, of which an account altogether too cursory has here been given, we are specially struck by its earnestness, its self-abnegation, the rigid conscientiousness which marked, the genial love which illustrated it. From childhood until his earthly career was so suddenly terminated, Dr. Ewer was an untiring worker. He was a thinker and a speculator in his teens. His first love was a love of books; and his first tastes took a literary direction. As soon as he could write at all, he was content only with original composition. He early manifested an eager appetite for knowledge and for knowledge of a peculiar character. He put everything to the test of an intuitive logic, and was satisfied with nothing short of a demonstration. This demand for conviction he adhered to through life; and those who knew him only as a pulpit orator little imagined with what toilsome painstaking he had settled his theological system. The Objective Presence was as real to him as a problem of

Euclid. The next life was something more certain to him than the very life which he was leading upon earth. He had reached the altar at which he ministered through many a tangled thicket of doubt and over many a stony and narrow pathway leading he hardly knew whither; and when the goal was won, so far as it could be by mortal feet, in the poetical exuberance, which was also a part of his nature, he sought by the splendor of outward signs and observances to afford to those committed to his charge some faint conception of the sublime truth which to him was infinitely more than all that is usually called knowledge in this world. The shallow and the careless could not or would not comprehend of how little importance in his eyes were the outward and the visible; but he went on with his work, sorry indeed to be misunderstood, but patient alike of frivolous censure and ill-natured historical prejudice. Yet fixed with scientific precision, as were his own theological opinions, there was not a morsel of malice or acerbity in his nature. He had a faith in the superabundant grace of God which took all the bitterness out of his polemics, and made him sweet and tender toward those who disagreed with him. He was the most chary of priests in employing the terrors of the law; he sought rather to persuade than to frighten; he spoke oftener in love than in anger. Men who did not comprehend him were sometimes misled by his uncompromising sincerity into an idea that he was uncharitable, while those whose views of church organization were of a strictly corporate character, reprehended his course as if he

were mismanaging a business enterprise. They could not understand that fidelity to his faith was with him a matter of life and death. They thought his higher wisdom unwise, while to him their practical infidelity was a grief as well as a discouragement. If he censured, it was with pity; if he was forced to rebuke, it was with reluctance and regret.

But if he was so kindly in his official relations, it was in the social circle that he showed how much he enjoyed the company of his fellow-men. He loved harmless pleasantry; he heartily relished wit and humor; he never lost his interest in public affairs, which he was fond of discussing; he made himself particularly well informed of what was going on in the world; he kept up with the advancement of science; and he acquainted himself respecting whatever was new in literature and worth knowing. Devoted as he was to his calling, there was nothing professional in his manner, and he endeared himself to all classes and conditions by a suavity which it took much to repress, and an interest in the wants and troubles of others which he made at once his own. He brought to the work of his church a rare capacity for organization. All its affairs were methodically conducted; all its enterprises, religious and benevolent, were carefully arranged; all its temporal interests were assiduously cared for. A full record of the whole history of the parish, from the most important to the most minute details, was kept with scrupulous regularity. No church member was forgotten—none drifted away without being looked after. The many services of the altar

were maintained with persistent regularity, and often celebrated by Dr. Ewer, when in failing health, without the least regard for prudence. It is safe to say that no man in any calling in this great city toiled more terribly.

It was a peculiarity of Dr. Ewer's teaching that he was always ahead of those about him in his thinking, or at least in the bold and candid expression of his thought. When he spoke of Protestantism as a failure, not meaning that the truth in it was a failure, but that the principles upon which the Reformation was conducted had their natural result in setting private judgment above the Church and Revelation, what a storm of angry reprobation he provoked! Now, when all these years have gone by, we find a man like Professor Allen saying to a class of divinity students: "Protestantism gave rise to great excesses, and modern skepticism lay at the basis of it." Again, we find another Protestant preacher saying that Quakerism is "the logical result of Protestant principles"—"no Church, no ministry, no sacraments, nothing but the inner light."

Take again the conflict, real or supposed, existing between Science and Christianity. Long ago, when he was preaching in Christ Church, Dr. Ewer undertook to persuade churchmen that it was useless, and worse than useless, to contemptuously disregard the investigations of men of science. He denied that there was any necessary opposition of Science to Revelation, and he declared it to be the duty of the priests of the Anglican Church to investigate for themselves the discov-

eries of scientists, and to determine how far they might agree with our holy religion. He himself created some dissatisfaction in certain quarters by delivering a lecture on the theories of Dr. Darwin, not necessarily accepting them all, but seeking to find out which of them coincided with biblical truth, and which of them did not. He sought to draw into the Church a large and valuable class, instead of wantonly frightening it away. He was rewarded by reproof, covert insinuations, and openly expressed dissatisfaction. Fifteen years after, came the sermon by Dr. Pusey, affirming that in his opinion the Anglican Church had been too hasty in condemning the conclusions of the scientists, and advising all true Catholics to inquire whether after all Science and Revelation might not agree. When intelligence of this sermon was brought by a friend to Dr. Ewer, he said: "Did I not tell you the same thing fifteen years ago, when you would hardly listen to me, and much less believe me? You have waited all this time to get the truth from the other side of the water." Then he took down his own sermons and justified his assertion by documentary evidence.

Again, long before the labor troubles had reached their present pitch of importunity, in a vigorous discourse he predicted a coming state of social disorder, the possibility of a practical assertion of their rights by the producing class, and a transfer of communistic troubles to this country. Soon after its delivery the sermon brought to him the editor of a communist journal, who expected, vainly of course, to find a man who would aid him in his enterprises. The Pittsburg

riots followed, and what has followed these is known to every reader.

In conclusion, it may be said that this brief narrative has been written in vain, if it now requires any special moral conclusion. Every detail of it tells the story of an earnest, devoted, enthusiastic nature, fully awakened to a sense of the highest responsibility, and equally bent upon fidelity to its convictions. His modesty would have shrunk from the comparison, but it may be said that there was something in this man of the spirit of the old martyrs. He was not called directly, as they were, to give the last and highest public proof of his adherence to his religious convictions; but he suffered much and he sacrificed much for them, and those who knew him knew that he would have been cheerfully ready to sacrifice much more. The history of the phase through which the Catholic Church is passing in this country cannot be written without perpetuating the memory of his labors; and this it is grateful now to believe, although he has passed to a reward which makes all earthly recompense seem infinitely insignificant.

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Dr. Ewer also edited the following periodicals:

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1850. Sacramento Transcript (daily), Sacramento, Cal.

1851. The Sunday Dispatch (weekly), San Francisco, Cal.

1854. The Pioneer Magazine (monthly), San Francisco, Cal.

NOTE.

In writing his sermons Dr. Ewer frequently made short memoranda of points to be enlarged upon in preaching. In the following sermons these memoranda have been rewritten, recalling as nearly as possible Dr. Ewer's exact words, and are printed in small type to avoid any question of authenticity.

First Sermon.

ON SANCTITY.*

FOR OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN, FROM WHENCE ALSO WE LOOK FOR THE SAVIOUR THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—*Philippians*, iii. 20.

OUR conversation, what does it mean? It is from *converso*, to turn round about; it includes our associations, our movements, our life. Our citizenship is *now* in Heaven. It is not said that it shall be after death, but is *now*. We are citizens of a kingdom—citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven.

From the fact that we altogether belong to our new country, four things are involved in this citizenship:

First.—Unity among all the fellow-citizens; not a Chinese uniformity; not a unity of the grass-blade, but of the tree.

Second.—An enthusiasm of spiritual patriotism.

Third.—Bravery in all for their country, for it is a country at perpetual war. Satan never lays down his arms. Our mere citizenship involves the fact that we are soldiers. None are left to till the fields of cowardice or sloth while the others are fighting, but every man and every woman must fight both for the country and

* This was the sermon partly preached by the Rev. Dr. Ewer, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, on Sunday, October 7, 1883.

for own personal life, which is threatened, nay, is attacked.

Fourth.—Sanctity is also involved in our fellow-citizenship as the distinguishing characteristic of our spiritual nationality. Sanctity, in which lies the strength of our country; sanctity, because we are of the same family with our King, who is holy, Bone of His Bone, Flesh of His Flesh, His Blood rolling in our veins. Sanctity, because in it consists the unity of the spiritual civilization of the country, a civilization which calls on us all to secure spiritual enlightenment as to the laws and truths of our country, and not crying against doctrinal sermons, but seeking for a unity of spiritual manners and customs; sanctity, because we are immigrants and fellow-citizens with the Saints, and must learn citizenship.

What is Sanctity? In the natural realm, if we wish to ascertain a law, we have to observe and gather a multitude of separate facts, classify them, and then discover the one law that rules and produces them.—Rays of facts that run down to the centre. How many ages it took man to ascertain the true theory of the heavens! How many centuries of observations on the various crooked and apparently inextricable tracks which the planets appear to make in the heavens, from a point supposed to be stationary, but which was itself moving before the Copernican truth was discovered! How many ages of observations, and putting together observed facts, before man knew what sort of a continent, what the shape of Europe was, where he lived! How long before he discovered that the earth was a globe,

and not a flat, circular disk! We have to go back, and in, from a multitude of facts to this one law.

And so, if we wish to discover what sanctity is, that we may go intelligently to work to get it, we must first study its facts, its phenomena, its manifestations.

What, then, are some of the inner characteristics of sanctity?

In the first place, it is something solid and tough. We go out upon the long thoroughfare, black with masses of humanity. There is young manhood, middle age, old age. They are hurrying to and fro. There is care there, and O, what heavy sins! what habits of sin! There is rancor of heart, there is secret lust, there is unscrupulous ambition, there are the lines on faces that have been graven by habits of giving way to anger, there is covetousness and sloth. Ah! there are the spiritual sins of pride and envy and covetousness, that make men like devils, and there are the carnal sins of lust, gluttony and sloth, that make them like beasts. But we enter our homes, and bounding down the stairs to meet us and throw itself into our arms for the expected kiss, is beautiful fresh childhood, with its merry shoutings, its flying hair, its rosy cheeks. What a relief to the struggle we have just left, what a contrast to those black masses that thronged the sidewalk! In the merry little heart no sins, on the sweet little conscience no stains, in the unpremeditated movements of body and limbs and head no pride, no vanity; all fresh and innocent as the morning, that little loving child is innocence itself, as different as can be from a devil, as far as may be from a beast. It is innocence;

but innocence is not sanctity. Innocence has never been tried, it has never had a battle; sanctity hath had many a victory. Innocence is as brittle as a glass globe, sanctity is as tough as the wrought iron. Innocence is as tender as the mushroom, sanctity as hardy as the gnarled old oak on mountain side amidst its storms.

Sanctity is not only something that is solid and tough, it is also something that is thorough. What can be cleaner than the lily, the rose, the camelia, every white petal immaculate? and yet, if you cut into one of these petals, and display its interior to the microscope, you know it is all full inside of unsightly cells and tissue and sticky juice. Your purity was a purity of surface. Again, take the fairest form of physical beauty. If the Venus de Medici could change from marble and step down from that pedestal in the Tribune of the Uffizzi and become real flesh and blood, you would gaze upon the fairest form of womanly beauty. And yet you know all within would be unsightly bones and shocking things that must be hidden, lest we flee away in disgust.

Your beauty is not a beauty all through, your beauty is but on the surface. But look up into the pure amber heavens, delicate, ethereal, and as the vision pierces those heavens through to infinity, we know it is purity all through. As you rise in the winter morning, and wending your way along the lane by the hedge-side, come to a great bank of drifted newly fallen snow glittering, and the whitest of the whites all over its fair surface, you know it is clean and white and pure all through.

But these are all physical things. Yet so precisely

is it with the spiritual. You stand in that little corner room in the Zwinger, you throw yourself on the sofa and gaze upon that marvellous picture of Raphael, the wondrous Madonna, and as you look into those soft, large, steady eyes raised to infinity, you feel that you are looking into sanctity. A sanctity all through; that if your vision could pierce into the amazing depths of that wondrous being Mary, even to the inmost seat of her frame, you would find sanctity at the very springs. Sanctity is then also something interior and thorough; its seat is at the inmost springs of our being.

Being thus not only solid and real and hardy, and also interior, there is an element in it of concealment. It is like all great things—its greatness is at first veiled. It is like Mont Blanc; you must go away from it if you would realize how great it is.

When you are near it and see all its brother-mountains around its base, it does not look so very much higher than many of those which surround it; but as you travel away from it, and those lesser heights begin to diminish and disappear one by one, the grand peak of Mont Blanc rises higher and higher. It is then, when you stop and think how many miles you have travelled away from it, and still you see the bold outline on the sky, you begin to realize how far above the brother-mountains it is in height and grandeur. And such is sanctity!

It is like a great man and his contemporaries, and in respect of this sanctity and its retiracy, I think one of the strangest facts connected with our Lord's life in Palestine is, that they did not know him; for it was not that He was Holy or Good, one cannot say he was

Holy or Good; no, he was Holiness and Goodness itself, and Holiness itself, when near to sinful man, is too great for them to see and realize. It is mercifully hidden. They looked on him as only a mere leader among twelve other men, on the whole like them, except a little greater; while there was in fact simply an infinite gulf between the sanctity of God himself and their littleness and corruption. And somewhat of this concealment pertains to all sanctity. Mary Magdalene is a greater saint in our realization than she was to her peasant friends about her, that helped her in her domestic duties. Yes, sanctity is interior and in some sense hidden, and it is thorough.

I will tell you of the efforts of Lacordaire after sanctity. He was very impatient when interrupted either at his devotions, or when he was occupied with literary work for the Church. He often confessed his fault to his confessor and humbly accepted his penance. One day his confessor entering his cell according to Lacordaire's own direction, without knocking, he was received patiently and sweetly. Before the holy father departed, however, Lacordaire presented him with the rod of chastisement and bared his shoulders for the blows. "I saw no resistance to my entrance," began the kind confessor. "Yes," replied the humble penitent, "but God saw my impatience."

It is something which in its interiorness must and can bear the test of God's eye, not of man's; such are some of its interior characteristics.

Come now to its exterior manifestations, my beloved. Sanctity is unconscious, the holier we grow the more venial sins come out. Sanctity never poses, it does

not strut, it does not affect a character; all it seeks is to be a character.

It is brave and plumes not itself as doing a courageous action. In its unconscious bravery it shows itself in such men as that calm and intrepid soldier, who during the last war saw all his men shot down by a line of the enemy, and then sprang upon the wall, stood firm and erect, and shouldering his gun awaited the fire, when the captain of the opposing rank ran along the line, lifted the guns of his men saying, "Do not shoot that brave man!" It showed itself when, later in life, that same man, as a soldier of the cross of Christ, went down among the victims of the yellow fever raging at Memphis, and fell with the disease while at his post nursing and ministering to the sick and dying. The more one grows in sanctity the more tender one is toward the sinner. Sanctity is merciless to itself. It is an executioner; it raises seven crosses and with untrembling, firm hand it nails to those crosses the seven deadly sins; it stands there and watches till they hang not only crucified, but dead. It binds the passions to the stake and touches the fagots around their feet with its merciless torch. Our passions are a part of ourselves; it is like cutting out the flesh to crucify them. Crucifixion is bitter. The Lord hath said, "If thine eye offend thee, cut it out and cast it from thee." The eye is a tender member. It hurts to cut it out. So with our beloved passions. We do not like to hurt ourselves and cut these passions out, and crucify them. But I repeat, sanctity is a merciless executioner. It is no weakling. Sanctity is no coward; it is brave and firm, and no man is really brave in Christian warfare until he is a holy man. When the sincere penitent, burdened with the weight of his sins, longs to confess his errors and receive absolution, to whom does he look for relief? To the secular person, to the diner-out and taster of delicacies? No! he seeks a priest who is known for his holiness of life, his purity of ways, for his constancy to the discipline of the Church.

Sanctity is something whose walks before death are not in the heavens, not in the future, but here, and now, and down on this solid earth and among men and women. It walks in the parlor, in the nursery, in the kitchen, the workshop. It sits with us at table; it is a practical thing, it is made up of co-ordinated, practical virtues.

Do not substitute anything for it! Do not let Satan deceive you! Nothing can be substituted for it. No correct faith, no regular prayers morning and night, no meditations, no sanctified talk, no attendance on missions, no going to retreats, no regular partaking of the sacraments will avail, unless you cultivate within you this congeries of real, practical, operative virtues down in this work-a-day world, in the midst of its temptations, in the very midst of men and women, and unto those men and women. Failing in this, it is all a delusion, and a snare, and a cheat. These are not sanctity. As well might you think, if you had piles of crooked beams and planks, and masses of iron, and crowds of mechanics, and barrels of paint, that you had a steamship. No, no, these all are but means to acquire sanctity, not sanctity itself. Tell me not how often people attend church, how often they go to missions; I want to know whether they are kind and gentle at home to the members of the family. Oh, it is easy enough to be polite with strangers, but I want to know how it is with them when the strain is off, at home. I want to know whether they give way to lustful, and angry, and jealous, and envious thoughts. I want to know whether they pay their car fares if the conductor

happens to forget them, and whether they are honest to all men, and courteous even though they be peasants. I want to know whether their so-called sanctity is made of froth or of real oak, of solid, workable, practicable virtues.

So much for the interior characteristics of sanctity. So much for its exterior manifestations.

But we have not yet got at what sanctity really is in its essence. We have been observing its facts and its phenomena. We must go in from those facts, and down by their help to what sanctity itself is, that shows these facts and develops these phenomena. So only, when we know, not what its facts are, but what it is itself, can we intelligently strive after it without wasting effort.

God reveals to us that all these facts and phenomena should show us that sanctity is *one thing*, not many things. One simple thing, not many things. One simple thing, not a compound and complicated thing. One thing only, nothing more and nothing less.

Would you show in your life and interior spirit all its manifestations and facts? then seek to cultivate and cherish that one single thing which sanctity is.

Would you be less vain-glorious, less eager for the world's praise? cultivate love, nothing else, for love is sanctity. Charity vaunteth not itself. Would you be less proud? cultivate love, for charity is not puffed up. Would you be less lustful? cultivate the true love, of which the other is a devilish perversion, for charity doth not behave itself in the eye of God unseemly. Would you be less covetous? cultivate love, for charity

seeketh not its own. Would you curb anger and impatience, and show long suffering and goodness? cultivate love, for charity is not easily provoked. Would you have joy and peace in believing? cultivate love, for sanctity is simply love, which is charity.

Second Sermon.

THE DIMENSIONS OF THE CROSS.

THAT CHRIST MAY DWELL IN YOUR HEARTS BY FAITH; THAT YE, BEING ROOTED AND GROUNDED IN LOVE, MAY BE ABLE TO COMPREHEND WITH ALL SAINTS WHAT IS THE LENGTH, AND BREADTH, AND DEPTH, AND HEIGHT.—*Ephesians*, iii. 17–18.

THIS epistle opens the door of S. Paul's closet, and gives us a glance within. As we look in, the holy Apostle is on his knees.

It opens the door of his heart. He is anxious for the little band of Ephesian Christians.

It opens the door of his mind. The logical character of his intellect gives cast even to his private prayers.

He does not ask directly what he wants. He asks something, the logical conclusion of which, after many intermediate steps, will be what he wants. His prayer is an ascending climax of minor premises and results, regularly progressing, and ending finally in his grand and desired conclusion. What he really wants is, that the Ephesians may be filled with all the fulness of God. Stupendous desire! But instead of this he prays that Christ may dwell in their hearts. That is

enough. Why? Because, first, then they will become grounded in charity.

And what will follow? Then, second, they will be able to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height: of what? He does not say. But if they comprehend this, whatever it is, then, thirdly, they will know the love of Christ, and if they know the love of Christ, then they will finally attain to what he craves for them with desire unutterable, namely, to be filled, even as God is full, each of them in his degree, and all of them to their utmost capacity, with the Divine Wisdom, Power, and Love.

Ah! there, in S. Paul's closet, was the great distinction drawn and recognized between the new Christianity and the old Heathenism which it had come to overthrow. That heathenism began in sinful man, and issued in many corrupt and merely finite gods. But Christianity begins in a Human God and issues in divine and infinite men—not gods filled with all the passions and sins of man, but men filled with all the fulness of God.

The Apostle's prayer, brief as it is, is a thousand sermons. We can glance at only a part of it.

S. Paul says we must be grounded in love, in order to be able to comprehend what is the length, breadth, and height. Here is a law. In spiritual things you cannot divorce knowledge and love. You must love if you would know. Do you suppose that if any one does not love prayer, he can know the sweets and comfort of prayer? It is impossible. In a proud misery the philosopher Kant decried kneeling as a slavish

orientalism. Do you suppose he could ever have felt the lowly impulses of a praying heart? Tyndall comes to us with a sneer in his mind, and demands a prayer test. Philosopher, indeed! Why, he has violated an underlying law, and that is that "Human things one must indeed know in order to love. But Divine things one must love first in order to know at all." If one does not love the sacramental system of the Gospel, the channels of the Sacraments through which God, after becoming Incarnate, spreads Himself through the race, what can he know experimentally of its holy workings? The little infant is not to him a ten times holier thing, has not become to him a ten times more awful charge, when at the font God has accepted it as a casket to hold His Son, and gives it back with that precious and infinite jewel within, into the arms of its god-parents. Nay, they will slay that Son of God within the child by their ignorance and neglect. So, if one does not love the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament. It is the carnal heart of man which, either consciously or by unconscious instinct, fears to love it and hates it, because it is not only so blessed, but so awful a fact to be true. One can merely remember Christ, or work into some dreamy abstract and unreal union with Him, and afterward go off and sin easily; but if the Person of the Son of God in His Godhead and Manhood complete actually enters into our person when we receive and feed upon Him at the altar, His Person permeating our person, then He has incarnated Himself within us; and our members, and limbs, and faculties thus brought into real union with Him, we

have become His limbs, and members, and faculties. And how can we dare take them and prostitute them to the purposes of sin? How shall we dare make the Incarnate Christ walk in us sinners, nay, how dare we drive Him, who has thus become one with us, out from us again? This were death. For what is death? It is the departure of the life from the body. But in the Eucharist Christ becomes the life of our soul. How dare we separate the soul from its life, kill the life from our soul by the commission of one mortal sin?

If, I say, one does not love the fact of the Real Presence of Christ in the sacrament (and the carnal heart that loves its sins does not dare to), how can one know anything of its tenderness, its comfort, and mighty transforming power over the whole life? One may prate indeed of the strengthening influences of the Eucharist, but he knows nothing of its stupendous help to whosoever loves, believes, knows, and corresponds with what he has received.

Human things one must know in order to love. But all these divine things one must love in order to know.

S. Paul would have us comprehend its manifestations in all their breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and in order to comprehend them, we must love them. Now, there are three things in which that Heart of Christ eminently expresses itself: His Cross; His Church, and the Christian man.

Let us endeavor to comprehend and take in the three in their breadth, and length, and depth, and height. And first the Cross.

How broad is it?—There is no nation on which the

shadow of its outstretched arms does not fall. All round the earth there is no man, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, that may not find its shelter. All round the earth there is no man, however distant, upon whose soul the precious blood which its nails and spear and thorns shed forth, may not drop for healing. That Blood was lifted upon Mount Calvary, that upon every lowly altar all round the world it might spring up and flow forth in innumerable fountains of living streams for the healing of the nations. O, precious blood! where may we not find thee? The Cross is as broad as the whole world. Go ye into all nations. "He is the propitiation not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world."

But if this is the breadth of the Cross, what is its length? There is no century through which the Cross does not stretch. Dynasty may succeed dynasty, and nation rise and fall, and still the saving Cross of the loving Christ has lost no jot or tittle of its freshness and power; and all evergreens, all perennial flowers, are but types of that true and only real perennial. Its virtue shall last as long as there is a sorrowing one left on earth, as long as Satan shall tempt: it shall outlast the last sinner of time. Such is the mighty length of the Cross.

And what is its depth? Ah! there is no sin so deep, there is no crime so vast and black that the Cross cannot go down and wash it out with its blood. It descends to the lowest misery of earth to soothe and comfort it, to clothe its face with the smiles of resignation, and fill its heart and its lips with thanksgiving and

praise. It reaches down beneath the foulest corruption to cleanse and to clarify. "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

And what is the height of the Cross? It towers to the highest heaven and the throne of God. For thereon sits the All-Holy. And if before His sight even the angels are unclean, where canst thou expect to be? Grow you through eternity never so pure and holy, you cannot attain to the Holiness of God; and so forever and forever, mount you never so high, you shall find the blessed Cross with its atoning power still towering above you, to protect you with its cool shadow lest you be consumed in an instant, smitten with the blazing Holiness of the Infinite. Ah! how shall we comprehend it in all its breadth, and length, and depth, and height? Only as we are rooted and grounded in love.

And now what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the Church?

What is its breadth? It not only, like the Cross, should stretch itself over the whole circle of the earth, but it is so broad that it includes all truth, all Sacraments, all means of grace, and all processes by which the dying souls of men may be reached and cured. It is the essence of a sect to be partial and not complete; to hold a few truths and reject the rest; to use a few Sacraments and not the others; to avail itself of certain specified and canonical and customary processes to reach souls, and not any of the remaining that may be useful. But the Church is so broad that there is no truth, and nothing good and useful in Rome, in Methodism, in Quakerism, in Unitarianism that She is not

broad enough to include. And if in the spirit of narrow prejudice and sectism any part of the Church of God, in any century, is cramped and obstructed and hindered in the use of aught which is good and has proved itself good, then her enemies will take up and use the processes and truths, and she will suffer till she comes back to wisdom and learns her own real and vast breadth. So broad is the Church Catholic of God.

But how long is it? It is as long and continuous as the centuries themselves. It is the spirit of sectism to feel itself a member of a mere little self-governing and independent coterie, which is cut off from the past of Christendom, and severed from the vast body of Christendom present. It is the spirit of sectism to feel that it obeys and sympathizes with nothing but its own little transitory customs and rules and will. It is the spirit of sectism if it individually has no set rule on a certain point, not to be able to find a broader canon appealing to it with force, as a perennial canon that has been ruling in Christendom in all ages. But when one, be he High Church or Low Church, rises out of this sectism, local in space and local in time; when one wakes from his miserable dream, he catches a glimpse of something broader in space and far longer in time, and he finds himself one with the great eighteen hundred years old Catholic Body stretching continuously and with unbroken life through early ages, through mediæval time, through modern time to the present. And when he feels its influence upon him, when he feels himself bound up as an atom into its large, unified and continuous life, then he begins to

learn how long the Church is, and that it did not begin with John Calvin or Henry VIII.

But now, how deep is it? Her foundations are upon Christ, and there is no want of man that she ought not to supply. The human heart is very deep and very wide and elastic. Cut and dried, and stiff and stately processes, are excellent in their place, but they alone cannot sound it. If a man, for instance, boiling over with the love of Christ, can contain himself no longer, but must get up and tell his fellows what Christ has done for him, it is the spirit of a narrow sectism to furnish him no fitting time nor fitting place to do so in. If at such a time and fitting place he must at last go down on his knees and pour out his heart in an unpremeditated lay of thankfulness and praise for his great salvation, it is the spirit of sectism to tell him he must not do that; he must get a book and pray with great propriety. How deep is the Church? It is as deep as the deepest want of the heart of any poor dying but redeemed sinner. And how high is the Church? It is higher than Deacon, Priest, or Bishop, who are its servants to execute its laws, and not each his own wild and personal will. It is as high as the spirits expectant in Paradise. It is as high as God Himself, who fills it with his Incarnate presence.

And now, finally, what should be the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the Christian man?

He is not broad enough unless he is as broad as Christ, showing to all men without distinction, for God's sake, kindness, consideration, love, the willing heart, and the helping hand. And then the length of

Christianity in him should display itself in his unweariedness in well doing, in exhaustless patience with the gainsayers and the prejudiced. And the depth of his love will go down to those who are in deepest misery and to the least deserving; while the height of the Christian man is only measured by his profound and unaffected humility, his meekness, and his self-abnegation, and perpetual penance of heart for those sins which crucified his loving Saviour.

Third Sermon.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? THE WATCHMAN SAID, THE MORNING COMETH.—*Isaiah*, xxi. 11, 12.

I KNOW of no more fitting text to guide our thoughts this Advent Sunday morning than this. Philologists tell us that just as there is a distinction between wit and humor, so likewise there is a distinction between Imagination and Fancy; that Imagination creates, that with a few words it starts a whole unmentioned scene to the mind; and as an illustration of imagination they quote the poetic words: "The moonlight sleeps upon the bank." Imagination here has summoned, with magic wand, a whole picture before the mind. No river or stream is mentioned, no velvet grass is spoken of; no still trees leaning over and mirroring themselves in the quiet waters; no sweet and pensive silence is described; and yet it is all there, the whole scene starts before the mind at "The moonlight sleeps upon the bank."

And so the text, with the creative power of imagination, summons its whole scene to us. The city sits upon its hills, and all around it are its walls and towers. The sun has set and evening has fallen. Everywhere

the places of traffic are brilliant, and myriads of windows are alight, while the roar of the day has not entirely subsided, and tripping footsteps of the throngs are yet heard from all the pavements. But as evening sinks into night, the noise of wayfarers gradually ceases; the lights go out, and then all along the streets the windows grow dark, until at last the city has sunk in sleep. But not all. From yonder attic window a light still streams out into the small hours of the night. Some watcher sits there by the bedside of the sick. Yonder too is another light; the husband is expected, and the loving spouse watches. Lights shine from the chapel windows of yonder convent on the hill; the sisters are singing their matins. And so, while others sleep, there are some whose lamps are trimmed and burning. All round the walls the watchmen pace as the night drags on, and at last one, as he looks from time to time to the East, discerns the faint white streak, like a halo running along the hill tops of the horizon, a narrow ribbon between earth and the lower edge of the dark curtain of heaven. He lifts his trumpet and sounds the warning; and then another and another watchman looks. It is even so, and the trumpet warning echoes all round the walls. Then there is rousing from sleep, and lamps are hurriedly lighted everywhere; the sisters' monotonous matins break into resounding Lauds and Prime, the noise of footsteps sounds in the streets, and the church bells clang, calling to early Mass.

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh.

What is that city? what is that night? who are the watchmen? what are those lights? what is that morning?

Fit type is it all of Jewry of old waiting for the first Advent. God planted his prophets round about on her walls to watch for its dawn. "I have set watchmen on thy walls, oh Jerusalem," says Isaiah. "I set watchmen over you saying, hearken to the sound of the trumpet," says Jeremiah. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word of my mouth and give them warning from me," says Ezekiel.

But from Moses to Christ the night was long, and as the blaze of the lighted city through the evening hours of Joshua and Samuel, and David and Solomon, and Isaiah, gave way to the night of the captivity and of those four hundred silent years between Malachi and John Baptist, the early fervor of them who sang the Psalms declined, light after light went out in Pharasaic tradition, and true religion was well nigh gone. Still there were watchers. Still here and there there were a Judas Maccabæus and some simple shepherds, and a Mary and a John, and a Nathaniel, Israelite without guile. And as the cry seems to sound, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? John Baptist, discerning the dawn of the first Advent, sounded his trumpet warning, "The watchman said, The morning cometh."

But, alas! though there was hurrying to and fro for a while, and trimming of lamps, the city was not ready for the morning. It slept on, and though the church

bells of Christianity sounded, the gatherers at Christian sacrifice were few.

But wonderful and involved are the works of God. As the fair petals, marvellous in color and exquisite in shape, come out from within the green bud-leaves, so Scripture blooms, type lies within type, and again antetype within all. If the city and the watchman are a type of Jewry and the prophets, Jewry and the prophets were a type of the Christian Church.

The morning came, the sleeping Jews lost God's city, and the Gentiles throng its streets and marts, its dwellings and palaces. The Christian priest has relieved the prophet of his guard, and walks his watch upon the walls of Zion.

Beloved, God's words to you are, "I set watchmen over you saying: hearken to the sound of the trumpet." How is it with the city? Is the light out in your hearts? Are the souls whom God hath bid me watch over asleep? Do I hear from the streets of the parish the words sounding, "Watchman, what of the night?" The long Trinity season is over. It is Advent Sunday. I have only one cry to sound from the walls; it is soon uttered. The watchman said: "The morning cometh, the night is far spent, *the* day (Christmas day) is at hand, the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him." But how? As to-day the calendar turns from the old to the new year, turn you too. What is sad in the past, turn from and put away, and go forward to what is bright in the future, and so walk through this Advent toward Christmas with mingled tears and smiles. For hope is presumptuous without sorrow and fear, and

penitence without hope is despair. Take with you the devotion of the time through these penitential weeks.

At the approaching solemnity of Christmas, the Church by thrice celebrating the sacred mystery of the altar in the same day, at midnight, at early dawn, and at midday, commemorates three different births of Christ: eternal, from the Father, temporal from Mary, and spiritual in your own soul. And the best devotion of the time of Advent is that which best prepares for the coming of Christ to our soul.

First.—Cleanse the soul from sin.

Second.—Adorn it with virtue. Obedience is better than feeling.

Third.—Daily invite the Lord to enter by fervent prayer.

But as within the dark stem, the green bud-leaves come out, and as from within the green bud-leaves, the fair petals open and expand (type within type and type within that), so from within the petals the yellow heart of the flower displays itself with dancing anthers and the scattered gold dust of pollen.

"Watchman, what of the night?" is also the ante-typal question.

Surely these centuries of time, while the Lord tarries for his second Advent, are the real night.

And of this night the Apostle cries, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand, therefore let us cast away the works of darkness."

It was by these words that fifteen hundred years ago the great Saint Augustine, chiefest Doctor of the West-

ern Church, was roused to burst those bonds of sinful habit which had held him so long.

And now do you ask, "Watchman, what of this night?" I do not know, I only know that many an earnest soul on the mountain sides and top of spiritual contemplation feels that something is impending. I only know that by the mystic numbers of the Bible, another, and the sixth great day of time, will close in eighteen eighty-two, and the seventh, as Mahan says, the sixty-five years, the prophetic term for the disintegration of Ephraim *seems* to have come, that such disintegration at any rate is going on; that secular interests are more esteemed than spiritual; that the love of money, the root of all evil, is dominant; that the fear of God is less powerful as a motive than the fear of man; that infidelity is courageous and aggressive, while faith is timid and compromising; that there is little of that spirit in the Church which enabled St. Athanasius to hold up against the world, and to say: "Here I stand;" that heresy and schism which affect only the things of God are esteemed less evils than rebellion which touches human interests; I only know that it needs no special gift to foresee that we are rapidly drifting on to a crisis greater perhaps than any hitherto experienced. History itself is the great prophecy. And, if there is any lesson in history which he that runneth may read, it is that material civilization begets materialism, and that materialism is the dry rot of society, eating out its life, while all on the surface appears strong and prosperous. The more rapidly such a state of things develops, the more eagerly events crowd upon

one another, the more gigantic, sublime, and overwhelming the accompanying growth of power, the more certain we may be "that something in the way of a consummation cannot be distant." Watchman, what of the night? I know not, but I am commanded, at any rate, to say, "It is far spent." I am commanded to cry in your ears, "The morning cometh."

When that great morning of the second Advent breaks, how will it find us? How will it find Him? Our coming King, saith the Song of Songs, is both Myrrh and a bunch of Grapes. "A bundle of Myrrh is my well Beloved unto me," and then the Bride adds immediately "a cluster of Grapes." It is indeed so. There are two opposite affections in the heart of Jesus Christ.

The Emperor Maximilian Second had for his standard an eagle, holding in its right foot a golden crown, and in its left thunder and lightning, with this inscription: "Both by occasion." His faithful subjects would be rewarded, his disobedient punished.

So it is with the coming Bridegroom. He is myrrh to our bitterness and grapes to our goodness.

Fourth Sermon.

THE HOME OF JESUS.

MASTER, WHERE DWELLEST THOU? COME AND SEE.—*St. John*, i. 38.

WHAT had this remark of revelation to do with the eternal interests of our souls? It is not even told us what village he was in. The question as to where our Lord, as he passed, teaching through the country, happened to abide for a day or two, seems of the utmost unimportance to us, and is quite unimportant; and yet the question is recorded as a revelation for all time. It *must* then contain a message to you and to me. There is not an apparently simple and unconsidered trifle in scripture that is not somehow pregnant with meaning. Spots in scripture that apparently give no promise of wealth, are the very outcroppings of hidden gold. Pause there and explore!

Our Lord had dwelt in Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth, Capernaum. He had dwelt in Eternity. But now, "foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And yet He did not say, "I dwell nowhere," that would have been true in one sense. But in another sense He

had an abode. And so standing and not going anywhere, strangely enough He says: "Come and see." He says it to you and to me. Let us go and see!

Where one dwelleth on earth is one's home. It is the abode of peace and affection. It is a retreat. Home! It is the nursery of love, of purity, of bravery, of industry. It is the security of a nation, it is the glory of the Church.

Though Christ had no such home, was He indeed *homeless?* Though He had nowhere to lay His head, was there not somewhere where His soul was at rest, at peace?—no refuge from storms?—no retreat? Master, where dwellest Thou? Alas, alas, we dwell here in a stormy world, among buffeting temptations and among turmoils. Where dwellest Thou? For thou art a new man. Perhaps it is different with Thee. We dwell among disappointments and blasted hopes, we have no refuge from these. Hast Thou a home and refuge from them? For in respect of them we are homeless. Where dwellest Thou? It was a deeper question than it seemed.

The home He spoke of, the refuge from all storms, was a palace. And as He was the greatest King, so His abode was more really magnificent than that of any Cæsar. Our existence by nature is in the midst of turmoils and struggles; we are shelterless. But as I look for His, I find a fair park full of paths of peace, and ways of pleasantness, watered by streams of gentleness. It is spacious. Beneath its trees are no beasts of envy, nor jealousy, nor hate, nor lust, and in the midst of that park rests a vast garden of joy, sending up from

its flowers myriads of mingled perfumes to heaven. It is a garden of joy. Ah! there is a vast difference between gayety and joy. Gayety is turbulent, and shallow, and transitory, but joy is calm and deep, and still and glad, and warm and bright. In the midst of that park of peace, I repeat, rests that garden of joy; and in the midst of that garden of joy stands the home of the Saviour's soul, the palace itself, the retreat from storms and buffetings, the *pallazo vecchio*, the ancient palace, and its name is not Sans Souci, is not Windsor, nor Herrenhausen, but its name is Love. It is an ancient palace, as ancient as God. It is a palace of love, for if we abide in love, where love is there is joy; and where love and joy are there is peace, no matter what storms may blow.

This was where Christ dwelt, this was His refuge, His retreat, His shelter; love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, patience, modesty, temperance, chastity, all the twelve fruits and all the eight beatitudes; these were the home into which the Saviour's soul retired.

Where these are, what matters it how humble are the rest of the surroundings? Where these are not, though there are millions, though the windows are heavy with lace, though the floors are inlaid and the doors hung with portieres, *there* is no home. Let your Christianity, your inner spirit of love, joy, patience, goodness be your homemakers. A house is not a home, any more than a body is a man. A home to be living, must have a soul, or it is a dead home, a foul ghastly semblance! And its soul is love, and kindness,

and courtesy, and mutual forbearance, and chastity, and all the twelve fruits of the spirit.

And God has not made a single soul without providing for it this possible home within the means of every man.

Master, where dwellest Thou? It is the great question of a needy race.

"Come and see." Note that He did not *attempt* to describe the place where He dwelt. There are some things one soul cannot tell another. Who can describe to the blind the sunset, the landscape, the star? Who can tell to the deaf the harmonies and melodies of music? To the leaden-minded the beauties of poetry? To the unappreciative soul the aroma of art or of delicate humor?

And so the deep spiritual things, and their joys and delights, no soul can describe to another.

Jesus could not describe the abode where His soul dwelt, and so He only answers to us all, "Come and see." He did not say *go* and see, but come where I am and see. Come unto me. Taste and see. Only as you go on and on do its delights open fuller and fuller. Enter among its allurements and so be drawn on.

If "Where dwellest Thou?" is the great question of the world, "Come and see" is the great reply of the Bridegroom and the Bride—Christ and His Church.

Fifth Sermon.

THE FREEDOM OF DEATH.

FREE AMONG THE DEAD.—*Ps*, lxxxviii. 4.

I CALL you to the advent subject of Death. The psalm from which these words are taken, is appointed by the Church to be read on Good Friday, and is evidently applied by her to our blessed Lord. But it has remote reference also to all our dying race. Gloomy, however, as the Psalm is, it is not without its suggestions of cheer. Indeed, this gloom and cheer are set over against each other in sharp contrast by the four words of our text:—"Free among the dead." What can be more pent, imprisoned, helpless, than the body shut into the narrow casket and closed up in the grave? The coffin form is a complete symbol of extremest restraint. The lid down, there is no further room for action. Christianity points to the other side of the contrast. Its words concerning the dear Christian departed are not "bound," not "enthralled," but "Free among the dead." The words of the text were spoken of Jesus, and we will consider first His case. As we think how at the incarnation "the boundaries of nature and time in which we are enclosed broke away" to let him in

and then closed upon him a prisoner here for thirty-three years; as we think of him, bound in the body, tied by the laws of nature into the pent precincts of the earth, moving here cramped on every hand, subjected to all the obstructions that rear their inexorable fronts against us in life—apprehended, buffeted, tried, crucified, tossed about, so to speak, the mere play of men's violent passions, and at last dead, with what a sense of relief it comes to us that those narrow boundaries of nature and time have broken away again to let him out—the consciousness that his soul is freed at last from those physical limitations, and wandering at will and in power and benignity among the souls of his brethren departed. Pent up, restricted here by the limits of sense, but at last "Free among the dead!" But Jesus is man—and the words of the text, in speaking of him, speak of mankind. Thus, mourners, is it also with all our sainted departed. Free at last are they too—free from sorrow; free, widow, from struggle; free, wife, from disappointment; free, father, from temptation; and free from sin, Christian mother! Thou hast prayed for it—the prayer is answered. The departed are safe and free in the freedom of Jesus. Free and at rest! The vanished spirit is surrounded by other ranks of beings, by other associations, by a thousand fresh suggestions about it to stimulate its thought, to give it new food, to quicken it to larger life. Passing as it must down the eternal galleries of new fact and new events, it cannot fail to gather into its scope broader science, new premises, larger conclusions, more varied imaginations; and, more than all, it shall grow into

deeper, purer, truer capacities for love. The other life cannot possibly be to it a condition of stagnant repose without enlargement of being. Mere parts of being as we all are here, the other life cannot be simply the everlasting duration of mere points, but rather the eternal expanding of germinant powers. In the case of the blessed, the other life is called a life of rest. But, my friends, what is rest? It is peace. When a creature acts contrary to the highest law of its being, when it moves away from its high destiny, there is no rest. Its course is but a rough way and a career of turbulence. But when it rises and all its powers are expanding, naturally and in accordance with their design, then there is peace and harmony; then there is rest within. Free, free then to go on ingathering that which shall make the soul for ever larger and grander. For it doth not appear what we shall be. "But I said ye are God's." Free, but at rest, for the great struggle with sin is over. O ye that mourn the excellent departed, look not into the tomb, for they are not there. In their late home they have left behind their vestments. They have but laid aside their last garment. Gaze not at their vestments! Look with the clear eye of faith where *they* are, and let your cry be one of exultation for them! Blessed are ye, dear ones departed! and ye shall hear from above the voice of the Spirit saying: "Even, even so!"

But in still another sense are all the dead free. They are free to speak to us, to appeal to us as they could not while living. O how great and wondrous is this appeal to us of the dead of all the past. Generations

innumerable who have gone on before stand thickening the further shores. How do they all speak to us out of the past, and what do we not owe to them; how much more do we owe to the dead than to the living! From the past they speak to us in all the volumes that crowd the libraries of earth. From the past they come up to us in new form. As we give ourselves to the spell they crowd upon us in wavering shapes and hold dominion over us. The saints speak to us in the beauty of their lives. The martyrs and confessors speak to us in the manliness and grandeur of their testimony. "Jesus, Jesus, the soul of the world!" is the burden of their cry. The poets in the new realms of beauty and imagination with which they have clothed, nay, glorified the mountains, the valleys, and the sea, the sages, the warriors, the lordly, the lowly, have all wrought for us, and their voices come up out of the past. We stand surrounded by the work that they have builded. Slowly has the temple of knowledge been reared by them for us to enter, slowly with toil, with anxiety, with suffering, with blood, in sunshine and in storm, has the structure of social life which we enjoy been growing under the labors of all the dead. We cultivate the fields they cleared; we are enraptured with the music they composed; we live in the cities they builded; we tread the paths of success which through many a disaster, many a fall, they at last succeeded in finding for us; we inherit the government they conceived; we sail with confidence the oceans they with great risk attempted, and skirt with sure keel the coasts whose sunken rocks they discovered. The earth

has been made by them habitable for us and a scene for all our varied operations. It is their grave, but they have covered it with their great monuments. Ere they went down they reared all this in the midst of which we dwell: they laid out these walks of science, they lifted these galleries, they filled these arches with music, they fashioned these halls and chambers of our social peace, they reared these bulwarks of political security, they opened these mines of wealth, they wove this labyrinthine network of traffic through the meshes of which we are working all over the earth; and as it all stands around and beneath and over us, under us as a sure footing, over us a shield, around about us in all its diversity of use and beauty, this great abode of life, how true it is that we but live and move and have our being in the great monument of all the dead. Though dead they speak to us. Dead, they are free round about us in their works.

And look not upon this vast monument, look not upon the earth as a dark, dismal, and blighted world. If you do, you and your religion will become dismal. Nay, it is bright, for Jesus has entered it to be and remain within it and with us. Separate individuals may be moved by petty hopes, fleeting advantages, but for eighteen centuries no great masses of men have ever been moved by any other than religious ideas. For every great movement among men hath its origin in Jesus, and is guided by him.

But there is a third sense in which the dead are free. They are free to come closer, nearer to our souls than they could while in the body. For here on

earth the wall of flesh surrounds them, and within that wall their spirit stood enclosed and separated from every other. We may sympathize, we may draw together, but there are, after all, barriers over which neither can pass the other. The communion between souls on earth, however close, is never perfect. There are silent spiritual precincts within each unexplored by any other. Thus is each spirit only partially present to the other. What is that long, close embrace of two pure, young, ardent hearts when they first learn their mutual love? What but nature's vain, unsatisfying effort for the perfect union unto which they would come? It is nature's efforts to abolish these walls between us, these obstructions of earthly condition, and to mingle the two souls into one. But it cannot be. Even in the case of Christ when he was on earth, there was not and could not be that perfect union and contact between himself and friends that there is now that he has risen and can come spiritually into our bodies and souls and join them in a complete unity. Therefore said he, "Touch me not for I am not ascended; you embrace me but it is useless, you cannot touch me indeed. It is expedient for you that I go away, giving up this physical presence; for so only can I come to you, through the Christian altar in the perfect contact. Then shall ye lay hold of that which ye do not touch, and gaze upon that which ye do not behold. Then shall there be between us not this imperfect but a perfect communion." Though not in like manner with Jesus, yet there is a sense in which our sainted departed leave us.

Thus, then, mere earthly arms relax from around us, that they may be free to glide quickly in nearer to the soul than ever. Then does their real being open out as never before to our apprehension. Then are they doubly ours. Then are the chords of memory awakened within us which had long been silent. Then do traits of their character come up to the mind which we had not valued fully, perhaps not even aright. Then do our hearts have a holier, purer, better love than before had been possible. The universal heart of man attests to this truth, and feels, indeed, that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." The dead are gone indeed, but ah! there is a sense in which their spirits are now free to come to us as never before. Then only can the God that is in them, their characters, hold a master sway over us. Then are they free to guide us as they could not before. For do we not canonize our beloved and excellent dead? And as their petty faults recede, grow dim, and at last are lost to memory, their virtues stand out unforgotten, free to shed their full, unimpeded influence upon us, to warm and quicken us to greater excellence. It is not possible that the distance of Paradise lies wholly in the veil of flesh which we want power to penetrate. "A new sense, a new eye," says another, "would show us the spiritual world compassing us on every side." But we have that new sense indeed; at any rate, whatever the spiritual life may be, death is but a departure from the physical into that spiritual realm. And so far as we who are left in the physical realm are concerned, it is but a change from a living communion to a commun-

ion of memory. Nor is it thus to ourselves alone; we have revelation for it that it is also thus for those who are gone.

I think, beloved, we are not apt to keep the realization that the departed carry away with them sweet memory of us. It is not we alone that love and remember them. Their new scenes are not absorbing to them, and if they as they go are not lost to us, if we still hold to them, we likewise are not lost to them. However they may mingle really with us, bringing their gentle powers to bear to influence us, and however we may not realize that we mingle too with them, memory is the blessed bond which ties us mutually together, and if the spiritual state sublimates and refines all the faculties of the soul, as it must, then must it sublimate the memory in those who are departed, and so they must hold to us with closer tie of memory than we even to them. Nor yet is memory alone a tie. "Suffer Lazarus," was the beseeching cry of Dives in Hades, "to go to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them lest they also come into this place of torment." Not memory alone, I say, but love also. Dives still loved them too much to have them left without warning. Thus over the barrier of the grave stretch these twin cords of memory and affection, still binding us not merely to them, but also them to us.

Lastly, are not the Christian dead free and blessed in still a fifth sense? To us the great realm of the future is closed. For them the veil is lifted and all is open. To us as we stand here, this life seems to be

day, and the other to be night and darkness. But to the sainted, what shall not that night of eternity that bursts upon them reveal; what that this garish day of time around us had hidden from the gaze. Well may the Christian say, in the language of Blanco White:

Mysterious Night, when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lordly frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came;
And, lo, Creation widened in man's view.

Who would have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!

Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Sixth Sermon.

THE POWER AND WISDOM OF GOD.

THE POWER OF GOD, AND THE WISDOM OF GOD.—*I. Corinthians*, i. 24.

I WOULD press upon your attention these words as perhaps the gravest and most pregnant in God's great Document to man. They indicate Jesus Christ upon earth persuading, luring, rousing, setting on foot a revolution! Jesus Christ upon earth was the mighty power of God. The words sound the key-tone of the whole Bible. It is as though the everlasting heavens had opened for the most solemn intimation to descend, of where man must look on earth for that secret influence of God among us which was to raise and ever afterward direct the great tidal wave of subsequent time.

The whole passage reads as follows: "But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Christ *crucified!* There are no such associations, brethren, connected with the cross now as those once summoned to the mind by its mere mention. It is not that new associations have been added to the old; but as the Saviour went up upon Tabor and stood

there resplendent, so when the cross went up Calvary it stood there ever afterward, transfigured and glorious before the eyes of the world. Since He hath hung there, it hath been snatched from the dust of degradation and folded to our hearts. We sign it upon the foreheads and breasts. Amidst all the constellations of a Southern night the mariner searches for its fair form. We look for that form in the flowers. We raise it in marble over the dear ashes of the departed. We set it in gold upon our prayer-books. We lift it to the top of our spires. It is the glory and the pride of the Christian; it hath mounted from earth to Heaven, and stands there the emblem of God!

But it was not so once. Go back with me for an instant to the days before the Cross was throned and robed in purple and gold. There is no structure of infamy built now that can suggest to our minds such degradation and shame as the cross then suggested to the mind of the Roman and the Jew. To be branded as a felon and sink away from men into the shame and loneliness of a prison cell is degradation; but the cross was a deeper degradation still. To stand beneath the noose and upon the trap-door of a gallows, waiting the signal to the hangman, is deep degradation; but that of the felon's Cross was deeper still. You who wear the golden cross upon your bosom to-day, think what a bitter cup the Beloved drank when He stooped so low for you! Ask the man who has been reared in luxury, and has come at last to the gallows, where lies the pain? if it is in the manacled wrists or noosed throat? "O no! no!" he will answer; "it is in these gazing eyes; in

the heart of my mother; in the memory I shall leave to my children—the shame, the shame!" Jesus went down lower for you! And marvellous to say, the depth of His degradation has become the power of God among us, and truly a display of the wisdom of Heaven.

Jesus Christ was literally the Word, the wisdom of God. But reversing the order of the Apostle, let us first, brethren, consider Jesus Christ upon earth rather as a result of the wisdom of God, and, second, as God's power.

And first, why was this particular display of wisdom and this particular exercise of power on the part of God necessary? It was because law had been violated. I ask you to dwell for a moment on the subject of God's creation. I ask you to consider the many forms of mineral, animal, and vegetable life, each in harmony with every other, each moving in its appointed course and working out its end. The rains pulverizing the hillsides and giving themselves to the streams; the streams hastening away from the hills with their wealth and giving it to the lowlands; the lowlands turning that wealth into standing grain; the birds gathering their store at the ample board of the wheat-field; the bee laboring among the flowers from June to October, and the winter coming, exactly adjusted to its foresight; ocean wrapping the land in its embrace to temper its coasts, and by the channel of the clouds to soften and garnish its surface; the continents pouring value into the oceans out of the bounteous hands of the estuaries! I ask you to mount away from this earth and all that

is therein, and consider the worlds and suns as they wheel everlastingly, each adjusted to hold the other to its course; to mount away from all this to God, the source of law; to consider that law, in all its multiplicity and yet harmony, issuing from the Throne of God; going forth upon its great work into the universe, penetrating its every ramification, to guide, to bind, to regulate, to control; that all in its every part, unjostled and unharmed, may flow on in nicest harmony, the whole universe moving in its complexity, in the great sweep of its existence, according to law! Conceiving all this, consider for one instant some one thing in the tremendous sweep and momentum of that harmonious current that had freed itself from and cast itself out of the guidance and protection of law. Suppose that that one thing was immortal, and could not be crushed and utterly exterminated by the frightful encounters and collisions it would meet; conceive how all around it, which is one huge flow of harmony, would be to it but one vast turmoil and crushing chaos. Behold that one thing an everlasting wreck! If that thing were living, and sentient, and responsible, and unable to get back into the guidance and protection of law, conceive of its everlasting despair! Such, beloved, is the condition of man by nature. He alone has rushed into a violation of that law whose "seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world, whom the universe admires as the mother of its peace and joy."

Man has fallen, but God is love, and stoops therefore to place man back under the protection of law

that he too may flow in harmony with creation, in the peace and joy which only come from acting in obedience to God's will.

What were the schemes of men to accomplish this end? Wise men of old framed systems of philosophy. But there was no salvation in Platonism; there was no faith and love in Epicureanism; there was no penitence and sweet consolation in Stoicism. Wise men of old set down rules for the guidance of conduct or wrote essays on goodness. But rules are dead and essays are abstract and cold. God knew the heart of man, and behold His wisdom! He gave not theoretical disquisitions, He gave not dialectics and arguments, He gave not a rostrum with moral lectures; but He gave a Son, a Man, an Example, a Friend; a living, loving, dying ideal of truth and humility! Ah! my beloved, it is not through the intellect that man is reached and changed but through the heart. The intellect may be changed and yet the man remain the same. He touched the quick of man's necessities when He touched his heart. God touched the quick of man's necessities by bringing down the mode of awakening, and altering, and guiding men from the abstract to the concrete. He did not leave men in their wilfulness. They had gone away from Him, but He did not desert them. He followed them with beseeching arms as they went away. He drew near to them. He melted them with self-sacrifice for their sakes. He lived among them that He might feed His flock like a shepherd, that he might gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.

Philosophy never did this. Philosophy never could do it; nay, even the very Bible alone could not do it. It was only a man that could do it, a lover who could give his life for our sins. And thus God gave men, in Jesus, a help, and a power, and a centre for love which alone could take hold of their hearts, which alone could transform them, and so lift man gently back into peace. Christ had peace because He was obedient to law. His life and accomplishings all flowed on in harmony with the great universal current of harmony in God's law-guided creation. And what said our Elder Brother? "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." It was not in the giving of rules, of arguments, of schemes of philosophy; but it was in the gift of Jesus Christ that the wisdom of God was displayed.

Now let us briefly consider Christ upon earth as the power of God among us.

The infidel may disbelieve the Bible, he may toss the New Testament to the winds; but no argument can obliterate from history the great fact of Jesus Christ. There it stands towering and bold. No cavillings can away with the influence of Christ in the present. No ingenuity can give that influence a myth for a foundation. No great superstructure of truth, and purity, and goodness can rear itself on an impostor. There stands the stubborn fact of Christ. There Christ stands too, as the power of God in the world and in history—Christ, who as a power in the first four centuries upheaved, and cracked, and toppled

into tremendous ruin the great structure of Polytheism, before whom the ancient philosophies sped from the earth like phantasms and the gorgeous Jewish system ceased forever, and who as a power in the next four centuries softened the hordes of Northmen and moulded them into civilization; in the next eight centuries, filled the world with prayers and cathedrals; hurled in upon man the storm of the Reformation, heaving Europe into turmoil. Christ was beneath the first four centuries. Christ permeated the next four. Christ was beneath the next eight. Christ drove the whirlwind of the Reformation upon the erroneous structure of Papalism. Christ is the adamantine basis of the nineteenth century. His influence lives and works at this day on earth more widely, more potently, than aught else that can be mentioned. But above all, look you to the power of the cross! Look you to its power over the hearts of men! Look you to that power through all the past, and behold how it is as fresh now as though eighteen centuries had not rolled away since He sanctified the felon's torture. Millions who are in their graves have clung to the cross as their only hope. Millions summoned away have taken each his solitary journey, crying:

> "In my hands no price I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Millions are this day in tears at its foot. I need not tell you, weeping penitent, of the consolation you have found there as you have looked up into the pitying, forgiving eyes. I need not tell you, mother of a lost

and only son, of the consolation you have found as you have in spirit gone there and borne up in your arms the sinking Mother swooning upon Calvary. I need not tell the suffering, of the balm they have found as they have knelt and wept with Him in Gethsemane, who prayed: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Jesus Christ in His power, as the great guide and director of history, in His hold upon the heart, in His example, in His blessed words of kindness, in the manger, in the wilderness, in the temple, in the house of Martha and Mary in Gethsemane, and on Calvary—Jesus Christ is the power of God among us, and the wisdom of God.

Sinner, you are in the world, shelterless. If you would have peace, you must come to Him. It is not rules that will make you a good man, that will change you from what you are. It is Jesus Christ and His cross, and your first act of true obedience to God is upon your knees at the font. Jesus Christ, dear friends, the great fact of the world, the restorer of man to the harmony of all regulating and peace-giving law, the light, the life, the truth, the resurrection from the death of lawlessness, the death of the world, the death of the grave—Jesus Christ our Righteousness, our Sacrifice and Food, is the central object of time, the central object of the Bible, the central object of the Church, the central object of Apostolic days. But in those days there clustered around Him four leading characters which have left their impress upon those times, which have given each his peculiarity to the

New Testament, which have stamped their characteristics upon the development of Christianity. These four are S. Paul, S. Peter, S. James, and S. John. S. Paul was eminently spiritual. His great theme is faith; faith in Jesus and His Cross. S. Peter was ritualistic; and yet S. Peter was not without spiritualism, nor was S. Paul without ritualism. But each had his leading tendency of mind. S. James looked at religion through the atmosphere of works. Be ye *doers* of the word is the ever-recurring refrain in his writings. Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith *by* my works, is ever the climax to which he mounts. S. John beheld religion through the atmosphere of gentleness and love. And as we look back, it is not in S. Paul that we see God's rounded truth, nor in S. Peter, nor in S. James, nor in S. John. It is in them all together only as they cluster about Christ, that we may behold that truth.

It should be ours, dear brethren, in the spirit of S. Paul, to hold up ever before our hearts the torch of a living faith, that so we may rejoice with the strong, cheer the hesitating, lift the weak and falling, and lead them, as best we may, by God's grace, to the foot of Jesus' Cross. And not this alone, but also, in the spirit of S. Peter, to love the outward expressions in our dear Church of her inward spirit and doctrines. And not these alone, but also, in the spirit of S. James, it should be ours to work; to enter into a sturdy fight with the world and with sin, that would ever drag us into that condition of eternal wreck and ruin which comes from unharmoniousness with law, which goeth

forth from the bosom of God, as the mother of peace and joy unto all creation. Nor yet these alone, but also in the spirit of S. John, to realize the surpassing love of Christ and of God.

Ah! brethren, it is only love that can make us, as a parochial family, a unit and happy. It is only love that can make us strong. Dear brethren, never let the sun go down upon a difference between any two of you. Remember that the secret of the resolution of all difficulties is frankness and a spirit of mutual forbearance. I have sometimes almost felt, as a pastor, that love should be our central theme. And why not, for God is Love. And as we look back upon Calvary, the rays that stream down to us from the Cross are rays of love.

And so as my first word to you was Christ, the wisdom of God and the power of God; so let my last be, Love, the wisdom of man and the power of man's heart.

Seventh Sermon.

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST.*

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST, AND ARISE FROM THE DEAD, AND CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.—*Ephesians*, v. 14.

We read these and equally familiar words over and over again, and yet we think but little about them. But these are tremendous words, and their greatness strikes us the more, the more we think about them. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

There was a time when midnight was considered the dead of night, but it is not so to-day and in this city. We are told that the dead of night is between the hours of two and four in the morning. Before that time the city is gradually getting quiet, and after that time it is gradually awakening. I would ask you to imagine to yourself the state of things in the great city in the dead of night. All is silent save perhaps a street car lazily crawling along, here and there a watchman or a laborer whose lot it is to work through the night; but how silently sleeps the great city! Now take out of the slumbering city one individual sleeper!

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

What possibilities lie latent there! The processes of life are going on, but all unconsciously; the muscles and nerves are relaxed; the eyes are closed; the tongue is silent; the hand is still—the hand, that most wondrous of tools—for what is it not capable of doing? Think what a multitude of works on earth the human hand has wrought! how almost infinite are the possibilities of that little tool! what wonders lie in that small hand!

Think, then, of the million and a half of people, each one possessing such variety of powers both of body and mind, and what great possibilities lie in each one of those who sleep in the great city of New York from the Battery to Harlem Bridge—possibilities of hand and limb and brain, all sunk in slumber!

Then contrast the city with the silent, sleeping powers wrapt up in the million of people at dead of night, with what it is at noonday, when all these tremendous powers are aroused to activity! The mind refuses to count all the works that are accomplished in this great city, or to compass all that is done during one day in this one place. What a contrast between the sleeping city, its powers latent, its minds all unconscious, and the noonday's crowded streets, when the schools are all busy with the hum of voices, and the market and the pier full of the force and vigor and noise of traffic. What a contrast between the mind asleep and the same mind awake! What a contrast between the city at midnight and the human engine with its tremendous powers waked up and laying its myriad hands upon its earthly works! But these works are the

works of time. This mighty power and energy in infinite variety has roused for the day, and is laying out its forces on perishable things that shall endure but for a few short years—things of time that must pass away, and of earth that must be rolled up like a scroll.

But there is still another thought—tremendous in its potentiality. As is the city with its sleeping latent powers that belong to its millions of slumbering inhabitants, as is the city when these waken with the day, so is it with single souls. But one soul in its infinite aspects is greater than the great city, accomplishing mere temporal works. If you take such of those as are done by human brain and hand in this great city, every work which must have an end, and range them in line each after the other, one single soul viewed in its infinite aspect has the power to go on and on, working on and in eternity, and will work on till it has accomplished more than all mere temporal work can amount to. The time will come when we shall reach the end of this temporal work, but still we shall go on and on—still the one soul is greater in its infinite aspects than the whole city!

So count up the individual suffering in this city for a year, for a century, for a thousand years, if New York lasts so long! take each life with all its sufferings, its wrongs, its griefs, its sorrows, its sicknesses, and then take another individual life with all its suffering, and add them, and another, and another, and continue till you have a line consisting of the sorrows of a million and a half of people; yet know that a single soul has in itself more capacity of suffering than

lies in all this great city, in its millions of people in a thousand years. For the soul goes on and on, till in its experience it has reached to the end of the line, and then there is infinity beyond. One soul in its infinite aspects is greater than this whole city in its temporal aspects. One soul is capable of suffering more and enjoying more than all this city, though it continued a thousand years. Think of a soul (it is your soul, my brother; your soul, my sister, I am speaking of), and what a mighty charge it is. Do not play with its infinite interests; do not, though men and women play like thoughtless children; do not take this, which is so priceless, and cast it away.

Now, as in the city is mighty power latent, at rest when sunk in slumber, and as this power can waken to a mighty work, so there is to the soul a sleep and a waking—a death and a life. When all the powers of the soul are sunk in sleep, smitten with paralysis, the soul is dead. Oh! the ghastliness of a dead soul! What is it that makes a soul dead? It is sin. It is your sin—that envy of yesterday, that anger of the day before, that pride, that gluttony, that lust, that coveteousness! Those are the murderers of your soul. If they be in your soul, it is dead in the eye of God and the holy angels, for he says (and God is true), Death is by sin, and when you were dead in trespasses and sins, He said, "Awake, arise from the dead." Oh! to be dead and not to know it! I knew a man who had a dream or a vision. The scene was Woodlawn. Not a soul of the thousands and thousands there buried was in its grave, but above the grave those corpses, dressed

in the habiliments of the dead, were moving over the grass and the springing flowers, moving through the little paths and down the broad streets, passing and repassing in and out among the crosses and headstones. They had erected booths, and were buying and selling and bartering with each other. The scene changed, and there was a theatre with its seats filled with two or three thousand corpses, and on the stage stood another corpse addressing the multitude, and attacking religion. He spoke eloquently, and his speech was full of ribaldry and bright sharp sayings, and jokes, and he was tearing down, or trying to tear down, everything man has held most sacred in Christianity for centuries. He was spitting out his sarcasm; then the multitude of corpses cheered and broke out into laughter and applause, and stamped their feet, and then when the lecturer was through, and had passed behind the seats and counted the dollars men had paid to hear him try to tear down the fair structure of Truth, as he was counting the money the audience went out chuckling and laughing, and saying how well he spoke, and how great and convincing it was.

And anon the scene changed. It was now a seaside hotel. There was a large dancing hall filled with corpses dressed in silk and satin and velvets, and adorned with jewels and flowers, and all were whirling together in a mazy dance. Anon all these corpses that were in the cemetery, and in the lecture-room, and the ball-room all slept, and when the morning came they awoke to the old avocations again, and did not know they were dead. Yes, there is such a thing as being in the world, dead

without knowing it. Oh! what a disaster to be dead and yet not know it! Judaism, so alive from Moses to Christ, is dead and does not know it; Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil, and when Judaism was fulfilled it was dead. Judaism died when the word fell from the Cross, "It is finished;" when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain without hands from the top to the bottom; Judaism to-day is walking the earth a corpse, and does not know it is dead.

Beloved, they who are sunk in trespasses and sins are dead. God tells them they are corpses. God tells them they are dead and corrupt in His sight and in sight of the holy angels. They walk about, they go everywhere, and they know not that they are dead.

Rouse, O soul, to the knowledge of the evil, of the fatal character of sin! Remember that sin is the slayer of all your potential powers. Oh! is it not bad enough to walk here in this world, and in time, when we may still hear the call and may awake out of the deadly sleep, while the cry is still in our ears, "Awake, arise," while the possibility that we may obey the cry is ours! But how dreadful to pass through these possibilities and go down to the realms of the dead to the eternal death. There is a chance for the soul here. God gives it. "*Awake*, arise." The dead are unconscious. The dead body, what does it know? The tongue of the dead is silent. Oh! prayerless soul that never utters prayer or praise to God, dost thou realize what it is to have the silent tongue of the corpse? The eye of the dead is blind and sees naught. Oh! dead blind soul, dost thou realize what it is to see the spiritual things

of the kingdom of God, and of Jesus Christ? The dead body is helpless, and so is thy dead soul helpless. Only God can revive the dead. God comes and stands ready to raise with His touch thy dead soul; if He touch it not it can never rise or move. Every movement of the soul toward a better life is preceded by prevenient grace and that grace has touched thy soul a thousand times.

The language of the text may seem somewhat incongruous—Awake, thou that *sleepest* and arise from the *dead*. There is a possibility. Awake by grace, arise, for grace cannot lift thee without thy own will. Thou must correspond to grace. A hand is held out to you, you must grasp and hold it. Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. What is the exact process? Let me tell you what it is. Have you never had the thought, "I wish I were better?" Have you never, as you stood by the coffin of a dear child or friend, felt the wish in your heart, and sighed, "I wish I were better?" That was the little grace of the Holy Spirit. That was the hand held out to save you. You have but to grasp and hold it fast; you have but to obey the call. "Awake, arise," for we must correspond when the little grace comes, and then we shall have more and yet more. Correspond with God's prevenient grace and other grace will follow. There may be some one here to whom my poor words may be the grace of God calling, "awake, arise," who is saying, "I wish I could obey the call." Listen on to the voice that is even now sounding in your heart. What is the use of hearing

and going away and never nourishing the little grace that God is giving you? God is showing you the need of Him. Be not like the man that looks at his face in the glass and then goes away and forgets what manner of man he was. Correspond to God's little graces; say when God calls you, "Yes I will come, but I am weak, raise me, save me, hold me by Thy hand." Spare me a little that I may gain a little strength before I go hence. Do not say it is so little a grace, for it is enough. If you reject that little it will leave you under heavier responsibilities than before. If you are not baptized follow God's leading and become His in baptism. If you have not been confirmed, follow God's grace till you are brought to kneel before the Bishop in the Sacrament of strengthening. If you are not a communicant, no longer reject, or neglect the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, the Regenerator of all graces.

But, O Christian, this call is a summons also to you, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" Alas, when we awake we are still but half awake—is it not so with us? with you and with me? We think we have conquered our sins, but there they still are. The fire, the conflagration may be subdued, but the propensities to sin are still smoldering, and breaking out in envy or sloth, or anger or covetousness, and so far as these remain in us we are asleep, are dead. You have begun to awake, but it is still only a partial awakening. Awake, arise, and hear the blessed promise! Christ shall give light—more and more of light and life! This is not only a trumpet-call that is sounding to-day to every single

soul, but it has been sounding from the day of the crucifixion and resurrection, and will sound on till the last day. It is a call to all the world. How it sounded through the old empires of Greece and Rome, "Awake, arise from the dead!" As we read the classic writers we learn what those old heathens were in their lives. Yes, the Romans and Greeks were civilized and luxurious, yet their lives were dark and sinful and filthy! The Parthenon is fair, and full of marvels of genius. We have beautiful sculptured forms, the drama, poetry, architecture, all the culture of civilized life, and yet, as we read of the corruption of those days, the book falls from our hands in disgust that culture was but a corpse, dressed in silk and satin, and covered with fragrant flowers, all beauty without and corruption within! It was in such a state of things in the middle of time that the cry sounded, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ the Incarnate One shall give thee light." And as we look upon the light of the world, shining out on that corruption, we see the light shining upon the upturned faces of twelve poor fishermen, and as we look the faces brighten more and more, and their light is caught and spreads till a hundred and twenty are resplendent, and still the glory shines, and three thousand faces reflect it back; and it goes out into all the centuries, the light spreading and increasing till Europe and America and the Isles of the Sea are bathed in the light of that Christianity which yonder lecturing corpse is trying to destroy!

This trumpet-call that once aroused a world lying in darkness has sounded every day and hour to every sin-

gle soul that is dead or but partially awake, and so it will sound again when He who came once to save shall come again to judge the quick and the dead—those who listened to the call, and those who were deaf.

Years, centuries perhaps, will have passed away, and one by one you and I and all our descendants will follow our great father Adam and go down into the grave, one by one, till he who is now speaking to you, and you that hear, and those that come after us, will all be lying silent, with the grassy mound over each one of us. So the centuries will go on, and generation after generation will go down into the grave, till the earth will hold vastly more of the children of Adam beneath than upon the surface. So she swings and will swing in her orbit round and round the sun, a mighty sepulchre, and at last the time shall come when the Angel, standing one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall declare that Time shall be no more, and then the great day shall come when the trumpet shall sound for the last time, the Day of Resurrection, calling to all who sleep in the grave, "Awake, ye that sleep in Jesus," and Christ, who has already given you so much light that ye too, in your poor ways, have been lights to lighten the world—that same Christ shall give you more and more of light through Eternity, and Eternity shall be for you one ever rising morning without any night forever. "For the Lamb is the Light thereof."

Eighth Sermon.

CHILDERMAS AND CHRISTMAS.

SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME.—*S. Luke*, viii. 46.

THE colors which our mother the Church assumes today indicate that it is the octave of Her feast of the Holy Innocents, and yet neither have the echoes nor the song itself of Christmas died away. The birth of the Infant mingles strangely with the slaughter of the infants. How soon were the hallelujahs of joy of the heavenly hosts, as they sang "Glory to God in the highest" over the manger, followed by the wail of the mothers of Bethlehem over innumerable little graves! S. Augustine has handed down some of those agonizing cries—"Kill me too," said one, "for I bore it; it is innocent and I am to blame, for I bore it." "Why," said another, "do ye not search for the one to spare the others?" Another, in her agony, cried out to the Virgin as though she could hear, and in her raving demanded of her that she should come forth and bring her babe, that the soldiers might see and slay it and spare her own child. It was a beautiful figure that Rachel, mother of Israel, whose grave was not far off, should lament from her sepulchre: "Rachel weeping

for her children, and not to be comforted because they were not." It were not strange if, on such a day as this, our thoughts could not preserve continuousness, but should present, like the strands of a cable, one of which comes up atop to go down beneath and give place to another, and so on continuously, the mingled and alternate tones of Christmas and Childermas.

The two feasts so coming together, how can they help reminding us of that saying: "And He set a little child in the midst of them?"

As we pass through the Christmas and Epiphany tides, and consider how God in His yearning toward us reached down to us through Moses and the Prophets, and when this did not avail, sent His Son, it is natural for us to take these words of our Lord, and applying them with a kind of reversed meaning to ourselves, say, "Somebody hath touched me." Nor is it strange if that other sweet word should come up in our memories, "He set a little child in the midst of them."

And who is it that hath done this? We utter that awful name, God. But how little do we realize what it is that word signifies.

The whole universe is laid out, not only in its larger masses, but in all its infinitesimal atoms, on a vast network of mathematical science, the laws of that science playing in infinite variety and everywhere. We see a little of this science here and a little there; our great mathematicians make raids across its borders and into it, and when the human mind unaided can do no more on account of the complications in which it finds itself,

we admire and wonder at the schemes it has devised—its Binomial Theorem, its Differential Calculus, its Integral Calculus—on the artificial wings of which it avails to pierce a little farther into the great mystery—but we forget that God is the Great Mathematician.

And then there are playing all round about us in infinite variety the chemical laws—atoms flying into affinity with atoms—combinations of elements falling apart and new ones forming; the whole universe alive with chemical movement, and we peer a little here and there into this department of knowledge, and pique ourselves on our attainments as chemists forsooth—but we forget that God is the great Chemist, the great Zoölogist, the great Botanist, the great Astronomer. And then there is beauty everywhere, and rhythm: God is the great Poet, the great Musician. And so every act of tenderness is but a poor broken reflection of Him who is infinitely tender and gentle. He who hurls the worlds around, great Jupiter and mighty Saturn; He who heaves and tosses the vast tornadoes in the atmosphere of the sun, in the swirl of one of whose little eddies this whole earth would be sucked down in an instant and consumed. He constantly repeats this most tender act. He taketh a little child and setteth it in the midst of us; in the palace, in the farm-house, in the artisan's abode and hovel of the serf. He is constantly setting a little child in the midst, for He is tender toward us.

A little child to soften, sweeten, and revolutionize us, to lure us with a fair picture of meekness, and inno-

cence, and trust. You have seen the very savage dog softened by an infant.

If you have read that wonderful story of the "Luck of Roaring Camp" without having felt your heart swell, your voice choke, and your eyes fill with tears, you were more fortunate than I. When I read of that crowd of eager gazers pressing into that room to see the first little child born among them, and beheld the dead form of the mother, and heard the dismal wail of the tiny babe bereft in the first hour of its being; how those grizzly, ill-dressed men with rugged features bent over the helpless infant; and when one old stony-hearted miner took the soft little hand in his coarse and bony fist, and the petite fingers closed and pressed around his rough, hard finger, how he broke down with emotion, bursting into tears, and with tender strains of endearment clasped the little one to his heart, and when I read how much better those rough men became because that little child was placed in their midst, I thought of our text, "Somebody hath touched me."

There is something about purity and innocence that acts like a magnet. It purifies all it touches, and it draws up out of our natures all of purity that is in them, and warms it at least into temporary life, while all that is bad it paralyzes.

And so, for marvellous are the works of God, when He takes the new little child and sets it in the midst of the family, and mother, father, grandparents, brothers, sisters, cluster around it, all hearts softened and made better, indeed that family may say, "Somebody hath touched me."

But all these households are but the types of the one great household, earth; and all these families of the one great family, man; and all these births of one

great birth. And eighteen hundred years ago He took a little child and set Him in the midst of us all. He was thought an Israelite, He was the Son of Man, the child of the race; and as we do not do the best for our children, but fall short so much and so constantly, so we have not done the best for Him. But as from the throne of God He descended and rested in a little infant, the God-man in the manger, cannot the whole one family of man—must they not—cry, "Somebody hath touched me?" Somebody hath pointed me away from the foulness of Olympus to the purity of heaven, from the mutual hate of the gods to the love of God. Somebody hath disenthralled woman and sanctified marriage. Somebody hath raised the serf, hath mitigated the horrors of war, hath purified social life and literature, hath built hospitals and schools. Somebody hath made human life more sacred. Somebody hath lifted the stately tidal wave of whispered prayer and resounding praise to flow with the sun round and round the earth till time shall be no more. Somebody hath kindled the eye of faith, adorned the human countenance with the new expression of Christian resignation, and fired the human heart with an eternal hope. O death! where is thy sting? Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

Again, to-day He takes a little child and sets him in the midst. But it is a dead child. Like some precious thing, His gift to the mother is His gift to her forever. He shows it to her, but lest it should come to harm He takes it for a while where it shall be safe. Part the little flaxen locks on the forehead, close the lid, and as

I return from the little grave somebody hath touched me, hath touched my faith, hath touched my trust, hath touched my hope, and I am better.

And so as we go through life, that soft hand of the Infinitely Tender One touches us again and again and again. O! misery if we do not heed it.

These touches are more eloquent than the fleshly. The latter are rude and coarse, but these penetrating to the inmost. These are thorough.

Ninth Sermon.

THE FIRST SIN AND ITS RESULTS.*

AND THE LORD SAID UNTO THE WOMAN, WHAT IS THIS THAT THOU HAST DONE?—*Genesis*, iii. 13.

GOD does not startle. Day does not yield instantly to night. There is an interval between the two when it is neither day nor night, but twilight. So in the Church's year, days of Christmas and Epiphany do not give place instantly to the night of Lent which itself descends to the midnight of Good Friday. There is a common border region between the two. It is neither the day of Christmas and Epiphany nor the night of Lent. It is a twilight. In that twilight region we are now—it is Septuagesima!

Of course, all times are fit for consideration of our personal sins. Books of devotion provide for nightly self-examination. But in the orderly arrangement of topics to be brought out in succession during the course of the ecclesiastical year, the Church provides that this season our public meditations should be rather on sin in general than personal reflection, each on his own

* This is the sermon which Dr. Ewer intended to preach in the evening of the day he was prostrated.

personal sins. The latter topic She reserves for Lent. But She provides for Septuagesima the topic of sin in general as a fitting preparation for the duty to which She is about to call us in Lent—the duty of examining each his own personal estate as a sinner. I know no more fitting words through which to call up before us this topic of sin in general than those of the text: "The Lord said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?"

And what was Eve's sin? Let us glance at it a moment. It was a simple act, but it included all the germs of all sin. It summed sin up entirely in its inception, its elementary springs in the heart, its development, and its fruition. And so Eve's little act was a great act, for it summed up and included within itself all the elements of all sin.

Look at it. God had said, Thou shalt not eat. Satan begins and Eve follows. Satan begins by a question—nothing more—"Did God say, If you eat of the fruit, you must die?" Eve knew that He did say so. But she listened. Ah! beloved, there came in the beginnings of hesitation. Sin and temptation must not be parleyed with an instant. There must be no touch of the mortal sin of sloth; there must be spiritual alertness; instantly we must say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." "Did God, indeed, say that ye would die?" Satan goes on as Eve listens, until at last he reaches the point where he can say: "Ye shall *not* surely die: but God doth know that in the day ye eat ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." Here in Eve already are the fundamental main springs of all sin: doubt,

mistrust, unbelief—she believes Satan rather than God; there is pride too—ye shall be as Gods; selfishness too and private judgment. Nor does it end here; it descends to the lowest springs of sin, the senses. She looks on the fruit—it is pleasant to the eye, the taste, and to be desired. She eats. In her act are all the elements of sin summed up—pride, mistrust, private judgment, unbelief, selfishness, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. What is this that thou hast done? Eve answers: "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." Here we have all indeed; but an inadequate answer. For when we have said all, we have not said everything. It was an imperfect reply. It was only the ages that could give the answer. And as the answer unfolds itself in gigantic proportion in time, over the earth we seem to hear the solemn question breaking from heaven again and again in ever louder tones. You have watched the rising of a storm. The wind swells and subsides, and then swells louder and longer and subsides, and then the voice of the cyclone waxes louder and longer still to its climax. And so the answer to the solemn question rises and sinks and rises again and again in time.

As Eve bends over the form of the murdered Abel, as she places her loving hands upon the cheeks of the cold face, and cries, "Abel, Abel!" and the lips are silent and the eye set, the voice of her son whispers in her ear, "Eve, Eve, what is this that thou hast done?" And as she looks from Abel to Cain with murder in his heart and on his face, Cain that had much better have been in the case of Abel, the cry

comes, "Eve, Eve, and what is *this* that thou hast done?" As the voices, and the strugglings, and the execrations of the race rise with the rising waters of the flood, and as the bubbling groans of the drowning follow, and at last silence succeeds as the shoreless ocean tumbles round the globe, bearing on its vast expanse that one solitary speck, the ark, out of the stupendous silence, out of the seas, comes the solemn question, "Eve! what! what is this that thou hast done?"

But from that lull the cyclonic answer begins to swell and roar again out of time. As Lot flies away from Sodom, and as his wife, loving the city, the home, the place of sin, turns from God and gives one longing, lingering look behind and stands transfixed by the fiat of Heaven, again arises the cry, "What is this that thou hast done?" As sin goes on, unwraps itself, develops, expands in envies, and jealousies, and angers, and robberies, and adulteries, and wars, and schisms, and poverty, and pestilence, and diseases, and misery, as with the growing race the earth becomes a spreading cemetery, we hear the question repeating itself, "What is this that thou hast done?" until at last we come to Calvary, and its midnight at midday, its nails, its thorns, its spear, and its adorable victim hanging there; and as He the God-man bends his head and dies, again the question rises: "O Eve, what is this that thou hast done?" Thou hast slain Him who is thy God. And then there is silence; and then the stormy answer begins once more to swell.

As Eve's child Stephen sinks beneath the pelted stones in the streets of Jerusalem—as Eve's children

fall by hundreds and thousands, crucified, hanged, smitten with club and sword, tortured in the ten vast persecutions, as sin goes on spreading through all continents, coming out into all centuries, developing new and ingenious forms as the great answer develops more and more in time, going on up to the last climax, when the man of sin, he with the number of the beast, shall be revealed, and the end shall come because creation can bear no more, still sounds the question, "Eve, Eve! what is this that thou hast done?"

Thus the answer is so vast that only all the earth and all time can hold it.

There is an often-quoted line: "Westward the star of empire takes its way." It is equally true that westward the course of genius takes its way. It was greater in Athens and Rome than in Babylon; it moved to Western Europe, Germany, England, and France; it is crossing the sea; its current strikes the Sierras and the Pacific. It has not come out in California, but its little sparkles, its faint harbingers, are appearing there in those marvellous fictions which California alone has produced, so terrible in their grasp of the unexpected. You have doubtless seen one of these fictions, and it will need but suggestion. There is a spot on the Pacific Railroad, high up on the western slope of the gigantic Sierra Nevada, where the track goes round the shoulder of a mountain, skirting the edge of an enormous rocky precipice which descends far away into a dark and horrid gorge. This spot is called Cape Horn. It is said that while a train was going round that "Cape Horn" a man fell from it into the frightful gorge.

This suggested the fiction. The writer pens it as a confession, claiming to have been by the one who pushed the man from the platform of the car, and giving his reasons to the world in satisfaction for the deed. The fiction runs that the man had discovered a chemical mixture which, dropped into a tumbler of water, would cause its hydrogen to ignite and so the water would burn in flames. No man ought to live with such a secret. We could imagine such a man standing among the hills where the Mississippi takes its slenderest source. And as he lets fall from his little vial a few drops into the brooklet that trickles along at his feet, we might well say, "What is this that thou hast done?" The flames creep down the brooklet into the stream, they run down the stream into the branch, down the branch into the river, down the river until there is a line of fire across the continent; they pour out into the Gulf of Mexico till it is in flames, the Gulf Stream bears the fell flames north to the ice regions, the whole Atlantic is ablaze; the fire spreads round the Cape of Good Hope to the East and Cape Horn to the West—the Pacific, the whole world, the very clouds are all on fire.

So Eve dropped her little single sin into time and the world, into branching and descending human nature, till from that slender source the whole world is ablaze with sin.

I have said the world and all time only are vast enough to hold the answer to the solemn question of God. I was wrong. They cannot hold it. They are inadequate to give it. It overflows the earth and rolls

out, still developing in Gehenna. It pours out of time into eternity, and thence forever the solemn question repeats itself, "What, O Eve! is this that thou hast done?"

Such was the question put by God to man, such is the reply rolling louder and louder out of time and reverberating forever out of eternity.

But this is midnight. Is there nothing but this vision? Yes, there is the Gospel. I am not here to lead you into midnight and leave you there. There is the Gospel.

Again, then, let me place you in a garden. And as in the first garden there stood the tree of life, so in this there stands a sepulchre, a place of death.

In the first garden God put to man the question, "What is this that thou hast done?" So as here we stand in the second garden, as we gaze here on the Son of Mary on the cross, can we ever realize all there was on the cross—all the love, all the cleansing? Can we ever realize the blessed atonement, our cleansing bath of blood? But as we gain some even inadequate conception of the mighty transaction of Calvary, man may indeed cry back to God the question, "O! what, what is this, loving, merciful Father! suffering, dying brother! what is this—this as He dies, this as they bear Him to the sepulchre, this as on the third day its ponderous jaws open and He issues forth alive forever more—what is this that Thou hast done?"

Ah, beloved, if time and eternity only could avail to give back the answer which man gives to God's solemn question, so too time and eternity only can avail to give

back the answer which God gives to man's amazed question. Nay more! If Eve's work is infinite, God is greater than Eve. For there are degrees in infinity itself. If there is an infinity, there is another infinity which is itself infinitely greater than the first infinity. We can conceive of an infinite line, but pass from this to an infinite surface—this is an infinity infinitely greater than the infinite line. And then the infinite solid is an infinity as infinitely greater than the surface as the surface was infinitely greater than the line.

God is greater than Eve. If Eve avails to produce an infinite evil, God's work in reply is a good infinitely greater. Blessed be Heaven, if sin abounds, grace doth the more abound. It flows from cross, and font, and altar, from prayer and sacrament it floods the earth!

If amazed man's question goes up to God, God's answer develops and unfolds to man. It begins to sound as that same Stephen falls beneath the pelted stones. What is this that issues from his heart and lips? What is this—so strange a thing—what is this that is against nature—more than nature—above nature —supernatural? As we see and hear him sinking and praying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," what is this—this charity that thou only hast or couldst work in the heart of man? The answer from God to man's question begins in the glorious company of the Apostles; it expands in the noble army of martyrs; it unfolds wider and wider as the holy Church spreads throughout the world, as benevolence and resignation and

humility come and expand instead of Eve's pride, as faith and trust take the place of Eve's mistrust and doubt; as obedience and the teachable and childlike spirit come instead of Eve's private judgment; as the restraint of the senses and asceticism come instead of Eve's lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes and pride of life. The answer goes up to its climax as the innumerable fellowships of the saints go out of time and space to their thrones in eternity and heaven, while Satan goes down chained to his place and harmless evermore!

If sin abounds, blessed be God, grace doth the more abound.

And so two processes are going on—the one deepening to the blackness of eternal darkness, the other brightening even unto the everlasting day.

O my brother, my sister, my elder, which way are you going—toward the midnight or toward the dawn?

When sin is at the door, let your solemn question be to yourself: What is this that I am tempted to do? And if, alas! you fall like Eve—and we are all Adams and all Eves—then wait not for heaven's question, but cry to thine heart, What is this that I have done? So you may come to repentance and tears and amendment, and free absolution and grace and strength and to the eternal day!

There are, I say, two processes going on. There are also two parties of men, one helping on the one process to deeper darkness, and the other helping the second to brighter dawn. The one acting with Eve that bore Cain, the other with Mary that bore Jesus.

I do not know why it is. But two men out of the ancients arise in my memory. They were born in the same century, in the same ancient Roman Empire.

The one was reared a Christian. He was brought up among gentle Bishops. He went from Athens to Gaul, from Gaul to Italy, and mounted the Roman throne. He turned to the study of philosophy, falsely so called. He began by seeking from his post of eminence to secure toleration for all religions. He set falsehood and lies on a par with truth. Peers should they stand before him—but neither should judge the other. There was to be toleration and liberality. One cannot begin to cultivate a lie with the same tender hand that he does a truth, and stop there. This man ended in persecuting Christianity, in striving to abolish it and reëstablish the heathen polytheisms and philosophy in its place, till at last he stood in spirit in that same garden and put the awful question with blasphemous lips to the dying Christ—"What, forsooth, is this that thou, O wretch! art vainly striving to do on thy cross?"

The other was reared in the heathen philosophies. He became a philosopher and a rhetorician. But through the prayers of his now sainted mother and the words of Ambrose he turned to Christianity, and in Italy, a prince, mounted one of the thrones of the Church. He saved many souls, and became not only for his own day but for all time a strong bulwark of the faith. Do you ask me who these two typical men were? The one was the Emperor Julian, the apostate and the lost. The other was the Bishop Augustine, convert, doctor, saint, and saved.

If thou art ranging thyself with Eve on the side of modern mistrust, doubt, unbelief, pride, private judgment, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, let the solemn question sound again and again—"What is this that thou art doing?"

Julian the apostate strove to stop Christianity and the will of God unto the salvation of innumerable saints and to set up in its stead its rival and its foe—a lie. He was striving with the greater infinity: he might as well have striven to stop with his two hands the coming of the morning.

Tenth Sermon.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.*

THEN WAS JESUS LED UP OF THE SPIRIT INTO THE WILDERNESS, TO BE TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.—*S. Matthew*, iv. 1.

You are all familiar with these words, beloved. You know that by them our Holy Mother the Church takes each one of us and leads us by Her own loving hand out of the city of Jerusalem to the scene of our Lord's temptation, on the shore of the Dead Sea, and teaches us from that scene to draw some practical lessons for our own lives. What do we see in the picture She sets before us?

It is the mountain Quarantania, a vast, desolate waste, a dreary expanse of sand and limestone and scoria and barren clay. It is dry, parched, devoid of verdure, empty of vegetation. Rugged mountains are there, horrid ravines are there, the igneous, plutonic forces of the earth have wrought their work, and there stands a waste, a desolation, a horrid confusion. As we gaze upon the scene it becomes the background out of which stand two figures—only two. First there is the dear Lord, the

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

Man, the Brother, Friend, Saviour of men, with a human soul filled with purity and beauty and wisdom and love. He is the Flower of our human nature and the very Blossom of the powers that are in God. What a contrast between that gracious, noble form and the scene in which it is set! It seems, beloved, that the Bible delights in differences. How it brings before us in sharp contrast the scenes on Calvary! There it shows us the Cross, and One hanging on it, the very incarnation of beauty and patient love and gentleness—the perfect man, the perfect God—and there all around Him surge the angry crowds full of hate and wickedness and every corruption. Then in the story of the Temptation we behold that same Holy Being standing in the midst of the picture of desolation—oh, how desolate that desert even in the light of the noon-day!—how much more desolate at night, when the imagination filled it with its own fears and mysteries and terrors! But more horrid than the darkness, more terrible than wild beasts, than any earthly terror, is the dark presence of Satan. There they stand alone together, the Son of God and the spirit of evil; and we know that they are to be the figures in some great transaction. What was the mighty event? It was the greatest event that has ever occurred on earth except the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of our Lord. It was to be the greatest battle ever fought on the earth—the battle between Satan, the personification of hate and vileness and all that is repulsive, and the incarnation of purity and holiness.

Human nature, ages before, had met the foe in Eden

and had fallen; and as Satan had attacked human nature in the person of the first Adam, so now he attacks the same human nature in the person of Christ. If human nature is again overcome it is lost; if it withstands the foe, it is saved forever.

You know, beloved, that so marvellous is the structure of God's creation that all visible things, persons, and actions which we see around us are but pictures and images of things invisible, of events and actions fraught with deeper meaning. What is the mystical meaning of this scene on Quarantania? Besides its own proper meaning it has still another. The high mountain desert is the world; the forty days of the Temptation are the time from Adam to the day of Resurrection, the conflict, the battle between human nature and the powers of evil.

"The earth a wilderness!" you will say. "Oh, but it is full of scenes of beauty; has it not its running streams, and flowery leas, and wooded slopes, and leaning lawns? How glorious its sunsets! How fair its gardens, all filled with fragrant flowers!" Yes, the earth has its beauties, but they are not the true, the essential beauties. Go you to Quarantania: there you shall find also a certain beauty—the beauty of wild sublimity—the mountain peak, the trenchant rock, the dark ravine with its rugged sides; yet it is a howling wilderness. Quarantania has a certain beauty, and so has earth. But compare the desert, stern, barren, desolate, with the fair gardens of Italy, and great as is the gulf between these it is not so vast as the gulf between this world that we call so fair and the Golden Jerusa-

lem of which we are citizens. Look up there! Scenes are there so fair that in comparison the fairest Eden on earth is a desert—scenes that no eye of man hath ever beheld, music that ear of man hath never heard! Earth hath indeed its scenes of beauty; earth hath its music—the mighty harmonies of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and Hayden, and Handel, and Bach, and it has the mighty chord that Niagara strikes, the grandest musical chord conceivable; but in our "own country" (as the mediæval saints loved to call it) are sights of glory and sounds of melody such as it hath never entered the heart of man to conceive. All that is most bright and glorious *here* is dull and harsh and pale compared with what God is keeping for us there. We know it is the court of the King of Kings, surrounded by all that is befitting the glory of His Majesty—a glory and a loveliness in comparison with which earth's fairest sights and sounds are but Quarantania's trenchant rocks and barren sands—confusion, noise, and discord! Is not the earth filled with mountains of disappointments? with snares, sufferings, griefs, ingratitudes? Oh, the wilderness of this world! what a contrast with the Paradise of God! There, is no sorrow, no hate, no envy, no sin; there all tears will be wiped away; there will be no more sea to separate, destroy, devour, but all will be joy and purity and peace—"radiancy of glory and bliss beyond compare."

And set in the wilderness of Quarantania we see one only human being: what is the meaning of that? It is that in the wilderness of this world stands *man*, a unit from Adam to the Resurrection. But man is not

alone. As Satan stood with our Lord in the desert, so he is ever attacking in the desert of this world the mystical body of Adam. O! what an onslaught Satan makes against human nature everywhere, and how everywhere he leaves the wounded, the dying, and the dead!

Then we turn from the great wilderness of the world to Quarantania and study solely the narrative there. It may seem to you that this was but one conflict, or at most but three short conflicts—skirmishes at three distinct points. No! it was a battle all along the line of sin; not a single conflict, but plural and infinite. The Church classes all sins as seven great branches, and all these branches bear all sins as twigs. These branches are the capital sins of pride, envy, anger, gluttony, lust, sloth, and covetousness. There can be no sin that is not an offshoot of one of these branches.

Again, sin may be divided into three great trunks, and from these three spring the seven branches. These trunks are the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. From the lust of the flesh spring the three branches, lust, gluttony, and sloth; from the lust of the eye springs one branch, covetousness; from the pride of life spring pride, anger, envy. There they stand, three great trunks bearing seven great branches, and there is no possible sin that does not spring from one of these. Now the conflict on Quarantania was not a single battle, but three campaigns, each campaign with many battles. The varieties of sin under the three heads—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—are infinite, and Satan left no one

point unassailed; for he knew that if he could make human nature yield in one point, that one sin would give him the victory. It was a campaign of fierce attacks and mighty struggles. And how did our Lord meet the attacks of temptation? He, saith Scripture, was tempted in all points like as we are. Satan's first campaign was directed against Him through the lust of the flesh. It does not go into minutiæ. Christ had fasted forty days and nights and was faint and hungry, and Satan, pointing to the stones lying all around, said: "Command that these stones become bread." What a picture the Bible gives us; all is told in the simplest manner. Christ answers: "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Man, when he would be understood, uses many words. God utters many thoughts in one word.

In this first temptation Satan tries to bring down what is human and earthly in man to the level of the beasts, by the lust of the flesh, by gluttony and sloth; but he is foiled.

And now Satan essays a second campaign—arranges a second attack, and in this attack he directs his subtile temptation to the lust of the eye—in its one branch, covetousness. In the pictorial language of Holy Scripture it is said Satan took Christ and set Him upon a pinnacle of the Temple, and said: "If thou be the Son of God cast thyself down." Below the Temple lay the city of Jerusalem. What is a city? It is a scene of meeting and conflicting forces and interests; it is the vortex which draws into itself all that men value

most. Into the open mouth of the whirlpool is drawn the gold of commerce—all manner of wealth. A city is the centre of tremendous activities, and the gold, the wealth for which men are striving, is not mere gold; it signifies much more. Wealth is good: it means culture, enterprise, the growth of refinement and all the amenities of life; it is philosophy and science, and literature and art and architecture. Men that are poor and scattered over the continent have no time and no thought for more than the gaining of their daily bread. But the city is a magnet which draws unto itself not merely gold, but intellect—schools, lyceums, colleges. As the first temptation was directed to the selfishness of man in material things, so the second appeals to man's desire to possess the honor and esteem of the world. "Cast thyself down, and if thou be the Son of God, angels will bear thee up and all men will believe on thee." But Christ came to teach us humility, to save the world through it, and He answered: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord." Foiled in two attempts the devil takes Christ up into an exceeding high mountain, and shows Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and says: "All these shall be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And how did Christ meet this temptation? "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve." A graven image may be good in itself, but if we worship it we are idolaters. So all around us are many good and harmless things which God gives us to use, but if we give ourselves up to them; if we devote body and soul and heart to them; if our sole interest is in dress, society,

amusement, how we may always appear in becoming and fashionable attire, and have all our surroundings in good taste; if we think only of an elegant toilet, and (there are such) if we make our chief devotion our own intellectual pleasures, is it not to bow down and worship? Gold is good, taste is good, intellectual pursuits are good; but we are forbidden to make to ourselves and worship any such graven image.

Listen! God has revealed to us a secret of His Divine Heart. Man, God's creature, can do one thing to make Him jealous. It is to set up in our own hearts an idol of self, of wealth, fame, intellect, pleasure, taste, display, and to worship that idol—to rob God of the glory and worship and honor that are His. It is right to work; but look at that man who each morning goes to his business without a single thought of God, and who never has taught his little child one single word of prayer!

You know what jealousy is in the human heart. You will all remember how wonderfully Shakespeare has painted for us the jealousy of Othello. Such jealousy is a sin, and there can be no such jealousy in God; yet when He would show us what He feels when men rob Him of His worship, when they neglect and despise His love, He says: "I am a jealous God."

As in the first attack Satan would bring down human nature to all that is beastly, as in his second attack he would have man become in his intellect other than God intends, so in the third temptation he would make all that is allied in man to the divine, devilish. "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble."

While God calls us to humility, to meekness, and love, the devil tempts to pride, envy, and hatred. It is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God. The heart cannot help being saturated and dyed with the color of that it worships. The soul worshipping God, gazing on His perfections, grows more and more in His image, is changed from day to day until it assimilates to itself something of the divine; worshipping self, Satan, and sin, the soul becomes hateful; if it worships its own evil passions—pride, envy, anger (characteristics of the devil)—it becomes devilish. Said all that was spiritual in Christ's human nature, "I will not worship thee Satan, lest I become like thee."

We have, then, this Lent, set before us these three campaigns, these three issues. Here in the wilderness of this world, as on the mountain of Quarantania, stand two personalities—human nature and Satan.

Christ in His human nature has fought the battle and conquered, and we may also fight and conquer if we follow Him—if we go to His example to learn of Him as our great General. If we would conquer as He conquered we must fight as He fought, we must study what strategy and tactics He used against the enemy, and always when we are tempted to sloth, gluttony, lust, intemperance, we must remember how Christ resisted the lust of the flesh, and use the same weapons He used. Man doth not live by bread alone. Oh, the mystery of wisdom in that answer! He did not say man doth not live by bread, but by bread *alone*. We have the life of the earth; we need our daily bread; we need rest; we are human, but we must resist the

temptation to gluttony and sloth ; we are human beings and made to love one another, but we must guard our affections. We are told, " Man doth not live by bread alone but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." What is it to live? The life of this world ends with death, but the true life lives beyond the grave. There is a spiritual life that beginning here sweeps over the portals of death into the Eternal City, and this is fed not by the poor bread of this world, but by the Word of God. *The Word.* Now what is a word? The human heart is peopled with thoughts and feelings hidden away in its secret lanes and alleys, and what is a word but a silver chariot that rolls out through the portals of the lips bearing some denizen of the palaces and hovels that fill the heart's hidden courts? What are words but the commerce of mind with mind? Words are ships that go to and fro freighted with thoughts, feelings, affections ; and there are silver words like the white-winged sloops and schooners, graceful words like the beautiful yachts, iron words like the steamships, barbed words like the men-of-war : words are sometimes sweet as tossed flowers, sometimes sharp and stinging like a shot arrow ; words are the commerce of mind with mind, and yet if our finite mind needs a hundred and fifteen thousand words to express its thoughts, how many words, think you, could alone be adequate to express the infinite mind of the Infinite God? And because the infinite words are so many, and man must live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, and as those words are innumerable, He hath found out a way of summing them all up in

one Word—the Word of God. It is by this *Word* only that men can live. We must live, then, by the Word Jesus Christ. With this Word of God thou must be united in baptism; thou must be fed by this Word and strengthened by the Body and Blood, nourished by sacrament, prayer, and meditation, assimilated to Him by self-denial and struggle, and as He lived in this world so must thou in thy poor degree live the only life worthy to be called life.

We have seen how Christ struggled with Satan in the battle of sensuality, ambition, and pride, and yet perhaps even now you are yielding to these temptations; even now, perhaps, you are thinking with self-adulation of your own powers of mind. Poor child, don't worship your own miserable self! How often has your own intellect deceived you, your self-love betrayed you! Don't make of self an idol and make God jealous. Don't worship fashion and dress: don't spend three hours at your toilet, dressing up poor clay that must so soon lie down in the grave and become the food of worms! Don't worship gold, or ambition, or ease, but worship the Lord thy God.

There were in the Temptation of Christ three degrees. In the first battle temptation was strong; it was stronger in the second, and strongest in the third. Pride, the sin by which angels fell, may remain after we have resisted the temptations of the world and of the flesh. Pride attacks our spiritual nature and must make it devilish.

Such, then, is our threefold struggle against sin, the world, and the devil. We must fight battle after bat-

tle, from the day of our baptism till we lie down in our grave. Christ has taught us how the battles must be fought, and if, like Him, you resist the devil, like Him you shall conquer.

I have told you how all sins are divided into seven classes, and so, also, are all virtues divided into seven classes: prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, faith, hope, and charity, and there is no virtue that is not included in these.

I look up into the heavens and see, as the sun goes down, a rainbow painted on the eastern clouds—indigo, violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. How translucent, how pure, how perfect all its seven fair colors! We watch it with rapture, fascinated by its beauty. They tell me it is the sun in the heavens that paints those colors with deft fingers, and we know that there is another bow that completes the circle.

God would steep and dye your soul in the seven prismatic colors of prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice, faith, hope, and charity. God would steep your soul in virtues that are fairer than the rainbow, that when He calls you into His heavenly court you may add your little radiance to the glory there.

Satan would steep your soul in the hateful, repulsive colors of sin—pride, envy, anger, gluttony, lust, sloth, and covetousness. The seven colors of virtue blend into one ray of pure white light, and the seven colors of sin are essential darkness.

Which shall it be? Shall your soul shine like a star amid the glories of heaven, or shall it go to add to the loathsome horrors of hell?

One more thought and I close. One other lesson for us is in the story of Christ's Temptation. In Eden, Satan showed himself more powerful than human nature; on Quarantania, contending with human nature in the person of the God-man, he was vanquished. Beloved, if we had to fight the battle alone we were surely defeated; but we are not alone. He is with us who has been in all points tempted as we are—He is with us who hath conquered. His foe is our foe. So long as we fight under His banner, He fights with us and for us who has said: "My grace is sufficient for you." Thus upheld, not only the battle but the victory may be yours in the wilderness of the world as it was Christ's upon the mountain of Quarantania.

Eleventh Sermon.

THE ASCETIC LIFE.

I KEEP UNDER MY BODY AND BRING IT INTO SUBJECTION: LEST THAT BY ANY MEANS WHEN I HAVE PREACHED TO OTHERS, I MYSELF SHOULD BE A CASTAWAY.—*I. Cor.*, ix. 27.

This is a fitting text either for Advent or Lent, and fitting for the Christian at any time. "I keep under my body lest I be a castaway." How many laymen, seminarians, clergy, heed the teaching? When we turn to the original we find that what St. Paul had said was: "I beat, I treat with severity, and so put down and subdue my body?" The kingdom of God and the anarchical republic of the world set forth very different, nay, opposite, views on this matter of mortification of the body. But what saith the Christian Evangel? "Mortify your members which are upon earth."

I bear in my body the marks of the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifest in this mortal body. Ah, in the pale and thin ascetic how the spirit, how the life also of Jesus manifests itself, through the veil of the very flesh looking out from the windows of the fleshly eye. He that liveth after the flesh will mind the things of the flesh, but he that liveth after the spirit, the things of the spirit. I offer my

body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live. They that are Christ's have crucified the *flesh* together with the affections and lusts. And the great Apostle, who was in fastings often, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, in stripes above measure, uttered the solemn but exultant words, "I am crucified with Christ." In the midst of all this modern luxuriousness, selfishness, and laziness, we must revive the ancient Catholic life of crucifixion, with all the rest of it; we must set up the cross in our own lives, and with it march forward if we would retake the nations that were once ours but have been lost. Nay, this spirit of the world that despises mortification and the brow-beating of the body—for that is the Greek word—this spirit that has got into modern religionism and filled it up, contradicts even the experience of mankind in all its ages and its religions. In every form even of heathen religion, ancient and modern, there has been an instinctive feeling in man, reinforced and confirmed by experience, that bodily discipline is essential to any lofty spiritual attainment. A homely kind of modern goodness and beneficence and Bible-reading—all very good and commendable in their way—such as we used to see in the village and the town, has been and can be attained without the spirit and deeds of asceticism, but never, never has pre-eminent sanctity been attained without a rigid self-disciplined life.

The world abuses the ascetic: he is gloomy and nar-

row; he violates the laws of health; perhaps he uses the discipline or he fasts. But even while the world does this it is sometimes driven, and in a very ludicrous and absurd unconsciousness of its own inconsistency, to assert, nevertheless, the benefits of mortifying the body for the sake of the soul.

Let us see what it said only a day or two ago. Listen to these words from a leading article in the New York *Tribune* on "Skilled Scientific Observers." The *Tribune* is speaking of the necessity of gathering facts to be used afterward by those rare men who are gifted with extraordinary capacity for generalization, and who, at occasional intervals, arise to fuse such facts in the fire of their genius. "But to prepare this material" (the newspaper goes on to say) "thousands of accurate, patient, painstaking men must test, observe, record, the phenomena of nature. Of the nicety of observation which science requires it is difficult to convey to the uninitiated any idea. A man who has never before looked through a telescope would not probably be able to see Biela's comet, upon whose vagaries hang so much speculation, if he gazed through any of the instruments by which the observations on it have been obtained. The best microscopists, in approaching the more difficult class of investigations, prepare their physical systems by fasting and rest, so that even their skilled eyesight may give a purer service." But when we pass from the testimony of natural religion and of human nature under heathen forms of disbelief, we find the same necessity of bodily mortification to help the soul asserted in the ancient Jewish Church. The very

portal of its entrance was through bloody mortification of the body. The Jew became not an accepted member of that kingdom except in bodily wailing and in cries. Fast-days were a part of the Jewish calendar, appointed by God. Then again, the prophets cultivated their spiritual faculty of insight and onsight by prolonged habits of fasting and by the ascetic life. Thus even in those who sought God and the truth and visions of the after-world by the way of Calvary, centuries before a drop of the precious blood which is now flowing in innumerable streamlets all around the world for the healing of the nations had stained the top of Calvary—even in the prophets God blessed the ascetic life and vouchsafed to it great gifts of illumination and supernatural power. He blessed it in Elijah, in Daniel, who carried that life to its highest pitch. And then when we come down in the Jewish Church to one than whom no greater was in the old dispensation, who was the Baptist, in his raiment of camel's hair and with his locusts and wild honey, but the anchorite of the wilderness?

But, retorts modern religionism, the Apostle says: "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things." Yes: but look at the marginal reading, of equal authority with the text itself and inserted in the margin by the translators as an alternative reading, or to define more accurately the meaning of the original. You will find that what St. Paul really says is this: that bodily exercise is indeed very good for the body alone, for the fleshly part of man (and so it is), but that the body will speedily pass away; at the

longest the body is merely temporal, and its well-being is not to be considered where the soul is concerned. "Bodily exercise profiteth but *for a little time*, but godliness hath the promise of this life and of that which is to come." That is what the Apostle says.

But we are neither heathens, ancient or modern, nor yet are we Jews, but Christians, you say. Pass down in time out of ancient heathen religions, out of the universal instinct of man in all his forms—pass down out of Judaism, and behold Him upon Tabor. Moses and Elias, the ascetics of old, are there, but they have but gone up on Tabor to the most illustrious instance of that life which had led their souls to reach out after and grasp the supernatural. Ah, the hunger, the tears, the nails, the spear, the thorns, the lash and the bloody sweat, the visage marred more than any man's, and that great central sufferer transfigured there, his raiment white as snow, his sad face dazzling as the sun—all put the stamp of heaven upon bodily mortification forever, and made it safe from the critical and self-exonerating shafts of modern sectarianism and the ribald slings of the world and its infidelity. And so the Christian—I do not mean the Christian in mere name—the Christian who goes to church because it is the custom—the Christian by mere tradition or habit—but the Christian in deed and in heart, when he gazes up upon the leader, upon the sweet central and consummate mortification Himself, and feels His holy blood mingling in his own veins and throbbing in his own heart, cannot help going forth to imitate Him. Alas! at what a far distance! But he must and he does, daily and hourly, seek for

little instances of sacrifice—all the little things in his own life which he can offer up too in love and in a spirit of unity with his suffering Saviour! Why should the loving husband indulge himself when the dear wife is suffering for the necessities of life? Why should the son revel in comforts when the mother is in want? Oh, how can the Christian body, then, rest in ease and indulge itself when the thorns are on that drooping and bleeding head? What can the Christian do but love sacrifices and search with eager eye as he walks where he may do so? Checking the word he would love to say, giving up the means he would love to retain, refraining from the deed he would love to do, springing out of the sloth he would love to lapse into, bearing the humiliation he would love to avoid. For there are two things about sin. First, it is displeasing to God. Second, it is very pleasant to the body. Now we do not, any of us, sin because it is displeasing to God. We are not as bad as that. But we sin because it is pleasing to the body. And as the true Christian, with this great and ruling desire of self-sacrifice and mortification within him, moves around in his daily life, the eye is drawn to some forbidden sight; it is sweet to the body, but with his heart on Christ's, and his head resting on his holy and peace-giving bosom, he instantly makes the sacrifice. Some one who has done him wrong is mentioned disparagingly; he loves to hear, to encourage remark, and to add somewhat that he knows. It is sweet to the pride and sweet to the revenge, but he instantly crucifies it all and breathes an inward prayer instead of an outward burning word.

And so of the lust of the flesh and the desire of the heart—he mortifies them all, ever walking and making his sacrifices for Christ's dear sake and all the day long, till the spirit of mortification and humility and meekness becomes the controlling guide of his life, and he looks up and listens and yields with bowed-down but grateful heart to the gracious words of heaven: "Thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, yet return again to me, saith the Lord; turn, O backsliding children, for I am thy husband; I am married unto you."

Christ's was a life of perfect virginity. He sacrificed in the service of God even what is permitted to others, the sweet and deep and beautiful purity of domestic love. It was a life too of perfect poverty; he had not even where to lay his head. He sacrificed for no luxuries, comforts, necessities. And it was a life of perfect obedience. He gave up his own will till it was dead. It was a life of prayer, of fasting, of unwearied charity, and because he had not of this world's goods by the giving of which to God's service he could deprive himself, and so make sweet sacrifice and suffer if needs in his losses, he gave himself. And thus he became not only the foundation of the religious life, but of all spiritual exercises toward perfection in the lives of secular Christians.

As we have come up to Gethsemane and Calvary out of the ancient world, finding the same testimony everywhere, so now let us forth from the great central ascetic—from Him of the Gospels to them of the Epistles. The lives of austerity and of consequent spiritual daring and fortitude in great things is in strange contrast

to that placid and unspiritual life which sectarianism has built up, which fears to stand even for the truth which it knows in its heart lest it should lose its living and its popularity, which if it fasts during the day is sure it will die some time in the night. In apostolic times they sought only how to die for the faith. But we have changed all that into seeking how we may live in luxury and popularity in spite of the faith. In the days of the Apostles the law of the cross was the practical law of life. But now the law of the Christian life is pillows and down and the laden board. But sectarianism and the modern thought will say that the Apostle wrote to that generation to mortify and subdue the body by asceticism, because those nations were rooted and grounded in luxury and lasciviousness and wealth and the pleasures of this life. And so they were. But we take modern sectarianism and infidelity on their own ground and declare that never was there an age more thoroughly rooted and grounded in luxury, in lasciviousness, in low life, in rustic life on farms, in urban life, in high life, than this very age. And if asceticism and the mortification of the body were needed then it is just as much, if not more, needed now. Nothing will cure the wild license of the age but the authority and discipline of the Church voluntarily submitted to by the humble Christian heart. There is no modern philanthropic or philosophical or reforming nostrum that can be substituted for this divine cure.

Go out, too, from the days of those early Christians and into the subsequent centuries. When Western Europe was, as a result of the overwhelming incursions of

the invading Goths and Vandals, sunk in ignorance, what was it that stood the solitary hope of the future? It was the monastic system; it was the homes of the ascetic life that were the homes of books and of the pen, and of research and thought, of civilizing and softening influences, and of the wisdom which, spreading away, has reared modern Europe. It was out of nothing less than asceticism that "the greatest saint among doctors and the greatest doctor among saints" appeared in Saint Thomas Aquinas. It was round about ascetic centres, too, that valleys and marshes were reclaimed and smiled with corn and the vine and the olive, while rude Gothic and Vandal knights were robbing from their castles; and it was in the midst of the ascetic Christian life that the canvas glowed with colors and the very stones bloomed into flowers, vines, and crosses in the marvellous cathedrals. And he who would to-day "triumph in anything must begin by triumphing over himself." Like the Apostle, we must brow-beat, put down, and subdue the body if we would be conformed to the likeness of the suffering and crucified Master. That we do not do this shows how easily the spiritual part of the modern Christian is conquered; what a willing slave it is to robust desires of the body —of its earthly and animal and grosser parts. It is time there was a rousing and revival of the spiritual life and abolition of this spiritual slavery. But you say, it makes me ill to fast. That is because you never have fasted. It makes me sick to rise early to meet the Lord. That is because your religion has been a religion of sloth and ease, bodily luxury and selfishness.

I only know that millions of Christians for fifteen hundred years did not say this, and that even to-day over three hundred and fifty millions of Christians, against a paltry seventy millions—over four-fifths of the Christian world—do not say it. Sickness, indeed, in those who can dance all night! I know nothing of that; I only know what the Master said and did. I hear him say, "When the bridegroom is taken from them then shall my disciples fast." I see him suffering in the wilderness. I see him writhing in Gethsemane, great drops of blood standing for beads of perspiration —sweet blood that was shed for us! I see him beaten by the soldiery, hanging on Calvary, wounded with the spear, and borne dead to the sepulchre. If to rise on the scale of natural fleshly vigor, of the sound physique, and the developed muscle can make us, as immortal creatures, more pleasing to God, then look at the trained pugilist; I only know that the higher the animal the lower the soul. Ah! what a contrast between that pugilist and Him who fainted on the side of Calvary, Him whose countenance, through fasting, was "whiter than milk." Ah, my beloved, this fallen nature of ours deserveth chastening. It can only be subdued through a voluntary acceptance, on its own part, of the suffering and the Passion of our Lord, finding no satisfaction in self and self-pleasing, but only in the loving eye of God gazing down on it as it hangs upon its cross. Such a life—such mortification of the earthly intermediate nature that the soul may reach over it and out after the supernature, mounting itself, attaining a spiritual and ethereal elevation—such au-

sterity to the flesh is something the world looks on and cannot comprehend at all, while it feels, somehow, that there is an unknown power in it different from anything in its own experience. The world, I say, as it hugs its possessions all for its own self, and as it pampers and pets its body, as it paints and dyes and pads and perfumes, and glorifies itself with diamonds and silks, looks at this strange thing, shakes its head, and turns away from it. But it turns only as it would from the strangeness of some sudden archangel that has chanced to stride across its path, knowing that religion is the highest energy of the soul, bent on His own heavenly work. But though the world shakes its head and turns away, yet when it needs real spiritual advice, and real comfort in difficulty, and real guidance and tenderness and counsel—when it would pour out its sins and cast them away from itself, that same world will nevertheless do, is doing to-day, great homage to that very life of mortification by seeking it wherever it is breaking out all over the Church in preference to anything else; and it does so because the blind but beautiful instincts of human nature are true, after all, to eternal truth.

And now in closing pray understand me, my beloved, in this, namely: All are indeed not called to the three counsels of perfection which the Saviour exemplified, namely, perfect virginity, perfect poverty, even to having nothing that one can call one's own, and perfect obedience, even to having no will of one's own: they are few who can bear this. And He himself speaks at times not to all, but to those only who are able to receive his words.

But though all are not called to the religious life, though most persons are called simply to the life of the secular Christian, yet every secular Christian even is called to practise the three ascetic counsels with more or less of completeness and perfection. Every Christian is called to unite himself and his body and all that he has and all that he is by suffering with the Saviour's passion. For the root of sin in our own nature is threefold—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the spirit of the pride of life. Correspondingly threefold, then, must be the attack which every Christian who aims at the spiritual life must make. He must attack and tear out the first root, the lust of the flesh, by the sternest discipline of purity and modesty. And the second, the lust of the greedy eye for the things of this world, if not by voluntary poverty, like the religious, at any rate by depriving himself not merely of what he does not miss, but of what in his daily luxuries or comforts he may miss, by spending freely of his means in the service of God. And the third by humility toward God. First directly in worship, and secondly indirectly through all that may be set over us; by humility, I say, toward God above us, and also by meekness toward our fellow-men round about us. Learn of me, saith Jesus, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Seek, then, Christian, to be conformed to the likeness of the suffering and crucified Jesus. The Lord suffered in fastings and in watchings, in body and in soul. And how can ye possibly be identified with his cross unless ye voluntarily undertake crucifixial suffering? As the

Saviour's righteousness will not avail you without your own righteousness, so the Saviour's Calvary will not avail you without your own. It is an eternal truth that there is no way up to the crown but by the way of the cross.

Twelfth Sermon.

THE EARTH IN CONNECTION WITH EASTER.

BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD, AND IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE: BUT WE KNOW THAT, WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR, WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM; FOR WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.—*I. John*, iii. 2.

CAN the dead rise? Can the corpse that we have borne slowly into the sepulchre, and upon which we have locked the gates, leave its narrow shelf, tread through the dark to those adamantine gates, burst them open and move forth again upon the earth? We have the answer in the Sacred Record, "the Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared unto Simon."

When we consider the earth on which we live, the question surely is not without its interest. What great work in the universe is she doing? She shines by night upon that huge uninhabited cinder, the moon; she sends a slender pencil of light to some of her distant sister planets; she helps to keep the poise of the universe: but is this all? Was there nothing spiritual for her to do in God's design? If we turn to her

and ask the question, let us see what sort of answer only the skeptic can get and how far it extends.

We open the books of science and what do we read? In the distant ages the earth swung in space, a hot steaming ball, a mingled turmoil of elements wherein nothing could live an instant. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and was void." Ages passed, and the globe so cooled that its surface became more quiet, and presented an expanse of an almost shoreless but thickly steaming ocean flecked with extensive shallows and dotted here and there with flat, rocky, soilless islands. Its atmosphere was surcharged with steam so dense that not a single ray of light could pierce it. "And darkness was upon the face of the deep."

But after a while, as the steam grew thinner light from the sun was able to glimmer and diffuse itself feebly through it.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And the evening and the morning were the first day." As the heat and turmoil subside more and more the rising mist thins, but leaves the heavens all curtained in with an unbroken and perpetual cloud: meantime life is making its appearance in that great ocean, animal and vegetable life, a life but one step above lifeless matter.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters which are under the firmament from the waters which are above the firmament. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Slowly now the bare islands and shallows are rising above the waters. The earth is growing cooler, the air is clearer of mist and the cloud everywhere, though still unbroken, is less dense and dark; while on those islands the first coarse land vegetation appears.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and God said, Let the earth bring forth the grass and the herb whose seed is in itself. And the evening and the morning were the third day."

Other ages pass. Meantime the islands and shallows, rising, have become large, flat, warm continents; the unbroken cloud is still less dense; and all over those warm continents appears a thick matted and tangled vegetation. Ages continue to succeed each other, the planet grows cooler and less steaming, until at last the everywhere extended cloud of her heavens breaks up and displays the grand panorama of heaven. It is the fourth day of creation.

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

And as the measureless ages of that fourth day and the measureless ages of the fifth move on, the earth is silently storing coal within her continents, and planting lead and iron within her hills, laying gold and silver away in her adamantine caskets, bedecking herself with gems, the ruby and the diamond, the topaz and the emerald. With the roots of her plants she is opening, loosening, and breaking up her different elements of soil, each sterile alone but fertile when mingled; she is hold-

ing out her sides one after another to the pulverizing rays of the sun, or softening and washing her hills and valleys with her rain-storms; and so she is breaking up and mingling and enriching and improving her surface as well as laying treasures beneath it, that she may produce higher plants and animals, whose moving life and fertilizing death may in turn enable her to rear forms of life still more delicate and complicated.

As the uncounted ages of the sixth morning pass in raising her continents still more out of the ocean, and clothing and laboring upon the parts newly exposed, she prepares gulfs and bays and sheltered harbors, safe roadsteads and green islands, all along their edges. And as that sixth day advances to its noon, her soils now being varied and rich, her atmosphere clear and healthful, her temperature mild and genial, her lakes placid and beautiful, and naught of turmoil left save the whirlwind and the earthquake, last mutterings of a stupendous but dying past, she brings out at length her most delicate of plants, her finely organized cereal grains and fairest flowers. And the higher the vegetable the higher the animal life that is rendered possible. Thus at the noon of her sixth day everything is prepared for the advent of such faculties as imagination and fancy; her sunsets, oceans, mountains, cataracts; everything ready for some delicate ear, adorned for some appreciative eye; every delicious fruit for some dainty taste; every highly organized food for some delicate and complicated structure of life. And then, upon the great orderly and beautiful Eden of the earth man appears, going forth

to his labor until the evening; man who, first of all her beings, can look above and commune with her great Creator. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

Such, then, is all the answer earth and science give to our great question. And what is this answer of earth? "I have been slowly and surely," she seems to say, "ripening until thou thyself beholdest the fruit I bear—immortal man: and through him I can speak to the God of the universe." Upon no other theory can the past of the earth be studied, upon no other theory can its developing geological phenomena be explained, than that the earth was made for and was preparing through those countless ages for man.

But what answer do we have to the riddle of the future? Is it possible that man is in turn but a structure on whose ruins a still higher but different class of intelligent organism is to rise, itself to give way for a higher still, and so on forever? The reign of fishes has given way to the reign of reptiles; the reign of reptiles to the reign of mammals; and the reign of mammals to the reign of man. What shall follow the reign of man in the image of God!

Turn from the earth, then, to man and put the question. What can he say but that the creatures of the past—the brute, the reptile, the fish—were all mortal? But he has come and is *immortal.* We must have arrived at a new era in the career of the earth. But is this all man can answer?

Like the earth, he points to his past. Let us leave science and take our places for a moment in human his-

tory. We go back to the beginning and we see two beings, one noble and manly and the other gentle and fair; and soon there are children playing around them. But anon the two disappear in the grave, and the children become noble and manly or gentle and fair. Generation after generation of men rises and sinks like successive waves of the sea. As civilization advances there are thrones, and senates, and armies, and then greater kings upon their thrones, and larger armies, and more lordly senates; and one empire is falling and another is rising. We see successions—life as it were out of death. What does it mean? what does it hint of? Will this be forever on earth? History cannot say. Time is but the womb of coming events, and the past of earth, the past of history is clearly a prophecy of something to come; but of what? If the past will not give an answer will the present?

We go to a hill-top. What do we see in nature to-day and every day? Has God no language in nature to give revelation and meet our curiosity? As we stand there the sun is sinking in the West. He falls lower and lower, and at last passes down, as into his grave, beneath the distant rim of the horizon. Silence and darkness settle over land and sea. The chill winds blow with a sigh, coming we know not whence, going we know not whither. The tedious and lonesome night drags its moments along, and hour succeeds long and dreary hour as that night deepens into midnight. Why sit we here in the night? The sun is gone and all is over. But as we still watch and wait streaks of light appear along the East, and then they blaze up into crimson and

scarlet, and then they send forth long majestic rays, until at last, round and grand, the great orb himself lifts into sight again, unharmed as though he had not sunk into his western grave, and moves up through the morning heavens. Here seems to be a language of God through nature; but what does it speak? Man knows not. He only thinks he may be immortal, and yet he dies and disappears. Is it forever? Who can tell? O! who can tell? Alas! man is out of Eden; sin hath wounded his intellect; he is ignorant of the future by nature; he hath lost the key to unlock the meaning of the language of nature. For years the sun had set and risen; for years the worm had become the butterfly; for years the spring had thrown out its green plumes: indeed, it was in the very bursting flush of gorgeous spring that the Magdalen stood weeping at the empty sepulchre, and yet she knew not of the resurrection.

Man, unaided, can no longer interpret for us the voice of God speaking in nature. Is death all? We must have help. God himself must speak to us directly. If we could get back into Eden again we should understand. But, they say, Eden is restored. Where is it then? Eden, they say, is somehow in Christ Jesus: it is where bells are ringing, and organs and choirs are helping each other, and lights are burning at altars, and incense is rising, and the pure sacrifice is offered; and then they say, God speaks to us directly by prophets and apostles and priests. "He that heareth you, heareth me."

Thus earth and science do not satisfy us. Let the deist and skeptic read to us the great future from the

horoscope of earth's past, if they can. Man and history and nature do not satisfy us. There are great, dim natural prophesies around us which almost seem to speak some meaning, but yet not quite, not surely. There are hintings within us which, like a strain of music, leave us with some undefined impression and yet no distinct thought. And so still the question, What of the future? is unsolved.

Pass we, then, to the restored Eden, to where God vouchsafes His direct word. And what do we behold? Lo! a mother and a daughter in decent sables are wandering through a spot where there are white roadways and winding lanes. They come to a grassy mound—"The little hills shall clap their hands"—and bending over the mound they are planting flowers along its ridge, flowers that shall die at winter but rise again at spring: fair symbols they seem, of somewhat of faith in their heart. There are tears in their eyes as they bend, but as they rise from their work there is a smile upon their lips. Whence is this mingled sorrow and hope? We wait till they are gone; we move toward the stone and read there the simple legend, "He sleeps in Jesus." And as they pass away there is sounding in the chambers of their memory, while yet they say nothing to each other, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

But what means all this? And as the earth, and as man, pointed each to their past, so the Church too points to her past, for the unlocking of the riddle.

And as we go thither we find a sepulchre, and near it stands a cross. And from the cross they are bearing the dead into the sepulchre. They have rolled the stone to the door and fixed a seal and set a watch. And as we pause there, hour follows long and weary hour through Friday night. Morning dawns and the day drags his never-ending moments along. Night comes again and slowly deepens into midnight. Why sit we here in the wind and the night? Christ is dead, and all is over. But as we pause and watch and wait there is a stir within, and the seal bursts, and the guards are stricken blind to the earth, and the heavy stone rolls away, and the mighty dead moves forth into the air and disappears. And lo! an angel speaks from within: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? he is not here; he is arisen."

The mystery is solved. The earth indeed was rising and developing well, and produced her noblest product —man. What was there to hinder nature in the hands of God from going further on and bringing all the human buds to flowers and all the flowers to perfect heavenly fruits? Man, possessed of free will, fell. The upward development of nature ceased. The way of nature was stopped. For any further successful development a new way must open—the way of grace must commence. And so when nature in her upward development paused through sin, God came down to meet the earth, that so in Him, since no longer in her—in the Church which is His Body Mystical and in her life-giving sacraments—since no longer in the world the great development might still go on—mineral to

vegetable, vegetable to animal, instinct to reason, reason to morality by way of nature. Reason passed to faith, despair to hope, passion to charity, morality to spirituality, time to immortality, by way of grace. We stand no longer on earth alone trusting to its development: we stand in Jesus. If earth were all, if all that science can give us were all, then our beloved dead would merely sleep in nature and in the earth. But there is something higher than science, higher than the earth. There is Jesus. Go you now and read understandingly upon the stone the legend: "He sleeps in Jesus." Earth and nature are no more operative for upward development, no more available to the spirit yearning to soar forever. Emmanuel, God with us, hath made Himself among us henceforth the only operative agent for the everlasting future. *He* is our life; in Him alone is life. We must develop our eternal part in Him or not develop at all.

And so the earth can cry to him that hath ears to hear: "I was through God developing well; I produced thee, O man; but, perverse man, though thou dost sin and fall, and check my upward development by nature, thou hast not ruined all; for behold, God descended at Christmas, and behold, I am still further ripening, if not in myself at any rate in Him—in Jesus, until from my every side, from all my continents and islands, and from all my oceans which these thousands of years I have had to sow with the seed of man through thy sin, I may shed off in the resurrection of the just, the redeemed of Christ from earth and time that are mine, into eternity and heaven which are God's."

O skeptic! shall earth go on developing as of old, rearing on the ruins of this period a better, and on the ruins of that a better still, and so on unendingly? Even thy science tells thee, No. The lords of past periods—the mammal, the reptile, the fish—were mortal and could each give place to a higher. But man, the lord of this period, is immortal, and all nature joins with Christ and God in prophesying of that stupendous period beyond which none other can arise—when in the language of another there shall no longer be on earth the reign of man in the image of God, but the reign of God Himself in the image of man.

As the geologic past of earth and its developing phenomena can only be explained on the theory that earth was slowly being prepared by God for man, so only can the past and the present of the race of man and the developing phenomena of his history be reconciled on the theory that man was made for Christ, the God-man.

Go, skeptic, to thy nature and read therein, if thou canst, a grander prophecy—a grander future.

Brethren in Christ, it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear Who at the sepulchre was and is our first fruits, we shall be like Him.

Child of Christ, when thy days grow few and thy life is failing, O! sink calmly and fearlessly and sweetly, for thou shalt not die and lie in earth—thou shalt fall asleep in Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life. Death! it is a heathen word. The Christian does not die, he sleeps in life.

Thirteenth Sermon.

RETURN OF MATTER TO GOD.

THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE; AS THOU, FATHER, ART IN ME, AND I IN THEE, THAT THEY ALSO MAY BE ONE IN US.—*St. John*, xvii. 21.

IN the history of every nation there is the ordinary flow of national events, continuing usually for centuries. War and peace succeed each other at intervals. One invention after another is made. President succeeds president, or one king is followed by another, through hundreds of years. But here and there in the history of every enduring nation there are apt to occur, at very long intervals, extraordinary events, standing out in bold relief from such ordinary flow of national events beneath it. Any one of such extraordinary events, viewed in the light of its immediate surroundings for a century or so before and after, seems to find no explanation. But if we look on further than a century or two into the future and farther back into the past, and view one of these wondrous events not thus in connection with its comparatively immediate surroundings, but in connection with the entire course of the history of the nation, say through a thousand years, we find that such exceptional event takes its place as but one of a series of fel-

lows, which series displays to us a great and slow process gradually developing for the good, for the perfecting of the nation and of the world; and these rare exceptional events are the landmarks in the development of that process.

So, too, I have sometimes thought there was a deeper and grander meaning in the coming of Christ among us than those we are accustomed to attach to it.

The appearance of a God-man in the flow of the human race from Adam on to the end, stands out as a great exceptional fact. There had been nothing at all like it before; there has been nothing like it since. Compare its consequences upon earth, for instance, with the consequences of any other event: who can compute them? The silent influences of His character upon the billions of men who have merely read the simple record of His life: who can follow them in their wide irradiations? His life has connected itself with and actually guided the history of all subsequent time. Its influences are so interwoven into the being of the race that no one can properly comprehend and truly write the history of a single nation—its vicissitudes, its aims, its triumphs, its defeats, its internal disputes, its downfall—without estimating and tracing out the course of and weighing the effect which the influence, the character, the doctrines, and the Church of that single man have wrought in the springs of action of the people in their tone, their habits, their moral sense, their ambition, and their whole character. He who leaves all this out, as most historians do, leaves out the most important agency at work in the life and devel-

opment of a nation, fails to observe a silent, immense underflow, and gives us but the record of the surface current. The true mode of estimating the greatness of any event is through the mighty influence it may have maintained in all subsequent time. But besides the influences which Christ and His character and Church have wielded in history to bring the event of His advent into prominence, is the fact that it was the advent of a God-man. Among all the other events of history, mighty as they may be—the rise and fall of nations, the discovery of continents and oceans, important inventions, the development and decay of the arts, times of ignorance, times of enlightenment—among all these events the appearance of a God-man seems to find no parallel. It is not even an unexpected variety of the species of historical events to which we are accustomed, but it is an individual of a totally different genus. Nor is it like all other terrestrial events—an effect, namely, however wonderful, of a combination of previous causal circumstances—but it takes its place in the flow of events as itself—a solitary, unproduced, stupendous cause, which wields an influence among and upon all other terrestrial causes.

Viewed in the light of surroundings in history we cannot explain its appearance satisfactorily to ourselves —we have nothing before in the record of mankind to which to link it, nothing after it on earth to which in all its fulness it seems to flow. But, brethren, if we should rise to a higher standpoint and take into our view the course of a longer and larger history than the race of man can present, all strangeness will disappear

from it; for as thence we gaze back over the vast past behind Adam and on over the vaster future, we find looming out here and there in time—perhaps I should say eternity—several other giant facts equally exceptional, among which the appearance of a God-man, though having no fellow in human history, stands harmonious in the history of God's larger movements in eternity—giant cognate facts which, rising up in series, indicate a slow movement in the eternal purposes of God which, from the narrowness of our previous view, we had failed to discover. Let us rise where we may view the larger, longer history and look back and forward for these cognate facts. But before I go on to this larger history of the earth, its genesis, its career, and its end, let me briefly go out to a larger range still.

Science in its latest results has reached the almost, if not quite demonstrated conclusion that, just as Revelation had all along told us, it is impossible that the universe of matter could have existed from all eternity; that there must have been a time when it was summoned from nothing into existence. Now we are considering the fact of a God-man, and as we look at mere human history and experience, it is almost too much to believe. But I would take you to-night to view a longer than mere human history; to view this entire habitable phase which science tells us the earth is passing through now. Even if in human history and experience we find no other event like the appearance of a God-man, let us see whether we find cognate events in the longer, larger history of the earth. In looking

back for some event which equally with this spreads a vast, incalculable influence upon earth, we seem to find no mate for it until we come to that other previous event, so marvellous too in its effects upon earth, namely, the first appearance of man himself.

Look at that event! Go back behind the advent of man on earth. The surface of the globe has borne nought for ages upon ages but mere animals. During that long period, those thousands of years, when nothing but beasts were upon the earth, had it been announced that a new creature would after a while make his appearance, walking erect, lifting the brow of reason to heaven, guided by something different from instinct, combining with himself so strange a paradox as that of death and immortality, of finity and infinity—a creature almost if not quite as much above and different from the mere animal tribes as the God-man is above and different from the human, a being in the form of God—how marvellous, how almost incredible would have been the prophecy!

And then, brethren, as passing behind the two stupendous facts, the appearance of the God-man and the first appearance of immortal man himself on earth, we take the cautious hand of geology and go along further back through previous periods in search of still another mighty event, of somewhat which, equally with these two, spreads wide-cast an untold influence upon earth, we find nothing till we come to the first creation of animal life itself—a lion, for instance—how exceptional, how different from a tree; and as we stand at that point and look off a third phenomenon still

looms up to take its place in our series—the creation of vegetable life—that other giant fact which, though it may possibly have been contemporaneous in time, is yet prior in point of subordination. How exceptional and different, too, is a tree living, growing, flowering, producing fruit and seed, from all that had been before—from mere earth and stones.

And behind this fact, back through the long lifeless ages, but one more fellow-fact towers out from the past, viz., the calling out of nothing of the crude mineral mass of the globe. It is a mighty step from nothing to the existence of matter. It is then another mighty step from the clod of earth to the organized growing plant. It is a mighty step from the plant to the self-conscious animal—from utter want of intelligence to instinct. It is another from the animal to man, from instinct to reason, from death to immortality. It is another from man to the God-man. But is this the end of the series of cognate facts? No. In turning and looking forward now the eye glances too in quick succession over the downfall and rise of nations yet unborn, and over new discoveries and great inventions that may be, but comes not to the object it is seeking, towering above this ordinary flow of terrestrial events, until it reaches in forelooking imagination the amazing resurrection which is to come of all mankind from the dead. And there they stand, those huge cognate events, looming one after another grandly out of the flow of God's developings in eternity:—the creation of the crude mineral mass of the globe; the creation upon it of vegetable life; the creation among the vegetables of the won-

drous principle of animal life; the creation of marvellous and immortal man; the appearance of the God-man; the resurrecton of all the dead!

And now let us read the flow of this mightier history and learn the meaning in it, the deeper meaning of the advent of Christ. Ever since the crude mineral mass of the earth was called out of nothing it has evidently been improving; it has been ripening as a fruit of God; it has been passing from one stage to a higher and from that to a higher still. It has, so to speak, been rising toward and struggling back to God. And this results from the fact that God is a working, perfecting God. And these six mighty events are crises in the process of that ripening of the earth, are the landmarks in the history of that rising, pointing the way and defining the method. Let us take up our posts in imagination prior to them all. Nonentity, a vast blank, cannot continue with an active God in existence, and so nonentity, non-existence, breaks into an existence, and lo! the mineral globe swings in space again. But that mere huge globe of earth is far down in the scale of being. Under God's touch it struggles upward and takes upon itself the higher, better characteristic of the forms of growing vegetation; it waves joyously a thousand verdure-clad arms, and smiles out into innumerable flowers. But like the child sent forth alone from its parents' arms, creation would turn and seek again the bosom of its loving Creator and that Creator would have it so. But God's great creature has not yet struggled back to God. For everywhere upon her surface her elm, fir, palm—all her bowers of green drop back again

into her bosom, losing themselves in decay among her lifeless clods. They are projections back and up toward God, but they fall far short of Him and return quickly to herself.

There is, so to speak, another struggle and an attainment: under God's creative action she rises to the higher form of animal life. In her beasts she has now awakened into a strange dim intelligence. She has indeed, if I may so metaphorically speak, projected herself further still toward God. She has attained to a higher kind of life and worship. Her hundred forms of animal life move joyously in her forests. The broad slopes of her natural lawns glisten in the sunlight and resound with the voices of their myriad insect people. As the sunshine succeeds, lighting everything, from green sheltered coverts a thousand birds fly out, lifting up their little throats and scattering abroad everywhere toward heaven and God their million notes of melody. I speak this out of the heart of that old Catholic, that early church feeling for nature which is so strange in the modern ear; that sympathy which goes down and touches facts that are not dreamt of in your philosophy; that sentiment which binds all up together as a creature of God, and which in the sweet singers of Israel broke forth into those rhapsodies so strange to the modern antipathetic mind. O all ye little hills! clap your hands. O beasts and cattle! praise ye the Lord. But all over her surface her lion, her antelope—all her forms of animal life go not on toward God, but in death drop back again into her bosom, like her elms and palms, and like them mingle in decay and lose

themselves among her lifeless clods. Her animal life is a nobler, better projection back toward God, but it too falls far short of Him and returns quickly to herself.

As we pass down the ages we come to the third step in that grand history we are examining of the ripening and rising of earth to God. It is the mighty fact of the appearance on the globe of a new creature—man, who by the laws of his being spreads until he covers her surface. Now she has awakened from instinct to reason, from noises to speech, and man walks forth the interpreter, at last giving articulate and intelligent voice to all this previous inarticulate worship of nature; and in the plenitude of his endowments, assuming the high office of interpreter, he cries: "O all ye works of the Lord! bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever! O ye waters that be above the firmament! bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever! Ye winds of God, ye dews and frosts, ye green things upon the earth, ye beasts and cattle and ye that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify him forever!" The globe has projected itself back farther still toward God. But after all, one-half of man's being, the body, falls back indeed and mingles itself again in the lifeless dust of her bosom, but the other half returns not to her, but roams still Godward, triumphantly immortal. Thus her efforts, though noble, are at best but a partial success, combined at last with a partial failure. We must have another giant fact; we must perhaps have a new and different and higher race. Nay, but this cannot be, for this race of man

that possesses the earth is immortal and can give place to no other. But we must still have somewhat else, some power appearing in this great history that shall be unto this race, a new creation that shall be the resurrection and the life unto it, to bring up that body which had fallen short of God and settled in the grave, to bring it up changed and glorified, and unite it to the roaming soul that the whole man may soar away forever unto God.

But even this would not finish the history; there is somewhat else wanting. For even supposing the body falls not back to earth, the movement of the return of earth and creation back to God, the Creator, would it not have been complete in man as the mere interpreter of her worship? Alas, nay! for this worship is after all but a communication with, not a union with God. Worship, communication, attest still to a distinctness, a separation between, not a uniting together into one of the worshipper and the worshipped. We must look for another step to complete the circle. Everything prophesies to us that it must be taken. Thousands of years, perhaps thousands of thousands, pass after the appearance upon the scene of man, the mere interpreter of worship, and there towers before us this other landmark in the course of the greater history, the appearance, namely, of a God-man. It is indeed a strange event, but no stranger than was the creation of man; than was the summoning into existence of animal life; than was the creation of vegetable life; than was the calling into being from nothing of the lifeless mineral globe. This too, like those, is a stupendous act of

God. For I will not insult your intellect by supposing that you understand me to mean there is any inherent power in earth enabling her to develop and ripen of herself.

This fifth step, then, is no less, than each of the others, a new creation of God upon earth. For it was not an event whereby man, the highest form of earth, could be merely in communication with God, but it was the bringing at last of human nature, in at least a single man, into direct union with God; and the great fact towers before us of the one exceptional God-man —manhood joined without separation to God-head in one indissoluble person; the Incarnation, the great fundamental fact of Christianity, without which belief speedily descends to deism; nature slowly and grandly rising from its primal condition of inert matter and at last returning into the bosom of God its Creator, and yet not so as to intermingle and lose her identity in God, but so rising in the plastic hands of God from her first projected mineral condition as thus ultimately to meet and join God in an eternal union in the God-man. A union of the two, created and Creator, in the God-man, and yet without confusion of the parts—a preserved identity of each part and yet with no separation between them.

I have sometimes thought this stupendous mystery of the Incarnation, (in which, as creation, thus arose from its mineral stage, by the steps of the vegetable, the animal, and the imperfect human Godhead, at last opened itself and thus took perfect manhood, unconsumed by the contact, into its very self,) was ever in

the wise purposes of Heaven; and that as the earth was thus, so to speak, struggling up from mineral forms into vegetable life, and from vegetable life higher into animal, and from animal life into imperfect man, she was ever uttering God's great natural prophecy of the Incarnation.

Who can stand before this vast history which thus advances regularly and through fixed design by these five mighty footsteps and deny the truth of the fifth, the God-man? The Incarnation of God is a strange fact, I grant, when viewed only in connection with the history of mankind, which presents no event having fellowship with it. And so, too, equally strange was the springing into being of the first reasoning immortal man himself when viewed solely in connection with the long previous history of mere brute animals, which presented no event having fellowship with it. But rise we unto that higher region wherefrom you may look down upon a larger history, wherefrom facts which are kindred to it loom out to the gaze, and the movement in creation and the truth of the God-man at one step in that movement come out clear to the apprehension and credence.

Nor does the next and last step the less challenge our admiration and belief, for, brethren, is the movement back ended yet? Could we say that the circle is complete, that projected earth has returned and joined itself to God in the single God-man Jesus Christ? Nay, earth will return with her myriads. And there is yet a grand event in the womb of the future whereby this will be accomplished, as strange, as exceptional as

either of the others in the past; out of harmony indeed with the ordinary course of affairs, but in harmony with the stupendous facts of this greater progressive history. Turn we from the past which geology has opened to us, and present which history displays to us, to the future which prophecy tells us of, that we may behold it. There in the distance stands towering out the sixth and last great fact. I speak of the resurrection of the myriad just. Earth will return in hosts of her highest forms. For hereby in the resurrection will there be completed our union with God as well as mere communication with Him. For Adam the first man was in mere communication with Him, and as Adam spread out in his descendants and so covered the earth, his descendants, who are through birth one with Him, forming His Body Mystical, were left also in mere communication only with God. But when Christ the new Adam, the beginning of the new creation, appeared, He was not merely in communication with God, but more than this, as the God-man he was in union with Him.

The meaning of the creation was the putting beings on earth into conscious communication with the Father, but the meaning of the re-creation is the putting them into union with Him. For as by natural birth into the world we are one with human nature of the old Father Adam, so by re-birth by baptismal regeneration in the Church Catholic we are made one with the human nature of the new Father Adam, Jesus Christ. We each become an integral part of his own Body Mystical, which is the Church. A

union with His manhood not merely consisting in a harmony, an intellectual consenting together in the admission of moral truth, but a union real and substantial—a clustering of our manhoods about His manhood, forming with it a one indistinguishable unit. Just as in the world the human race is a one unit with Father Adam, so in the Church its members are a one unit with Christ. A union the more real in that it is mystical, so that He is not merely the stock of which we are the branches, but we are the branches and He is the whole vine; so that we are all called Christ in the Word of God. As we then are by the power of the Holy Ghost in union with His perfect manhood, and as His manhood is in perfect union with His Godhead, and as His Godhead is in perfect union with that of the Father and the Holy Spirit, so are we all, in the re-creation of human nature, no longer in mere communication with, but now brought into union with God.

And as the old Father Adam in dying carried us all down into the grave, so the new Father Adam, Jesus Christ, in rising will eventually bring all of His up from the grave. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood; he that partaketh of My nature hath eternal life and I will raise him up in the last day. And thus in the Resurrection at the last day of all the just in union with the manhood of Christ, the earth in rising from its first projected condition and returning to God goes back to, meets, and joins the Creator not in one man Jesus, but in the entire multitude of the new creation.

And was not this returning by such a real union

Christ's deeper meaning when He prayed in the language of our text, that as the Father was one with Him, He one with us, that so we might all be one with them?

What a stupendous view of the being and ultimate destiny of man doth Christianity open to the apprehension! How the human theories, Materialism and Pantheism, dwindle into feebleness before the consummate philosophy! Infidel, think, think indeed. Exercise your boasted reason, but beware how you think! Look among the philosophies for the grandest of all philosophies, for that philosophy which alone harmonizes with the great geological and historical facts of the universe! Behold in this present the period of the reign on earth of man in the image of God! Remember that man is immortal and cannot be wiped out and succeeded by any higher order of beings, and look for the time which shall and must close this ascending series in which we shall have no longer the reign on earth of man formed in the image of God, but the reign of God Himself in the form of man.

And, brethren beloved, in the language of St. John, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when the God-man shall appear we shall be like His manhood, for we shall see Him as He is. Remember the conclusion: Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Fourteenth Sermon.

FÉNÉLON'S PRAYER.

"O Lord! take Thou my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee: and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*"

Some time since, in preparing for the Holy Communion, my eye fell upon this little prayer of the good Bishop Fénélon. It is a prayer for every one of us. Good for the priest, good for the people; and as this prayer has been a comfort to me, I bring it this morning and give it to you. It expresses what we all feel, and just what the Christian wants to say. Our hearts are all alike, and as in better moments we realize how we would like to offer ourselves truly to God and be His, yet for all our words we know not exactly how to do it, or whether we have done it, after all, so that we are sure He has accepted, realizing that we would but cannot truly give Him our hearts. And then, as after we have made the offer in our poor way and think we can keep the vow, we find ourselves nevertheless falling again before our besetting sin; as we feel our impotency and that we cannot ourselves keep the heart for God which we thought we had given to Him; and then as when we have tried ourselves with that rigid self-examination by the rule of

God's commandments which the Church requires of every one of her children before he approaches the holy altar, we find that in some way or other we are violating all those commandments, and are thus brought to the realization of what weak sinners we are, how we are constantly losing all claim to salvation through our erring course, and how, nevertheless, we would not that this should all be so after all our prayers—there is a something left in the breast, a dumb longing that can find no utterance, a somewhat we would say, and yet we know not what. The prayers which we are using in our private worship all suppose a thoroughness in our devotion to God, a completeness in our vows and purposes which the past tells us and which we feel is not within us, which we would have but cannot attain to. There is a lingering want within us, a something that we would say but for the want of language. O! how does the little prayer of the good Catholic Bishop give voice to the dumb feeling within us. "O Lord! take Thou my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee: and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." O Christian! do you feel your weakness and yet your dependence upon God; your willingness to cast yourself upon Him and be moulded by Him as He would, and not as you would, and an earnest desire for salvation, here is your prayer, and like the prayer of the publican that stood afar off and cried only, "God be merciful to me a sinner," it too will be accepted by heaven as it goes warm from your breast. "O Lord! take Thou my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it,

for I cannot keep it for Thee: and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Beloved, in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist one rededicates himself to God. The primary meaning of the word "sacrament" is oath. It is an act, then, of solemn vowing. The adult vows himself to God in Holy Baptism. But after that act we are continually erring. Feeble as we are, we are in need therefore of other opportunities when we may rouse ourselves and wherein we may strive to give our hearts again and again through life more truly to God. To this end He has kindly arranged an opportunity at the blessed sacrifice of the altar. Coming hither we offer our hearts which may have wandered, we swear anew our allegiance to God. Nor are we the only agents acting here. There are two actors here. God whom we may have forgotten—God whom we have grieved, stands here also to accept the offer, mercifully to forgive the past and take the poor hearts we bring to Him. In the giving by God of the Body and Blood, in the receiving and consuming by us in faith, the past is forgotten on His part; the oath, the vow, on our part is reiterated; the covenant of life between you and Him is sealed anew. As you kneel here, remember, dearly beloved, it is the solemn hour of rededication of the heart to God by holy sacrament and by holy oath. Who is there that is equal to the act? Who is there that does not remember how oft he hath given that heart back again to the world? Who is there that has not again and again broken the vows of his solemn Eucharist? Who is there, then, that is worthy so much as to gather up the

crumbs of this sacred table? Who is there that, as he remembers the past, is sure of his heart for the future as he brings it to God? As faltering we draw near, bringing with us those poor uncertain hearts of ours to offer them, let us always remember that God is long suffering, God is love, and let us come not too confidently, but with the prayer of the good Bishop on our lips: O Lord! take Thou my heart, for I cannot give it; mercifully make up what I lack!

But the Holy Eucharist is not merely a sacrament of rededication on our part and acceptance on the part of God. It is also on our part an oath of new resolution through which God gives us strength to enable us to keep our resolutions, and yet how apt are we to waste that supply of strength! how apt are we to forget that there is that within us received here—the Holy Christ made one with us—Christ Who is our strength, which if we will only use it will enable us to overcome temptation! "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." How apt are we to forget that if we go forth with that within us, with Christ our great friend who has conquered Satan for us, and resist the devil, God has promised that the Devil will flee from us. If without the assistance of this Christ we personally and alone attempt to resist the Devil (he is an archangel, fallen though he is), he is the stronger nature and we shall be sure to fall. But Christ has conquered him for us. Christ gives Himself spiritually to us here to stand by us, nay, within us; in the warfare to become, as it were, the soul of our souls, and if our faith doth not recognize Him as within us He passes as nought to us. And yet,

brethren, how wasteful are we, I say, during each month, of the riches of the Eucharist. As we remember our broken resolutions then, and how easily we slip into sin notwithstanding all, and how hard it is for us as we mingle in the world, prone as we are to forget and neglect God's assistance, to keep the heart for God which we have vowed to Him, let us whenever we approach hither draw near with the prayer of the good Bishop on our lips: "O Lord! take Thou my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee." But the Blessed Eucharist is not only a holy oath of rededication on our part and reacceptance on God's part, and it is not only the binding on our part of fresh resolutions and on God's the imparting of strength toward the keeping of our resolutions, but it is that sacrament whereby we receive all other benefits of Christ's passion. For Christ's work is twofold, general and particular—what He did for all and what He does for each. On the cross He died for all generally, in this Blessed Eucharist He applies Himself and the merits of His cross to the private soul of one by one, while on the cross His is the general title and office of the Saviour of the world. But at the holy table He draws near and is personally the Saviour of each, applying His broken Body to each one. It is to the Blessed Eucharist that we as separate Christians come as a means through which we may gain streams of salvation from the cross. It is in the Blessed Eucharist that God looks upon the cross we there plead before Him, and serves us through Christ, and as we approach this holy sacrament feeling that we would offer our hearts better than we can, and

conscious of our weakness—conscious of our unsteadiness of purpose when we have offered—conscious that though in better moments we would be obedient, yet in weaker moments we are too often, alas! willingly disobedient; that we would keep our hearts true, but cannot, and that if we are to be saved God must do the most of it Himself, let us come with the full prayer on our lips. Let it be always with us in our pews before we arise to approach. Let us breathe it as we draw near and fall on our knees: "O Lord! now take Thou my soul, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, O! keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee: and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Fifteenth Sermon.

ABRAM'S AND LOT'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FOR WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.—*II. Cor.*, v. 7.

I PURPOSE to exhibit to you the nominal Christian world as it falls apart into two great divisions, viz.:

First.—The men who follow implicitly the call of God, who follow it regardless of how the earthly consequences look to themselves; and

Second.—Those who, though at bottom they may be what is called religious, and though they may think themselves truly religious, do not yield themselves wholly to God and the truth, but are guided from step to step in life by expediency. They half surrender to God, and so are guided not by God alone and the truth alone—not entirely by themselves alone either, but by both together. They try to carry an even balance between truth on the one hand, and on the other expediency and mere human prudence and human wisdom and wise forecast, so called, of results that are probable.

St. Paul points out to us these two parties. The former he speaks of as those who walk by faith, and

faith is that faculty which not only keeps its eye on God and on the truth, but sees also through any afflictions and disasters that may lie in that road which God and the truth call them to walk; sees through clouds to something bright further on, or, if it does not see through the black clouds, at least trusts God and moves right on at His call, even into the dark. This class, I say, St. Paul speaks of as those who walk by faith. The other class he speaks of as those who walk by sight—*i.e.*, by their own sight and by fallible human prudence. There are two eminent types of these two classes given us in the Bible, viz.: Abram and Lot. The differing careers of these two men are remarkable, and there is a remarkable lesson bound up in those careers. The two start together but they end wide apart. Abram was a righteous man. And Lot? Lot was not a wicked man exactly—he was a righteous man too. He was a man who saw angels. He was a man who was summoned by God out of Sodom that he might save himself from its doom, and yet the inward spring of his conduct was very different from Abram's. Let us trace their histories and see how they began together, and under what different motives they acted, and how they came out.

As they were dwelling in Ur of the Chaldees the great call came to Abram: "Go forth. Go forth from thy father's house with all its sweet associations. Go forth even from thy country. Go forth into a strange country that thou knowest not of." "Where?" "No matter where, whither I shall lead thee." Now mark what follows. "Abram departed and Lot went with

him." The two start away on their careers together. All is well so far. Abram believed in God; Lot too believed in God. But the difference between Lot and Abram was that Lot believed also in himself. "Abram, I will give this land to thee"—but years pass and yet he finds in Palestine no continuing city.

The land is promised to him as a good, too, which shall compensate for all his self-denial, a land of milk and honey; but lo! he finds only gaunt famine staring at him and his from all around. What! and in Palestine, too? Yes. But does he distrust God? Does he return to the fat pastures and the wooded streamsides of his native land at the north? No—another command issues: he must go farther away from where the dictates of human prudence alone would point. He must go even to the south and down to Egypt. Nay, it is even worse than that. For in Egypt he will actually be in danger of his life; he will risk the loss, too, of her who was more precious than all the world beside, the gentle, true, loving Sarah, the divider of his sorrows, the doubler of his joys. For she is fair and Pharaoh will seize her for his wife. Furthermore, when she is gone his hope for offspring is blasted. But on he goes, nevertheless, still further south and even into Egypt, for Abram believed in God. Years pass. Abram is back in Palestine.

"I will make thee a great nation as the sands of the sea for multitude." Again the promise comes, but with no apparent chance of fulfilment, for still his wife bears him no child and no nation can spring from him. "Will bless thee." But years pass and still he pos-

sesses not a footbreadth of land. "Will make thy name great." But yet he continues a stranger in a strange land. But at last and in Sarah's old age he is blessed with offspring; but it is a single son. However, there is at any rate hope now for that nation that is to call him father, and that is to be as the stars of heaven in number. But God speaks again. Just as light was coming the shadows deepen, for the command issues: "Go to Mount Calvary and slay that only son of thine as a burnt sacrifice unto me." Does Abram now hesitate? does he linger? does he look back? does he look ahead and count consequences? does he live by sight? Nay, Abram believed in God—and goes right on. And when little Isaac, bearing the faggots on his back, says: "Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abram simply said: "My son, God will Himself provide a lamb for a burnt offering." So they went both of them together.

Now come to Lot and let us look at him. Lot went with Abram down into Egypt, and returned with him into Palestine. And thus far all is still well. Yes, "God permits the truth and its marred image to stand for a while side by side. But there must come at the last a moment of perfect separation." The two kinds of righteousness, Abram's and Lot's, are like the morning and the evening, both light; but the one mounting to the brilliancy of mid-day, the other going down to the darkness of midnight. It happens that there is not room enough around the hills of Bethel for Abram's and Lot's herds to dwell together. As a consequence strifes arise between the herdsmen of the

two. Lot would let the strife go on and increase. But behold Abram's love of peace, characteristic of the true believer! He speaks. "Let there be no more strife, I pray thee. Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right; or if thou departest to the right hand then I will go to the left." Now comes the test of Lot's kind of righteousness—the righteousness of expediency, and of consequences, and of self-seeking human wisdom, in contrast with Abram's kind of righteousness, forgetful of self, loving and following the truth. He walked by faith; Lot walked by sight. How was it with Abram? Why, *God* chose for him, and then told him to look around on the territory to which He called him. God said to him, "Lift up thine eyes and look." But in striking contrast to this is Lot's case. Lot would choose for himself. The Scripture language touching Lot is this: "And Lot lifted up his eyes himself and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was a pleasant land, even as a garden." Abram had not sought such temporal blessings, but simply ever followed the command of God. Lot sought temporal blessings. He chose a pleasant place for himself. And furthermore, Lot chose too to dwell among the wicked. What was the result? Abram's temporal blessings, which he had not sought for, actually came afterward unsought, because he stood true and remained faithful to God—flocks and herds and a son in his old age—but upon Lot disaster fell, and both these results were according to the eternal principle that ever has worked and ever will work: "He that seeketh his life shall

lose it, and he that loseth his life for My Name's sake shall find it."

At this point of Lot's career a distinct feature comes out in his character. God placed Abram in obscurity for a while. He went away into the retirement of his oaks. But Lot chose to remove toward the cities of the valley, and even those that were the most renowned. He soon has his dwelling in Sodom itself, and there we find him in the most frequented place—the gate of the great city. In Sodom, indeed, he preserves in the heart of his disposition the essential features of reverence for God, yet the prominence of the worldly thought, and the worldly inclination, and the choice of worldly expediency is revealed in him. Sodom may have had a constant warning in the life of Lot; he may have been free from its abominations; but he was not free from its worldly mind. That was mixed up with Lot's righteousness. Who "would be a follower of God must separate himself from the world and its wickedness—must leave all consolation and help in the creature, and place his trust alone in his Lord." Lot chose according to human wisdom, and gravitated to Sodom. What then? The five confederate kings, scourges of God, swept down upon Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, and Lot's house and goods were plundered, and Lot himself was miserably carried away captive. Abram, upon whom no disaster had fallen, gathers an army, rescues Lot and his goods, and he returns to Sodom. But selfishness, half piety, carelessness as to the snares of the world must ever be punished. You all know what followed.

Where the Dead Sea now is there stood then fertile plains, and rills, and smiling fields, and five fair cities. But while Abram's act of self-denial as he and Lot parted was rewarded by an enlargement of the promise of the land of Canaan, Lot's subsequent experience in Sodom shows that when he thought he had chosen for himself wisely and for the best, he had after all chosen foolishly. While the choice according to the counsel and wisdom of God secured blessing, and salvation, and prosperity, and true friends to Abram, the selfish choice brought disgrace and destruction to Lot. For "the paradise of Lot's promise, how quickly it lay plunged in the terrible sulphurous depths of the Dead Sea." Lot fled; but true to his kind of righteousness, even when called by God out of Sodom he lingered, and had to be hastened by the angels. His wife too lingered, and turned back, and Lot flew away at last, wifeless, to the caves of the mountains, whence he never reappears in history.

This is a terrible recital and solemn lesson to us all. It is a type of the two professors of righteousness—they who walk by faith and they who walk by sight; they who do right and leave the consequences to God, and they who try to do right, calculating at the same time the consequences, from step to step, to themselves. How the characters of these two men stand out before us. Abram had a stern inward call of duty and a fixed purpose in life. Lot had a purpose, too, but no fixed, stern purpose—none that was not swayed hither and thither by earthly expediency and self-seeking. The elements of Abram's character were heroic faith,

humility, self-sacrifice, energy, fearlessness in God's hands, benevolence, and gentleness. Lot was without supreme trust in God, with considerable trust in self, timid, temporizing, loving the world, self-seeking, selling the truth. And there are left Abram's friends, the friends of God, and Lot's friends, the friends of the world; Abram's enemies, the enemies of God, and Lot's enemies, not the friends of God; God rewarding every kindness shown Abram, and avenging every injury—there are left, I say, Abram the friend of God, and Lot the fugitive from Sodom.

Ah! when we look around upon religious people, and behold how few seem to attain to that standard of Abram's righteousness! how much mere lukewarm amiability there is in Christianity and the Church that brings nothing to perfection; how the crowd follows worldly popularity; how the cost of doing exactly right, and of holding the exact and the full truth, and of standing to it through thick and thin is counted by mitre, by pulpit, and by pew, in business, in the giving of daughters in marriage, in politics, in all the ramifications of life! how views of expediency and fears of consequences sway the minds of religious men even in looking for the truth! well may we say there are too many Lots—nay, that Christendom is almost overwhelmed with the poor miserable stuff of Lot's righteousness! But, beloved, as we look over this sad scene where, when truth is concerned, the expedient is taken into consideration, and the profitable and the advisable and the opportune, there is still hope. For if the mere numerical majority are with Lot, the dynamic majority

are with Abram. Ah! it is your men like Abram that the world eventually believes in, not your men like Lot. And it is noteworthy in this whole connection, it is marvellous, that Abram, in his faith, in his total surrender to God, in his fixedness of purpose, and in his regardlessness of earthly consequences so that he followed God and did right, became the Father of the Faithful, and that in him were all the nations of the earth blessed. But as for Lot's righteousness, no blessing whatever came to the earth from that source.

On August 10, 1792, the Swiss body-guard of the royal family of France were attacked in the Tuileries by the infuriated mob. Should they break their fidelity and save themselves, or should they protect their precious charge when it was deserted by all else? They were Swiss and not French, but as they stood at their post and fell one after another, true to their oaths and to their duty, we almost forget that they were mercenaries. Years afterward, on the face of a rock in a sweet shady nook of Switzerland, over the carved names of that faithful body-guard, and from under the chisel of the greatest sculptor of his day, there stood out in bold relief the majestic figure of a noble animal mortally wounded, its body transfixed by a broken lance, and its paw, even in the agonies of death, sheltering the Bourbon lily. And all the world goes to gaze upon and catch the spirit of fidelity from the event it commemorates, and from Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne.

Ages before the French Revolution the question came to St. Thomas of Canterbury: "Shall I yield to my king or shall I serve my God?" But his was not the

righteousness of Lot, and he fell, alone and undefended, stabbed to death at the holy altar. But the very marble pavement all round about his tomb stands to-day worn to a groove by the bended knees of the innumerable pilgrims drawn to the spot. It is indeed so—it is your men like Abram, that the world believes in, and it is in them that the nations of the earth are ever blessed.

Look too, beloved, upon the holy Apostles, the confessors, the early martyrs! They were stoned, sawn asunder, crucified, slain with the sword. But it is in them, too, that all the nations of the earth are blessed. Gaze also upon Jesus. Ah! we may not attain, perhaps, to His self-surrender, nor mayhap to the faith of those ancient worthies of the Bible, but, daughter, you may look at least upon some St. Agnes, some St. Cecilia—and, son, you may look upon some St. Francis, some St. Philip Neri (if indeed the Church has not buried those precious children of hers utterly, and unnaturally forgot them and encouraged you to forget them too); you may look upon such, and whatever your station you may strive to emulate them, at least, even though you may despair of emulating the career of the holy ones of the Gospel, for they began poor, weak, uninspired mortals, just such as you are.

Courage, then, courage! In presence of God's call, let your words be: "Perish mere human expediency! perish the counting of the cost! the living by sight—all this miserable coquetting and compromising with error in the vain hope of preserving the truth!"

Perish the poor stuff of Lot's righteousness! So

only can you be a man indeed; so only can you be a true woman. Onward, like Abram, even though it be from the Father's house; onward, even though it be into a strange country; onward, even though it be into dark circumstances; onward, even though famine surround thee there; onward, even though it be still farther down into some Egypt, and leave the consequences with God. For underneath are the Everlasting Arms!

Sixteenth Sermon.

CHRIST THE EXEMPLAR.

FOLLOW ME.—*St. Matthew*, xvi. 24.

FITTING words for meditation for those who are trying to walk in the conformative way that belongs to Mid-Lent; who having considered and repented of their sins, look to Jesus that they may catch somewhat of the spirit of His character and conform their own lives to it. Follow me.

"Familiarity breeds contempt." We are so familiar from earliest childhood with the facts of Jesus' life and with His sayings, that it is difficult for us to realize their grandeur and beauty. Something exceptional affects us more than something vastly more sublime. This is of daily occurrence; we are more amazed at a meteor than at the mighty ceaseless floods of light outpouring everywhere from the sun. And the preacher's task is the most difficult of human work. The journalist cannot keep up public interest in an event beyond a week or two; he is but a follower of public interest, not a creator of it. The orator only speaks occasionally on some new burning theme. But the preacher's exceptional task is to take the thousand-told

tale and tell it over again; to create interest in that which is utterly familiar; to put freshness into the stale, and to iterate and reiterate his task year after year. The wonder is not that so many fail, but that all do not. Help the preacher then yourselves. Jesus says, "Follow me."

Take those two words and think upon them. Is there anybody in earnest here? If so, will you, my people, do one thing for me this week every day—nay, one thing for yourselves—take these two words three times each day, at morning, noon, and night, and think on them for the space of a minute each time?

I wish to put three thoughts unto your minds. And the first is this: Christianity is a human being.

Spinoza conceived of and described Pantheism. Though false, as a mere intellectual effort it was grand. If the works containing the system had been published anonymously, and Spinoza had died and his name had remained unknown, we should have lost nothing — we should have had the system entire. The great question with ancient intelligence was how to secure happiness and successful existence as creatures—whether we should live according to the highest exercise of reason, or the best exercise of the affections or of the will. Plato conceived a grand philosophy of life based on reason; Zeno a grand system based on the will; Epicurus a grand system based on the best exercise of the affections. They were all three noble schemes. But if the systems alone had come down to us, and their authors had sunk into forgetfulness, the systems would not have been

marred. Each can exist separate from its creator and stand complete in itself. But it is not so with Christianity. There is no Christianity without Christ. He is its inner energy. He is the thing we see through His teachings. His character, His purity, His meekness—we cannot see and feel and realize His teachings separate from Himself. He is Christianity. Christianity is a human being. We can understand the stoic philosophy, the peripatetic, and the philosophy of the academy without Zeno or Aristotle or Plato, but we cannot understand Christianity without understanding Christ. We can practise the inductive philosophy without possessing one particle of the abject meanness or despicable characteristics of Lord Bacon, but one cannot be a Christian by merely believing in Christian doctrines—one cannot be a Christian without possessing the spirit of Christ.

But you will say Christ, though possessing human nature, was not personally human. In person He was divine—the Son of God—God the Son—God Himself. I can understand a man, but do you tell me I cannot understand Christianity without understanding Christ? How can I comprehend God? Indeed it is true that He stands before us clothed in consummate dignity. But I venture to say—and this is the second thought I give you—that if Jesus be God, God then is more easily comprehended than man. In the first place, women are often an enigma to men, and I suppose that men are equally an enigma to women. And it is very certain that men are often an enigma to each other. There is a great deal of good in every

man and every woman, and there is a great deal of bad in every man and every woman; and so it follows that all our acts and words lie rooted back in a very complicated soil of mixed motives. And it is the most difficult of all things to read each other thoroughly on this account. But Jesus Christ was without sin. And there is nothing so transparent as singleness of purpose, and truth, and purity, and meekness, and bravery, and honesty, and unselfishness. Sincerity is perfectly intelligible. And there is no man living or that ever has lived so easily comprehended as Jesus Christ.

Thus if Christianity is to be accepted, and if there is no Christianity without Christ, if He is its heart and soul and nucleus and life—if it is a mere empty shell without him, then He and his character all being transparent are calculated to take hold on all grades of life, philosopher and herd, prince and peasant, ancient and modern, barbarian and enlightened. Follow me. But you will say, I can follow some man who is a little better than I am. But Jesus Christ was perfect—He was God. Very well, then; and this is the third thought that I would suggest to you. We were made to be like God. There are, it is true, grades of creatures in existence. It were useless for the stone to strive to be like the tree, or the tree to strive to be like the lion. And though there be the distinct grades of men, angels, archangels, cherubim, and even God, yet mind, intelligence, all belongs to one family. Affection is the same all the way up. If I love, it may be infinitely little in comparison with God's love, but it is a drop

out of the same ocean. If I have a sense of justice, if I have a feeling of mercy, or do an act of forgiveness, it is the same in quality all the way up to God. I do not belong alone to the human family; I belong to the one great family of intelligence which includes even God Himself, I am made in the image of God, and there is nothing in Jesus Christ of which we have not springs and principles in ourselves. And God speaks to us, "Follow me!"

Nor could we follow Him, were it not that you were made capable of indefinite expansion, endless unfolding, and development. Alas! indefinite expansion downward as well as upward! If we look down at that unfolding in sin and misery, forever and ever—O close the great doors upon the scene! But when we look up. Ah! what is expansion? A tree; a seed. Now when I add the factor of infinity to the developing, my mind refuses to take in the thought; but I begin to comprehend the design of my being; a great hope is born within me; and I begin, too, to understand what God means when He lovingly bends to me and whispers the words to my deepest soul—Follow thou me!

Seventeenth Sermon.

ON PERFECTION.

BE YE PERFECT EVEN AS YOUR FATHER IN HEAVEN IS PERFECT.—*St. Matthew*, v. 48.

YOUR pastor once heard a Unitarian minister criticise the Christian religion somewhat in this wise: He said that as Christ's religion had come down to us filtered through the New Testament (which struck me as a most extraordinary phrase), it might do very well for Archangels, but was utterly impracticable for men; and he cited our text as an illustration. Now, said he, you know very well that this is simply an impossible standard of aim to a Christian.

The condition of his mind, cut off from the Catholic Church, left to its own gropings after the meaning of the passage—a man claiming to be a clergyman, and reaching such a conclusion, was so whimsical, and yet so sad, that it is not easy to describe the feelings it aroused. One knew not whether to be the more amused or shocked, one knew not whether the more to grieve and pity, or to smile at the incongruity of a clergyman professing to be a Christian minister, and yet tripping himself up with the tangle of his own logic.

There was a difficulty in his mind which he set in

clean-cut phrase, which commanded respect, and which was not to be answered by mere impotent scorn at his unwilling blasphemy. It was a real difficulty. Indeed, in most cases when a man denies some part of the Catholic truth, it is not always because he is totally wrong. But it will usually be found that in such denials there is some truth or other concealed somewhere. It is this hidden truth that is mixed with their error that has possession of such men; for the human heart loves truth and not error. He may through blindness assert much error with his little truth, if you deny what he says; in denying his error you also deny his truth, and therefore it is that notwithstanding his error he does not yield; neither convinces the other; he adheres to his original statement of error because there is a truth lurking in it which he unconsciously feels; and you adhere to your denial of that little truth because of the much error which you clearly perceive. The true skill lies in detecting his grain of truth, separating it from the chaff in which it is hidden, admitting the former and denying the latter.

There was a truth lurking in what this clergyman said, but how much of what he said was true is the vital point. If he had only known what the Church teaches as to this passage he never would have fallen into his sadly amusing plight.

I say "the Church teaches;" I should qualify this. We may speak of the teaching of the Church in a three-fold sense.

First.—There are here authoritative utterances—the Creed and decisions of her Councils.

Second.—Next in authority to these is the common consent to doctrines upon which no Council has spoken; such as the Apostolic Succession, Baptismal Regeneration, and the Real Presence, never denied for fifteen hundred years.

Third.—Lowest is the common consent of her writers as to the meaning of passages where Fathers and Doctors all agree. Such passages come to us with very high degree of probability.

Fourth.—There is another class of subjects on which there is no common consent, such as the Atonement. Here we should have charity for the opinions of others.

What, then, seems to be the consensus of teaching as to this passage, "Be ye perfect"? What is the perfection meant?

If it means the absolute perfection of the infinite and all-holy and all-wise God, then, indeed, would the clergyman's remark be true, for man was not created to be God and cannot be as God is. We cannot in that sense be perfect. It were but an idle conceit of a blinded soul to suppose even this kind of perfection to be within the range of the possible. Indeed this Utopian idea was the very error of the Beguards and Beguines which was condemned by a council of the Western Church in which our own communion was represented. Mortal man cannot arrive at so great a height as not to be able to wing his flight higher. Clearly the infinite perfection of God, beyond which there is none, is not the perfection which is meant. Indeed the Scripture often speaks of fallible, finite, fallen men as "The Perfect." St. Paul, in alluding to those to whom he preached, said, "We speak wisdom among them that are perfect." And again, in writing to the Philippians, fallible men like you and

me, he says, "Let as many of you as be perfect be thus minded."

The perfection that is alluded to must be something within our reach. What is it?

The apostle to the Gentiles says, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." The perfection of a child is one thing; the perfection of a youth is another and a different; the perfection of a man is another and still higher kind of perfection; the perfection of sweet and excellent old age is still different from the other three. The perfection of mortal men is different from that of angels and immortal spirits now reigning in their heavenly country; and is in the comparison a defective and imperfect perfection; but only in the comparison. Man beset with temptation, in whom original sin still remains as it does in all (though its guilt be pardoned in baptism), may be perfect for his state, the Seraphim are perfect for their state, but how different is each? Indeed, St. Thomas, the angelic Doctor, compares (in harmony with St. Paul) the perfection of our present life to the age of childhood, which is feeble and imperfect; and he likens the perfection of the life of blessedness to the state of manhood, which has attained its growth and strength.

Thus each one has a perfection befitting his powers, and in accordance with his position and opportunities, his weaknesses and advantages. If we compare our perfection with the state of this, our present life, and with the capabilities of our feeble forces, we may and

must speak of it as true perfection. And when it increases much, and attains, if we may so speak, a greater finish, it may be called great perfection. God does not call you to that which would be perfection for me; nor me to your kind of perfection. God calls no one to a higher kind of perfection than belongs to him. It is not that the apprentice is expected to turn out work absolutely faultless in itself. But we can conceive of an apprentice working perfectly as an apprentice, as an awkward beginner, and so being a perfect apprentice; and one can conceive of a journeyman working perfectly as a journeyman, and so being perfect, considering his state, even though he do not turn out work as faultless as that of a master builder.

Perfection, then, has its degrees. Why even infinity itself has its degrees. We can conceive of an infinite line, but an infinite surface is a greater infinity, and an infinite solid a greater still.

Each, then, must seek the perfection of his own state of life. "Every man (says a Master of the Spiritual Life) is not born to be a king, nor are all precious stones diamonds." The perfection each must aim at varies.

Here is a mother who sees another mother differently and more comfortably situated, able, therefore, to give much time to prayer and meditation and works of charity; and that mother going about her different daily life, harassed with cares, feels perhaps that she is not, and cannot, alas! attend to her soul as well as the other. Here is a maiden, whose duty lies at home in the care, perhaps, of younger sisters, or of parents in the

sweet decline of life, and she looks at the holy-faced religious and feels that the latter is doing so much more and better than she herself is. Why may she not attend in like manner to contemplation or meditation?

Ah, beloved, God never calls any one to a perfection contrary to his state of life, so as to hinder its duties. Mother harassed with cares, maiden whose duty happens to be to those dependent on you, either through age or tender years or sickness, remember that any perfection not applicable to your own state in life is positively not perfection at all for you. It is imperfection instead. The perfection of a wife is different from that of a daughter. The perfection of a shop-woman is different from that of a school-teacher. The perfection of an employer is different from that of a clerk; the master from a servant. If you are a clerk, be a perfect clerk. Be punctual, be attentive, look to your employer's interests; if you are a teacher, be a perfect teacher; if you are a servant, be a perfect servant; if you are a daughter, be a perfect daughter; if you are a wife, be a perfect wife; if you are a son, be a perfect son; or a husband, a railroad conductor, or a banker, be perfect as husband or conductor, or banker. The secular Christian must not set up for himself or herself the standard of a religious. To be perfect is simply to work perfectly according to your station and opportunities. If you do this, then you are perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect. You in your finite state according to your finite powers, as He is in His infinite state and according to His infinite powers. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

This is the consensus of the Fathers of the early church, and the Doctors of the mediæval, of the New Testament Divines, and of the inspired writers of the Old.

St. Austin says: "The life of a perfect Christian is nothing else than the going forward ever in the practice of virtue under the impulse of holy aspirations." St. Bernard, agreeing with St. Thomas Aquinas, says: "Perfection rightly understood is nothing else than an untiring endeavor to improve. If, then, to be perfect is one and the selfsame thing as to tend with all one's might to perfection, then to fail in seriously applying ourselves thereunto is surely to be wanting in perfection."

St. Augustine of Hippo says: "The most perfect man is not he who having reached a certain degree of perfection halts there, but rather he who ever tends to God with the most ardent yearnings of his heart." All this is in harmony (as it alludes to degrees in perfection) with what King Solomon the Wise said centuries before: "The path of the perfect is" (not, you will mark, that which has already attained the mid-day splendor of the Throne of God, but) "as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

But do not seek to excuse yourselves, beloved. God sets up no standard that is impossible. The standard for each is possible, to himself. But even so, how few there are, alas! that aim each at his own degree of perfection. God in calling you each to your own perfection supplies you with all the graces necessary to attain it. The standard for each one is within his easy

reach, too, if he corresponds with the help God gives him. To what does He call the secular? To live detached from property and wealth though he be possessed thereof; to make good use of his means by devoting a portion, at least a tenth, of his income to divine service, and alms deeds; to flee not only unlawful pleasures, but all occasions and incentives to them whereby he may fall into sin; to behave with due modesty and circumspection in all his outward dealings; to choose a wise and holy spiritual guide for the internal regulation of his conscience, unless he is skilled in the treatment of the soul himself; to be detached from the pomps and vanities and pride of worldly life, and if his station require him to keep up certain appearances in dress or otherwise, then to preserve amid the outward circumstances of rank and society the inward humility and lowliness of heart befitting a follower of Christ. Remember St. Ferdinand, St. Louis, King of France, St. Francis, the Prince Bishop of Sales; remember to bear in patience wrongs, misfortunes, and trials of all kinds; in poverty to be rich in godliness, in riches to be poor in humility; to love and pray for our enemies; to mortify the passions; to avoid venial sins; to frequent the Holy Sacraments; to pray often; to reflect from time to time on the maxims of our Holy Faith. To such perfection all who glory in the name of Jesus Christ are most surely called.

Bear away with you to-day then, what is the true meaning of the command, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Centuries ago a pious aged matron went to assist at

the Holy Sacrifice, one week-day morning. She was accompanied by three maidens. After the consecration she beheld a vision. The child Jesus appeared to her to leave the Holy Altar and approach the kneeling group of which she was one. He came to one of the young maidens, and throwing his arms around her neck caressed her with many endearments during her prayer. Then passing to the next, he simply lifted her veil, and gave her to look upon him a brief moment. Passing thence to the third, he seized her by the hand, and commenced striking her in the face. After this had continued a while he returned to the Altar, and the vision disappeared. The holy matron was filled with wonder at the sight, but she was supernaturally informed that the first maiden was weak and easily turned away from right, and so the child Jesus had treated her with tenderness; the second was less weak, and to retain her it was enough that she should behold Him; but the third was his beloved spouse, who, in spite of all trials and desolations of this life, was ever constant in His service, ever faithful in His love. And yet each was perfect, each His own in her several degree.

Eighteenth Sermon.

THE HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH.

For our conversation is in Heaven.—*Philippians*, iii. 20.

The great Creed that has for centuries moulded the thought of Europe, swayed the philosophy and guided the lives of its vast peoples, that has created its civilization, built its cathedrals, painted its canvases, chiselled its marbles, inspired its music, and ruled its law, the great Nicene Creed summons the world to rise and say: "I believe One Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." I shall not speak of its unity, its catholicity, or its apostolicity. The necessities of the occasion and of the topic which we have been considering, confine us to the sole thought of the Holiness. "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." Those words call up before the mind, as though by magic, an august institution, a solemn visible fact, hoary with age, vast in extent, inexhaustible in resources, and powerful in influence, which is substantially one in Faith, Ministry, and Sacrament, however its Anglican, Roman, and Greek parts may differ among themselves on matters of mere intellectual doctrine, and in certain practices following upon those

conclusions of the intellect. The world may send dynasties to doom, nations to destruction, schools of philosophy to the limbo of ridicule; but though the world deny and scorn it, yet before that august institution, that solemn fact, its puissant ruthless arm falls impotent, and it stands itself a pigmy. I shall not speak of the Holy Catholic Church in reference to its Anglican part, nor to its Roman part, nor to its Greek part, still less shall I speak of the bitter differences that sadly exist between those three sisters of the one family. I shall speak of it as a whole.

As we think of the grandeur of the Catholic Church, its inextinguishable vitality, and how, every day, it renews its youth and reinforces its strength, we ask, what can account for it as a phenomenon? Then come sounding to us from the past the words that were uttered to its founders; "Lo! I am with you always till the end of the world." Explanation of its persistency of life is to be found in that promise. Parts of the church may show imperfections; but "*I* am with you always." Whether we will believe in that Church or not, or in any one of its parts, its Anglican if not its Roman, there she stands as a whole, self-confident in the hope inspired by that promise for the future, strong in the sure faith of its fulfilment in the present from day to day, and rooted in undying charity for its Giver. It would be the instinct of the priest to speak to your souls of the sanctity that should be in themselves. But the necessities of the occasion retire us from that, and compel one to hold up before you sanctity in something else, external to your souls. We say

the *Holy* Church; and these obvious questions arise to our minds: First, how did God make it holy? secondly, why is it holy? that is, what is it that makes it holy? thirdly, for what purpose is it holy?

First, how is it that God makes you holy? my brother, my sister? It is by giving you, in a measure, the Holy Spirit. We are to remember, brothers and sisters, that it is the Holy Ghost that is not only the Lord and the Giver of Life, but above all things it is He that is the Sanctifier. Now, our blessed Lord had His career on earth in Palestine; and so the Holy Ghost has had His earthly career, also, marked by strange vicissitudes. First, let me lead you through the chapters of His earthly biography. And what, if we may say it reverently, has been the career of the Holy Spirit on earth? The Divine Spirit was lost as a personal indweller of man at the Fall. It is true, the odor of the Divine Influence was left all through those weary heathen and Jewish ages, as the mere perfume still lingers hovering over the fragments of the broken vase after the liquid is all gone. The father of a family may leave his house, may speed away across the continent on the iron wheels of thunder, and under the white banners of steam, but his influence is left in the lonesome home. But though that influence plays there, nothing will make up for the want of his presence. So His influence acted with somewhat of power even when He was absent from the Fall to Advent. And all along those weary ages of heathendom and Judaism, the great of the earth arose, illustrious above the common level of humanity—they rose in Jewry, they rose

among the Gentiles—Moses and Samson, and David, and Jeremiah, Semiramis and Alexander, Miltiades and Plato, and Scipio and Belshazzar—but the grandeur of none of them availed to draw down from heaven the lost spirit for man. Ah! what can prevail against that Church and the persistence of its life within, where He is till the end of time. It was not in Rome, in Sparta, or in Babylon that all the nations of the earth were to be blest. At length, however, One was born in humble life, in a lowly village of a conquered people. The world took no note of him. Yet He was a King, too, and a scion of great David's line. But what a difference between royalty and Royalty. Contrast the spacious splendor of the palace on the hills of Rome with the stable, the Cæsar with the Christ! Nevertheless, upon that low-born babe it was not merely the odor that was to linger and hover—nay, the very substance itself of the Divine Unction descended. The Holy Spirit Himself was given to Him without measure. He grew, He lived, He wrought and taught. He touched the blind, the deaf, the lame, and little children, and the sick, and bread and wine. He touched the Cross—and on whatever He touched, He left lingering the sweet odors of the Divine Spirit—although He did not give the very Spirit itself. Still the Spirit was confined to Himself. He was crucified. But before He died, the fourth period of the Spirit's life opened. First, that Spirit had dwelt in Adam; second, He was lost to Man; third, He was restored in fulness to Christ's human nature. And now opens a fourth and new scene. Before Christ died, with

creative touch He framed His Church, His Body Mystical, and made it one with His own human nature. Scripture exhausts all metaphors to realize the complete and perfect unity between His Body Natural and His Body Mystical, the Church. It is of His own Body, of His flesh and of His bones—vine and branches—so that Christ stood not only duplicate but a tripartite unit. But what then took place with reference to the Holy Ghost? Was He still confined only to the human nature of Christ? No! He passed out as a personal indweller into that Church. As it could not but be that the Divine Spirit, which was one with His Godhead from all past eternity, should, when He came to earth and took his manhood into hypostatic union with that Godhead, pass to and fill His manhood, so it could not but be when He took His Body Mystical, the Church, and made it one with and a part of His manhood, that the Spirit should fill it, and so fill the whole great mystical unit thus formed by Him. So on Pentecost that very substance of the Divine Balsam—the Holy Spirit—having descended from His Godhead to fill His manhood, descended still further and filled His Body, the Church. Thus was the Holy Spirit at least in the Church, if nowhere else. But what occurred then in the Divine history? Like gold in quartz, the Church was set in the matrix of the world to be the receiver and holder and bearer and giver of the Spirit. She went forth to Samaria, and in the person of two Apostles She gave the Spirit to the newly baptized there. She went forth to Ephesus with the words on Her lips: "Have ye received the Holy

Ghost, the Sanctifier, since ye believed?" And when Paul laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost fell on them. She went far and near bearing her precious treasure, the Sanctifier, and imparting it to man after man, and woman after woman—the aged and the little child, at the right hand and the left. She came forth into the ages, and shall walk down all centuries, and all over the world, shedding Her Holy Gift. And here we have the answers to our first and second questions. Thus was it that God made the Church Holy, by giving it at Pentecost, in fulness the Spirit. And secondly, she is Holy for two reasons: because she is the very Body Mystical of the Holy One Jesus, and because the Holy Spirit is her very inner life, binding all her members together, and all to their Head.

Thirdly, for what purpose is she holy? Do we need to ask when there is infinite love in the heavens? God is universal holiness, the fulness of beauty. All that is not God is finite; and everything that is not infinite hath limits. Created beauty, goodness, strength, each has its utmost stretch where it pauses. However gorgeously the sunset heavens may bloom, they fade and vanish. Green summer waving all its thick heavy plumes dies in autumn; autumn grows golden and scarlet, but it sinks in winter. And the touch of sin limits earthly goodness. We can say of each finite thing, it is beautiful, it is good, it is strong; but we cannot say of God, He is beautiful, for He is beauty itself; nor can we say, He is good, or holy, or strong, for He is omnipotence itself and holiness itself. And

each earthly form of beauty is but the touch of the divine essential beauty, each earthly form of holiness is but the touch of the divine holiness.

And now let the gaze of your minds descend from heaven to earth. There is good here, but there is evil too. What scenes of riot and confusion have stained the green sward of the country side and the streets of cities during the last six thousand years! Earth is the home in the universe of the sword, the spear, the poisoned cup. Man acts upon his fellows as acts the bloody lion, the stealthy fox, the gliding snake. Turn the eye from the sinful scene to the private heart, and what possibilities of wickedness without the grace of God lie there! It is a deep, dark cavern, and as we gaze over its edge we know not where is its bottom; we fear to plunge in and explore its depths, while deep crieth unto deep—the deep of men's misery and foulness unto the deep of God's holiness—for help! Do we ask for what purpose God hath planted His Church in this matrix of misery and hath made it holy? He yearns in His love to give holiness to his sinful and corrupt child. You ask, Why may He not give sanctity direct? He might, it is true, have done this directly, without the medium of His Holy Church. He might have kept our bodies nourished without the means of food, but He does not see fit to work so. He might have started interior ideas of sublimity or beauty within us without means, but He has not seen fit to do so. He upheaves the airy mountain top so that it floats into the clouds;

He rolls out the restless ocean; He fills the ear with the music of stringed instruments; He opens to us the panorama of night with its stars; He gives all interior gifts through means. Why, is not for us to ask; it is His will. He works through means—mediation is the great law of the universe everywhere. And the mediation of Jesus is only one instance of a universal law. So He makes the Church holy and her sacraments holy, as channels through which streams of holiness flow from His unlimited holiness. Thus stands holiness in God as the source; thus stands holiness in the Church as the means; and thus stands holiness in the soul as the result.

But even though one knew nothing of the history of the Holy Spirit, as He rises at the fall, descends with God the Son, goes forth to fill Christ's manhood, descends still further to the Church at Pentecost, making her holy, and issues thence to private souls through the open door of her sacraments—even though we knew nothing of the universal law of mediation; even though we knew not of anything that should make the Church holy, if though utterly ignorant we merely approached the Church, the sacred institution, we should be struck with the fact that she is holy.

Full of prayer is her atmosphere. Where is there a touch of stain in all her prayers or in her sacraments? They who administer may be imperfect; they who receive may be faulty; but the sacraments are holy. It is impossible for man to change God's streams of grace into rivers of corruption. All is so holy that we shrink

back amazed. So is it to the last. The Church comes to the sick-bed, with a sense of holiness that strikes even the most worldly. When we have cut the lock and disposed the head and smoothed the hair on the marble brow, we are all hushed in the presence not only of the dead, but of the Divine Holiness.

Nineteenth Sermon.

STRUCTURE OF THE BIBLE.*

BLESSED LORD, WHO HAST CAUSED ALL HOLY SCRIPTURES TO BE WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING, GRANT THAT WE MAY IN SUCH WISE HEAR THEM, READ, MARK, LEARN, AND INWARDLY DIGEST THEM, THAT BY PATIENCE AND COMFORT OF THY HOLY WORD WE MAY EMBRACE AND EVER HOLD FAST THE BLESSED HOPE OF EVERLASTING LIFE WHICH THOU HAST GIVEN US IN OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.—*Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

"WHATSOEVER THINGS WERE WRITTEN AFORETIME WERE WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING, THAT WE THROUGH PATIENCE AND THE COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURE MIGHT HAVE HOPE."—*Epistle for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

WHATEVER our holy mother teaches we must hear. She is our trainer in the spiritual life, and we should follow her guidance, put our hand in hers and go where she leads. In this Advent season, in addition to her call on us to consider the "four last things," Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, she also, as in to-day's services, lays special stress on the right study of Holy Scripture. To that she calls our attention this morning.

Now, beloved, I want you for a moment to follow me in a supposition. Suppose that the whole world should by some means be convinced thoroughly that on

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

some distinctly specified day God Almighty would speak to His children, to all men, audibly out of the clear heavens, declaring to them His will and His truth. Picture to yourselves what would take place all over the earth as that great day approached. How all men would grow more thoughtful and serious; how all would hasten to prepare themselves to listen to the voice of God speaking to them. There would be no necessity for legislators and rulers to declare the day a legal holiday. How as the sun rose, eager, expectant hearts would wake to greet him. How he rises upon a silent, waiting, listening world! All traffic is suspended; all places of business are closed; the cry of the steam engine is silent, and the wheels of the manufactories stand still; the hammer, the plow, the scythe, are laid aside; the streets of cities swarm with eager, waiting crowds; the housetops are crowded with standing or kneeling throngs. In the little villages the houses would be all empty, their inhabitants out in the grassy fields or on dusty roadways. All mankind would be waiting, watching, listening. How would the newspapers bring to bear their appliances, stenography and phonography, to catch and keep the slightest word! As at last into the hushed silence all around the world fell that solemn voice declaring God's will and God's truth, how every ear and heart would be open and listening to hear what God might tell them to believe and to do, and when the next day came, what a change would be wrought in the minds and hearts of men! How they would ponder the heavenly words, and try to live according to God's will declared to them! Think

you that men who heard God's voice speaking to them would not heed and obey? I tell you, yea. They might go back again to their sinful ways and careless indifference after a while, but many would be permanently changed.

Dearly beloved, God spoke once out of the clear heavens at midday, saying: "This is my Beloved Son, hear ye Him." By His words and life, Jesus Christ taught the world, and what more was needed? God speaks in Holy Scripture, and yet where is the world today, despite the will and voice of God? And we Christians, what are we doing with the Holy Scriptures? It is marvellous that there is only one book among millions that claims to be the Word of God, and if its claims are true, of what immense importance must that book be! Yet of this one book, which has at least the chance of being the Word of God, how little man knows! How little even Christian men know of the Holy Scriptures!

The Bible is a perfect miracle. It is not a miracle that appeals to the eye. You know our Blessed Lord did many miracles before the eyes of men. He restored the withered arm, the deaf ear, the sightless eye; but here is even a greater miracle, a miracle that appeals to the intellect, the intelligence, the culture, all that is highest in man.

The Bible is a perpetual standing miracle. Never was another book so constructed. It was not made in a day, a week, a year, or a century. Piece after piece, one by one, the forty books of Holy Scripture were prepared, one after another, in different times, by men differing in culture civilization, and country, and yet all these

pieces when they are put together make one marvellous mosaic of truth. No two parts are alike, and yet they all fit together so exactly that not a gap or hiatus mars the perfection of the wonderful story. It is the Epic of God. Now an epic never has more than one principal character, one great theme to which all the incidents and characters that are introduced are subordinate, serving but to illustrate and adorn the principal theme. Take the Iliad, the story of the conquest of Troy, of Achilles and his wrath. Take the Æneid of Virgil, the story of Æneas and the founding of a new state. So the Bible is an epic, and its one theme is Jesus Christ. Every character and every incident but serves to illustrate, to adorn, and bring out the one theme—the incarnation of God for the salvation of man.

Our Bibles are divided into two parts, the Old Testament and the New. There is the Old Testament, which men talk of as being effete. Effete! Oh, shallow conclusion! It is said by Christians that the life of Christ is all written beforehand in the books of the Old Testament. All the prophecies and all the histories there are exalted and glorified into a higher meaning in the New. The New Testament is so marvellous I could hardly believe it without the Old. But a man says, "You tell me Christ's life is prophesied all through the Old Testament, but I have read the prophets and the other books, and I fail to find Christ there." He reads the words of the prophet Isaiah and says, "I don't see the biography of Christ there." But begin with the Book of Genesis, and, as

you read, you find here and there a verse with a seeming redundancy of meaning. Take, for example, from the story of Balaam, the words, "I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not nigh. A star shall arise out of Jacob, and a branch shall grow out of his roots." As you read you will find a thousand and one such sayings. Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and when you come to one saying like this take it out and put it on the table, and when you come to another take it out, and so read through your Old Testament. Taken in the order of that Old Testament these verses may make no sense, but with your knowledge of the New Testament and of Christ's life (and you will remember it is the most wonderful, the strangest biography that ever was written) you can rearrange these texts before you, and they will produce a better biography than you can call up from memory. Thus is the life of Christ marvellously woven as a golden thread in the Old Testament, and one collection of texts, when completed, will be a better account of Christ's life than you can recall without the Gospels open before you. This morning as I took my Bible, thinking what I should say to you to-day, I found five hundred of these texts, and upon an average this is one to every page of the Old Testament. The golden thread is woven through that marvellous book, one man writing one or two, another perhaps four or five, or six, as if God had woven of pure gold the threads of that divine life of the God-man and cut them into bits and scattered them through the writings of the Old Testament, that men in all the ages after—that we in the nineteenth century—may

search the Old Testament Scriptures and pick out, piece by piece, the entire, continuous golden-thread written history of Christ's life. You know very little is told us in the Gospels of the early part of His life on earth. One-third of the Gospel of His life is taken up with the account of the last week, and so the golden threads of the written prophecy have the same peculiarity. We are told where Christ shall be born, of whom He shall be born, where He will go, where He will preach and to whom, the kind of miracles He will perform, how He will be received, and even the exact sum for which He will be betrayed. "They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver; and I took the thirty pieces of silver and cast them to the potter." They tell us of His trial, of the false testimony against Him, of His being scourged, of His death and of what occurred while he hung on the cross, of the words He uttered there. They tell us of His burial. "Not a bone shall be broken. He shall die with the wicked and with the rich in his death." They foretell his Ascension. Oh, how wonderful is this glorious golden thread that runs through the Old Testament—the thread of Christ's life! If the Old Testament were only a matrix to hold that, how precious it would be! But when you have drawn out this single golden thread of Christ's life, take up what is left of the Old Testament, and in it we may see not only lives of men, but types of the God-man. Here is a story of a man who takes his only son up the Mount of Calvary or Moriah that he may offer him a burnt offering to God. His son is saved by the command of God, and one thousand

years thereafter, Christ, the antetype, is slain on Mount Calvary.

Then there is a story of one hated and scorned by his brethren, who, being thrown by them into a pit, is rescued and taken into Egypt, where he is set upon a throne on the right hand of majesty and becomes the saviour of his brethren. And again, there is the marvellous story of Jonah, without which the Old Testament life of our Lord would be incomplete. "I went down to the bottom of the mountains, the earth with her bars was about me forever;" and then we find that wonderful statement, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." Consider all these stories of Joseph and Abraham, and Jonah and David, Samson, Jephtha, Borah, Gideon, Joshua, Moses. Consider all the Old Testament histories, and you will find that you have not only the golden thread of prophecy, but the silver thread of the acted prophecy of Christ's life.

But even this is not all. Christ was Priest and Sacrifice and Prophet and King. Go to the rest of the Old Testament, trace out the crimson thread that tells of Him as our Sacrifice, our Priest, our Melchisedek; take the purple thread of His kingship, the thread of genealogy, as the Son of Man, the descendant of Eve, and when you have drawn out the long thread of the genealogy and laid it by the golden thread of the written prophecy, the silver thread of the acted prophecy, the threads of sacrifice, royalty, priesthood, and prophet, all the threads that form the warp of this holy Book; when you have done this you have only

enough left to form a woof to hold these threads together. So this Book, written by different men, in different languages, in different countries, and at different times, is a miracle in its harmony and unity—an intellectual miracle.

At last, following these words and lives of prophecy, comes the story of the Man who fulfilled it, and the consequences to that Man and to all men.

God hath spoken to you, my brother: will you not hear? Ah, there are men who say, "Oh, that was eighteen centuries ago; Jesus Christ never lived; it is only a myth; Strauss and other learned men say this." But what silly credulity it implies to think a vast structure can stand without supports. The Church of Christ is a living fact, a perpetual miracle. That Christianity stands is a proof that She stands not without foundations. You might as well say that Decoration Day has no foundation; that the Fourth of July commemorates an event that never occurred. Trace them back and you must inevitably come to the conclusion that it is impossible to account for the threads of Christianity that exist at the present day—exist in Christian architecture, painting, sculpture, literature, in men's minds and hearts, in all our civil and social institutions, unless Christianity be true. Yet some of those miserable infidel teachers tell us all this rests on nothing. Who are the fools, these infidels or the poor peasant woman who sits on Sunday afternoon at her cottage window reading the story of our Redemption? Who are the fools? Oh, word of wisdom! "The wisdom of this world is foolishness before God."

But some will say, "Yes, I believe all these historical facts, as the facts of the Thirty Years' War, do have a foundation, do rest back upon something. Of course I believe Jesus Christ was a wonderful man."

"Wonderful man!" Have a care! "I believe he actually existed." Have a care! Every infidel admits that wonderful exceptional life. All other men have sinned. His life was sinless. It was a life of patience and fortitude and temperance and kindness and love and truth. The truth itself stood there in the person of Jesus Christ the Brother of man. Deist, have a care! That Man made extraordinary claims for Himself. He claimed to be God. Now a man may be mistaken about a thousand things, but no sane man ever mistook himself for another. An insane man may think himself a king, but no one (I speak it with reverence) could think of Jesus Christ as insane, and yet He claimed that He was God, saying, "Before Abraham was I am." "Oh, Father, that I may have the glory that I had with Thee before the world was." Have a care! You will lead your life according to your own notions, trying to be good and moral. But that Man said, "Repent and be baptized;" and you ask, What is the use of a little water on my forehead? You say, "I don't need any Confirmation." That Man said, "Have you yet received the Holy Ghost?" You say, "I do not need Holy Communion." That Man said, "Except ye eat My Flesh and drink My Blood ye have no life in you." Man must stand and consider before Jesus Christ. You must consider His commands to you and what you are doing. God hath spoken out of

the heavens, and spoken to all who have ears to hear! But where is the world?

Blessed Lord, grant that we may in such wise receive Thy Holy words, so read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy Holy Word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which Thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Twentieth Sermon.

SUBMISSION TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THAT YE HENCEFORTH WALK NOT AS OTHER GENTILES WALK, IN THE VANITY OF THEIR MIND; HAVING THE UNDERSTANDING DARKENED, BEING ALIENATED FROM THE LIFE OF GOD.—*Eph.*, iv. 17–18.

I HAVE a few pastoral words to speak to you this morning on a part of the Epistle of to-day. A striking literary peculiarity of St. Paul is that his sentences are long and often involved, so far as words are concerned, while yet they are miracles of condensed thought. Let us take the words of our text and humbly and reverently, under the light of our Holy Mother the Church, seek to learn its meaning. St. Paul divides the Gentiles into two parts: that ye walk not as other Gentiles—first, those who had accepted Christ and his authority on earth, and second, the other Gentiles who had not accepted and surrendered to Christ. Observe that the distinguishing status of the other Gentiles is that they walk in the vanity of their mind: "That ye walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind"—*i.e.*, each walking according to his own mind. Here, with one accurately directed blow, St. Paul has struck the keynote of the great difficulty that has annoyed Christen-

dom from the first, and grown to enormous proportions since the sixteenth century. "Each according to his own mind." God came and organized a kingdom on earth. It was not a republic; it was not a democracy; it was not a commune: it was a kingdom, with officers in orderly subordination to administer and enforce not their own laws and will, but its laws. Now the very fact of authority of any kind pressing upon a person is galling to the natural carnal heart; the mere presence of the kingdom on earth is itself an offence to the world and to the fallen will of man generally, which wishes to have its own way. The consequence of this is the rise even within the kingdom of a body of resistance.

Nominal Christendom is divided into two great parts. First, those who yield submission to and walk according to the faith and authority of God's kingdom; they are Catholics, whether you call them Anglican, Roman, or Greek. Secondly, those who on the other hand walk according to their own mind, each according to his own. These are Protestants, whether inside or outside the Church. When an earnest soul (and how many of them there are, eagerly looking for the truth and anxious to have it!) asks me as a priest of God the usual question, what my view is as to such or such an article of the faith, I say to myself: Here is one walking according to his own mind, selecting his own persuasion, and he supposes that of course there is no other way for man, no other way for himself, no other way for me than to walk in the vanity of my mind, and so he asks what is my view, my opinion, my

persuasion. He asks the question, out of the heart, and he is surprised, therefore, when he hears the reply: "I have not so learned Christ. Who am I that my view is better than any one's else? You ask the blind to lead the blind. Why is my view any better than yours? I have no 'view.' I can impart to you, however, what the kingdom of God on earth, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, gives as the truth, both to you and to me and to the whole world. It is my duty as a Christian to accept that truth, and my office as a Priest to give it to you if you seek it."

Here at once rises the great issue which St. Paul makes between submission to something great, venerable, and divine outside of us, and being guided according to the vanity of our own mind; between the Church of God and a persuasion; and so the opposing forces of to-day are individualism and Catholicity. There is a vast difference in believing the Church and in believing in one's own self and one's own view. In its last result it is God's will and man's will; God's mind and man's mind. Nay, further, it is the difference between humility and self-esteem; submission and revolt; obedience and disobedience; order and confusion; peace and certainty; uncertainty and the perpetual searching by earnest souls of some other persuasion, that each may compare his own with that. One person says, "I do not wish my daughter to go to the Communion"—"following his own mind;" but suppose it is the law of the kingdom. Another says, "I do not wish my husband or my wife or my sister to fast or even to abstain." But suppose it is and always has

been the law of the kingdom. Another says, "I do not approve of this or that," but suppose this or that is the law of the kingdom. The natural mind of man ill brooks restraint, and is always sufficient unto itself, and the end thereof is of course arrogance. The carnal heart of man is always opposed to submission of any kind. The human will is very wilful. By the Christian I do not mean simply one who has been baptized; I do not mean one who is a Christian in name, but the Christian in deed and in spirit, in mind and in body—who has surrendered his carnal heart and will at discretion; has been nailed to the cross in heart, in soul; has had the spear thrust into his side, and has hung there until he is dead to self and living only to Christ. I mean the woman who is married to Christ, and is so one with him that she has no will, no mind of her own; whose mind and whose will are only the mind and will of her Bridegroom.

When the Christian, I say, considers the great leader, and how his will was so wise, so prudent, so good, but yet sees him, as he kneels in Gethsemane, surrendering utterly in the great words, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will but Thine be done"—when the Christian feels how great is submission and how beautiful, and how petty and ruinous is self-will, and he remembers how it was told him that unless he became, in gentleness of heart, in ductility of spirit, in teachableness of mind, in trustingness of faith, like a little child he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, what is the normal effect of the kingdom of God, with its offices and authority, on our pride, and what is the normal effect on it of the re-

ligious republics round about the kingdom? Which is it that warms and cherishes humility, and nurtures into growth self-renunciation and poverty of spirit, modesty and weakness? Is it the kingdom of God on earth and submission to its authority, or is it that republic where each is sovereign for himself, walking according to the vanity of his intellect? And which is it that, to say the least, is a rich soil for the growth of self-satisfaction and arrogance, of self-will and self-pleasing and conceit? Is it the kingdom of God on earth or is it that domain where each walks according to the vanity of his own intellect? And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Walk ye henceforth, not as others walk, in the vanity of their mind. Having their understandings darkened." Why, here is another world of thought and instruction to us. When in spiritual things a man presumes to trust to his own mind for guidance, it seems that, according to St. Paul, his very understanding becomes darkened. The mind, the human intellect, was given to guide him in earthly things—in science, in art, in commerce and politics, but not in heavenly things. The wisdom of man is foolishness with God. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? Thus the Catholic faith comes to a man as an authority outside of himself, which authority is exercised and enforced by the man Christ Jesus, unto whom all power was given in Heaven and earth, and

again, by those appointed by Him "in His kingdom" to represent and to act in his behalf. "Go ye therefore, instructing all nations, teaching them to observe and do all whatsoever I have commanded you." This, I say, demands acceptance on the part of man or the submission of the human will and mind to God in the kingdom of faith and law in the earth which he hath organized, and which requires of every man the right use of his reason; that is to say, that it shall not be unsocketed from its true function. God demands of every man to use his reason, not as a rush-light to find the sun of spiritual truth, but to examine the credentials of those who claim the divine commission as teachers in the kingdom and of its truth, that he be not led astray by false prophets. He grants him liberty in the law of Christ and freedom from error. The man who has unsocketed reason from its function in earthly knowledge and slipped it in to do spiritual work and find spiritual truth—this man is in a wilderness and the night is pitch dark, and there are thick woods there, and many a swamp, and many a desolate open space, and steep hills, and deep ravines.

Eager to learn the vast dark and complicated place he lights his own little lantern, and moving round tries to comprehend the parts and plan of the great wilderness. But his lantern casts but a feeble illumination round about. At the circumference of a few feet its beams of light are swallowed up in the darkness, and the wilderness in which he is tumbling about is but confusion to him. The fact is, human reason is lost among spiritual things. God hath made the wisdom

of this world foolishness then. The heart has its reasons which the brain knows nothing about. Thus it is with one man, his very understanding darkened. But put another man in the same wilderness of spiritual laws and truth and being, and he knows beforehand its vastness and intricacy, and he lights not his little candle to grope about and lose himself in it. He must be helped; he knows that naught but the great orb of Divine Truth rising for him can flood the whole scene with light—that naught but that can make clear its general plan and enable him to move in it with peace and safety. To the former all is darkness and intricacy and deformity. To the latter all is harmony. The divine light of the Catholic kingdom brings the whole scene out in its plan, kindling the hilltops with glow, silvering the lakes like mirrors, flooding the ravines with purple light, and setting the vast rocks with jewels.

The next marvellous phrase of the Apostle is, "Alienated from the life of God." Let us look at this. All that is living depends for its source and supply of life upon something else. Cut off the branch of a tree from its limb or trunk or root, and it is sure to become a dead stick. Cut off a limb from the body, and it soon falls into corruption. Pluck a lily or camelia from its stem, and you may feed it with water, you may take the greatest care of it not to disturb its frail, wonderful tissues, but it will wither and drop apart spite of all you can do. Thus it is with the spirit of man when alienated, when cut off from the life of God. Had nothing been done by God, then were we all permanently dead forever.

But something has been done. Nay, God is continually doing something. What is it? Some very excellent people will ask you with great anxiety, "Have you got religion?" Well, if that question be asked of me, I can only say it conveys no impression whatever to my mind. It is a confusion of terms which puts me in a puzzle. Have I got religion? Why, what does religion mean? It comes from the Latin words *Re* and *ligo*, which mean to bind together again, to rebind together that which had been parted. Those two are the life of God and my body, soul, and spirit. There is a gap between the two by nature; but something has come between to rebind the two together again, and that something is the dear Mediator, Christ, and thus as a Mediator he becomes my Saviour. How? When he thus came he came as God—man, that is to say, he still continued one with the Father through the side of his Godhead, which is one with the Father. In the meantime he places himself by his manhood in condition to become one with me, for as his Godhead is of one substance with the Father, so his manhood is of one substance with my manhood and can become one with me. But we cannot, by any memory, or apprehension, or anything we can do, join each his body, soul, and spirit to the Body, Soul, and Spirit of Christ. It is God that does this in his sacraments. In baptism it is his holy arm that reaches down and makes us, in body, soul, and spirit, one with the manhood of Christ. And as it is through Christ the one Mediator, who by his Godhead is already one with the Father, and by his manhood harmonious in nature with our nature is

presented toward us; it is through Christ that the Father in the sacraments gathers us all, brings us all back to himself, from whom we were cut off. If you ask me, therefore, have I got religion? I know not what you mean. But if you ask me: "Am I, who by nature was alienated, cut off from, and a foreigner to the life of God, grafted back into the life of God by God himself through a sacrament?" I answer, Yes. That conveys some idea. O! the blessed privilege of being regrafted, before I am eternally dead, into the source of Spiritual Life and holy growth! But being thus bound again to the life of God from whom we were cut off, are we therefore holy? Oh, no, no, my earnest inquirer! Not yet. We were sick unto death, drooping and withering more and more; but O the blessed privilege! we are removed from a fœtid into a pure atmosphere, from foul and corrupting food to wholesome viands, from neglect and cold to warmth and tender nursing, from discouraging influences to cheering, and we can only recover slowly from our illness. We do not understand you when you ask us have we got religion—are we better than other men? That seems to us born of arrogance and conceit, which were themselves born from the following of one's own mind and will. Nay, we sin, we are miserable sinners yet, and very sick, but we have hope. We do not rest satisfied with our own imperfections, but we are not discouraged or surprised. As St. Francis de Sales says: We patiently bear with our nature, which is human and not angelic, as we know God bears with it, and from our own feelings we learn submission, humility, and

mistrust of ourselves; but never despondency and sadness, much less distrust of God's love for us. He does not indeed love our mortal sins or our venial sins; but he loves us in spite of them, just as a mother grieves over her child's weakness and faultiness, but still loves him most tenderly. So God cherishes those whom He has gathered into oneness with his Son, notwithstanding all their continuous frailty. Even as David, when he cried out, "Have mercy on me, O Lord! for I am weak," we are not yet saved—are only in a state of salvation, as grafted into and reborn to the life of God, and no longer in a state of death. Meantime we know that we cannot be made perfect except through suffering and humiliation. O beloved! when the rod smites; when sorrow comes; when your earthly plans fail; when you are persecuted for righteousness' sake—for the world is our enemy—when men say all manner of evil against us falsely for Christ's sake, remember St. Francis de Sales: "Kiss the rod that smites." Chasten your pride, your ambition, your love of this world, of its good and of its good will; grow in humility, for though as Catholic Christians we are bound back through the Sacraments into the life of God and are no more aliens, we are one not as yet with Jesus Christ glorified, but one with Jesus Christ crucified. Our insignia, our ornaments, are the cross and the nails and the thorns. The feast to which he calls us is of gall-hyssop and vinegar. It is in Heaven that we shall find the rubies, the emeralds, the diamonds, the manna, the milk, and the honey.

Twenty-first Sermon.

THE MYSTICAL MEANING OF THE BOOK OF RUTH.*

And Boaz said unto the elders and unto all the people, You are witnesses this day that I have bought all that is Elimelech's and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's of the hand of Naomi. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife.—*Ruth*, iv. 9–10.

Beloved, in the world of nature Almighty God hath so arranged it that echo follows sound—sound comes first, the echo after. But in the realm of the supernatural the law is otherwise. In the gradual development of the supernatural upon earth this first law of nature seems to be reversed. In the supernatural we have the echo and then the sound, first the shadow and then the substance. All the great facts touching the incarnation, the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Lord, were shown forth long before in histories and events that are shadows and echoes and types of that which was yet to come.

Now, how is it in Nature? We listen to the echo as it calls from hill to hill of earth, each call growing fainter and fainter till at last the sound dies

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

away. But in the supernatural the echo that plays along the hills of early Time grows ever louder and louder, more and more distinct as we approach the fulness of time, the Christian era. As all the great events of the Incarnation of Christ were thus pre-echoed and foreshadowed in the Old Testament histories, so the Catholic Church has taught that the old Jewish Church was but the foreshadowing, the ante-type, the echo of the new Church of Christ. Among all the wondrous histories recorded in the Old Testament, there is not one but is a symbol, a type of something more wondrous that was to come after. They who would separate, then, the Old Testament from the New, would divide and divorce what God would have us receive as one and undivided. He gives us inseparable sound and echo, shadow and substance, the type and its fulfilment.

Now to every one who has cultivated the gifts of the Holy Ghost which were bestowed in Confirmation—the gifts of Wisdom, of Understanding, of Knowledge, and the rest—all this is as plain as day. He reads in the stories of patriarch and king and prophet not a single history only, but he sees below the surface another and a deeper meaning. Abel, Moses, David, nor these alone—all, all whose history has been written for our instruction in the Holy Scriptures foreshadowed the events and character of our blessed Lord's life.

Yet there are pictures and stories in the Old Testament that may seem to you at first sight to have little, if any, reference to Christ, and among them is the Book of Ruth. It is a sweet pastoral poem, a tale of

nature that speaks to every heart. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and no one can read this beautiful tale of a love so simple and yet so strange, so natural and yet so romantic, without feeling his heart answering to this story of old-world love. It is an idyl of pastoral life coming between the epic descriptions of the wars and great public events, of the times of the judges and kings of Israel. The Book of Ruth is the Old Testament Book of the Epiphany, a book whose key-note is in unison with that after-story of Bethlehem, whose bell rings the first note of the chimes that on the first Christmas morning sounded so gloriously over the plains of Bethlehem. It is the first beam of the star that was to arise out of Jacob and lead the feet of heathen kings to worship at the manger of Bethlehem—the same Bethlehem whither Ruth had come—the heathen land of her birth.

As we study the Bible we learn more and more that it contains much that does not appear on the surface. It is wisdom that lies deep. Strata below strata, and each full of the richest oil. I will open to you one stratum this morning, and I do it partly to show you how to read the Bible. Always as you read seek to find Christ, for from beginning to end it is Christ and Christ's Atonement of which all is speaking.

You will all remember the story of Ruth. It was in the days when the Judges ruled in Judah, and there was a great famine in the land. A certain man of Bethlehem, named Elimelech, with his wife Naomi and his two sons, removed into the land of Moab. Here he died, and his two sons having married daughters of

Moab, died also, and Naomi is bereft of her husband and her two sons. Then she determined to return to her own home and kindred in the land of Judah, and she said to her daughters-in-law: "Go, return each to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you." But weeping they answer to her parting kiss, saying we will return with thee. But again with self-denying affection she entreats them to leave her. Then Ospah kissed her mother-in-law and left her, but Ruth clave unto her. "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee. Where thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

So we see Ruth and Naomi leaving the land of Moab and entering the borders of the land of Judah—the Holy Land. Here they are poor, for having no sons the inheritance of her fathers was lost to Naomi. It was the beginning of the barley harvest, and Ruth goes to glean in the fields of Boaz, a kinsman of Naomi's husband. Boaz notices her, and learning that she is Ruth, of whose fidelity to her mother-in-law he has heard, arranges it so that she shall gather more than the ordinary gleanings. So at night she returns to Naomi with a rich store. And Boaz said to her, "Go not to glean in any other field, and the Lord God, under whose wings thou art come to trust, recompense thy work."

By marriage Boaz is kinsman to Ruth, and according

to a Jewish law (a law how strange!), he that was nearest of kin to her dead husband was to marry Ruth. Boaz purchases and redeems his bride and Ruth becomes the ancestress of David and Jesus.

Now what does this story mean? Who is Boaz? Is he merely an ancient Jew? Boaz was a rich husbandman, and at once there comes up to memory *One* whom Mary, as she stood weeping at the sepulchre, thought was the gardener, and indeed it was the gardener Jesus who looketh for fruits from His garden. Boaz, then, the husbandman, stands for Jesus Christ, and Ruth, the woman of Moab, coming into Jewry, adopted to be a daughter of Israel, forgetting her own people and her father's house, is the Gentile Church united to the Israel of God. It is Christ and His Bride.

Again, Ruth is your soul, my brother, your soul, my sister, going out of Moab in misery and poverty to be united to her heavenly Bridegroom Jesus.

First we see the family of Elimelech moving out of Jewry and going to Moab. Thus went forth Adam and Eve, and in them all humanity from Eden, into the cold, desolate world, where there is misery, poverty of true riches, bereavement, grief, and tears; and when these have done their work, and showed them that are in the world that in the world there is nothing to satisfy or to bless, we see them return into the land of Judah, the Holy Catholic Church, where stands Boaz, the Lord of the field, and to each one Boaz says, "See that you go not into any other field to glean." How is it with thee, O soul? Hast thou not sought all thy life long and sought in vain for happiness elsewhere

than in the fields of Boaz? Oh, in the disappointments of the human heart (and how many and universal they are!—not a language of earth but has its name for sorrow and for tears!), in the griefs and heavy disappointments of the world, how apt we are to seek in the world for solace, comfort, amusement, nay, for peace and blessedness. But in this world we find only an earth-born comfort, a superficial joy. It is like the breeze that sweeps over the ocean, stirring its surface waves, which sport and glitter in sunshine, while down in the depths at the bottom of the sea all is dark and still. In the night of sorrow we seek in vain for comfort or rest in wealth, in amusement, in pleasures—we cannot escape thus the unrest of the soul. As well might a man try to flee from doom.

Ruth is the deepest soul—the soul with its infinite hunger which nothing but the infinite will satisfy and fill. And if Boaz is Jesus and Ruth is the soul, what is the field of Boaz, where Ruth went to glean and where Boaz met and blessed her?

Remember, this field afforded the sustenance of life, the bread of strength. When we think of this barley-field of Boaz, do we not recall the bread containing all sweetness, the corn of the mighty? Can the field be anything else than that which the Church has ever interpreted it to be—the Blessed Eucharist?

Remember, when you took your first Communion, like Ruth who went to glean, you went timidly. You did not expect to gather an abundant harvest; you did not go where the reapers went, but you went with a timid confidence to gather what you could of meek-

ness, of charity, of humility. When Ruth was gleaning Boaz took note of her, and said: "What damsel is this?" So, when you came in humble faith to receive your first Communion, Jesus, the Lord of the field, took note of your soul and said, as Boaz of Ruth: "What gleaner is this? It hath been shown me all that thou hast done." He knows each one of us. He knows you, He knows me, by name, by heart. He looks on each one of us as a living, personal, individual being. He does not save and bless us in crowds, in companies. In science we have classification—we divide a multitude of things into classes, into genera and species. But Jesus Christ knows us separately, each one. As the Good Shepherd knows his sheep and calleth them all by their name, He saves and He blesses one and another. His words are to one and another, to you and to me. As Boaz spoke to Ruth, so He speaks to your soul and to mine, and says: "Go not to glean in any other field."

Boaz is Jesus Christ and Ruth is the soul, the barley-field is the Holy Eucharist—may not that come to you and to me that came to Ruth? And he told his reapers: "Let her glean even among the sheaves, and let fall, also, some handfuls on purpose for her that she may glean them." And Ruth came again and again, and gleaned unto the end of the barley harvest and unto the end of the wheat harvest, ever growing richer and richer and blessed till there was no room for more. So as you glean in this Boaz field—the Blessed Sacrament—your soul will be filled and satisfied. It will grow from weakness to strength, from poverty to wealth.

Thus I have endeavored, Beloved, to give you a hint of the wealth of mystical meaning that is hidden in this beautiful story, that you may learn to see Christ and the soul in all the books of the Holy Bible, and especially in the Psalms; that you may see, as the blessed Apostles saw on the Mount of Transfiguration, "no man but Jesus only."

You know that Boaz married Ruth. Need I finish? That one may so eat the Body of Christ and drink His Blood, that He may dwell in us and we in Him. Here it is that Boaz married Ruth. Here it is that the two became one. Shall it be, O Ruth! O soul! that thou shalt be one with *Him* forever? Alas, dear Jesus! have I stayed from Thee? O soul that has been wanton! O soul that has wandered away from thy loving Spouse! O soul that has gone to glean in another and forbidden field! remember the words of Him, the mighty Husbandman, the heavenly Bridegroom: "Return, return unto Me, for I am married unto thee."

Twenty-second Sermon.

ON SORROW.*

I.

YE SHALL WEEP AND LAMENT, BUT THE WORLD SHALL REJOICE: AND YE SHALL BE SORROWFUL, BUT YOUR SORROW SHALL BE TURNED INTO JOY.—*From the Gospel for the Third Sunday after Easter.*

How different the scenes the Church brings before us to-day from those She brought to us last Sunday or the Sunday before, or the Sunday before that! Our dear Mother Church would build us up, not by presenting to us only a partial gospel, but one lesson after another, giving us the whole truth. You know how different in Her teachings and in Her influence on the world is the Holy Catholic Church, from the teachings of Protestantism, and their effects.

Which is best? Both may be necessary, but one must be subordinate to the other. Protestantism aims to stir and rouse the feelings and works by them, but the Church gives prominence to the will, and appeals to that, using the feelings only as auxiliaries. It is the will that she would mould, and form, and sway; for his will is the man, not his feelings. Feeling is tran-

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

sient—a flash and it is past. So Sunday after Sunday our Mother Church conveys to us Her lessons, each lesson deepening the other. She shows us scene after scene, truth after truth. At Easter, Her greatest feast, She bade us rejoice in our Lord's Resurrection. Then She made us think of our inheritance which was purchased for us by our Lord's Passion, and secured to us by His Resurrection. Then She told us of the Good Shepherd; and how He knows each one of His flock, and loves it, and leads it, and feeds it with His own Flesh and Blood. And now to-day, we descend another step, for She speaks to us of sorrow. "Ye shall have sorrow, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." Here a great fact is announced, and a great result. The fact, the great fact is that of sorrow in this world. Sorrow is not a pleasant subject, but as obedient children, let us go where the Church bids us.

Sorrow then is a great fact. Jesus Christ did not bring sorrow into the world; He found it here. Before our Lord came, Jeremiah had uttered his wailings; David had sung his woes, and had uttered that touching lament "O, Absalom, my son, my son!" The iron had entered into the soul of Joseph; Jacob had said "Thou shalt bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Eve had bent in tears over the dead body of Abel.

And as our dear Lord did not bring sorrow into the world, but found it here, so in one sense, when He went away, He left it here.

What! God leave His children in sorrow? Yes. Ever since the Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension

of our Lord, sorrow has worked its way; wherever man has gone, he has built the sepulchre. As mankind has spread all over the hills and valleys of earth, those hills and valleys on every continent, on every island, are rough earthy seas, heaving in billows of grassy mounds. We may say, of the innumerable graves of infants, taken away in their infancy, catching a new meaning of the Psalm as we think of them, wherever they are, "The little hills," the countless graves of God's elect, "the *little* hills shall rejoice on every side." As we go among them in the cemetery, and think how the lambs rejoice in the bosom of the Good Shepherd, yet we know that every little hill tells of the sorrow of some mother's heart; for in every such heart, when her child has been laid in the grave, has been planted a great love and a great grief. Each one of all the countless graves all over the earth, in every country, on every hill, and in every valley, each has its own separate tale of sorrow to tell. Sorrow? I am wrong. I should say sorrows. It is plural. Every grave tells its own story of sorrows, and of the disappointed hopes of its occupant. Every grave tells the story of the desolate home to which they who loved the sleeper and left him there, have gone back. Sorrow, in its many forms, is universal. And over this scene of universal sorrow, there presides, upon it gazes a God of love! Would you give sorrow to the child you love, and shall a God of love send His children sorrow? Sorrows are problems of our existence—they are its enigmas. How "justify the ways of God to men" when God is love, and men shed tears? One

thing we know; when a beloved one is taken away, and the bereaved one starts up in rebellion, and says, "God has dealt too hardly with me—why did God do this to me?" (If you have not heard such words at times, you are more fortunate than I.) We know that it is the voice of rebellion; that it is a horrid voice, and that God is defied. But if the sorrowing lips are sealed, how shall we tell them that God is a God of love? how "justify the ways of God," a God of love, to sorrowing man?

Whether man could have become perfect without sorrow, we cannot tell; Revelation has not informed us. We can conceive that man could have attained to a perfect end without sorrow. For we know that Angels and Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim are tearless and happy, yet perfect. We know too that no tears are shed by the sentient beings below us in creation; we know that the tear stands an island in an expansive tearlessness, and if angels can attain perfection without tears, why not man?

But there is something else for us to say. When we look at ancient art, before the Man of Sorrows bowed down in Gethsemane, and stood in Pilate's judgment hall, and suffered on Calvary, we find that such art in its utmost reach presented only forms and features of perfect physical and intellectual beauty. But after the tears that Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and over His dear infatuated Jerusalem; after the grief of the Mater Dolorosa, art became a new thing. Ancient art is like work chiselled or painted by infidels. It is superficial; you can read nothing behind the canvas, noth-

ing beneath the cold marble surface; all is expressed; there is nothing interior. Phidias carved his Jupiter of ivory and gold, but it was an expression of magnificence and earthly grandeur, it was a great man, and that was all. In the Uffici palace is a copy of a famous group. Serpents are winding and turning about the bodies of Laocoon and his two sons who are struggling to escape. It is full of power, agony, fear, but it is only physical. On the first floor of the Zwinger, at the end of the gallery, is a Pietà. The mother of our Lord is holding in her arms the form of her dead Son. In the Laocoon you see earth's physical power and agony; in the Jupiter earth's physical majesty; but in the Pietà what a contrast! you read beneath the marble surface, you recognize her pierced heart; you see in that mother's sorrow the sorrows of all mothers; you know the greatness of a tear, the majesty of grief.

But this naturally leads us on to thoughts of sin and the sinner, and of God's outraged law.

We say *man* could have been made perfect without sorrow, but the *sinner* cannot. How shall we "justify the ways of God to man?" God is Love, but remember, man is a sinner. What is sin? It is a violation of law. If you dwell on sin, meditation opens the poison flower, opens it in all its malign characters; the more you think of the hateful thing, the more and more it develops its vile and monstrous character. You find it is not only an indignity, an insult offered against the wisdom and knowledge of God, against His mercy and loving kindness, but it is even also an attempt to murder God, to put Him out of existence, and set up

self as our God. That is the awfulness of sin. Nay, it is not only an attempt to murder God. Law is order, and would make harmony and peace in the universe. Sin is not only an attempt to assassinate God, but it is also an attempt to overturn God's law, and set up our own wills instead. It is an attempt to violate the whole harmony of creation, and to bring on a state of anarchy and chaos. Sin is utter selfishness, utter pride; and what does the sinner do but stab God and destroy the harmony of His creation? Sin is an attack on the universe as well as on the Creator. This is the awfulness of sin, and the more we dwell on it, the more ugly and hideous it becomes, as we know it more and more. There are but two outcomes of sin. The one is utter malice, and the other utter despair. What does the sinner do when he realizes that he is making ruin and havoc out of harmony and order? that his selfishness and rebellion will lead him to such misery as never entered man's heart to conceive? For, as "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for them that love Him," so no heart can contain the thought of what the soul shall be when fixed in conditions of despair. Oh! I know there are popular waves of ideas that ebb and flow, rise and fall; and now men tell us there is no hell and no devil. But the old Catholic Church stands, and will ever stand, teaching her immutable truth, when every billow of intellectual pride has dashed itself to pieces against Her.

What then is the outcome of the soul under the condition of sin? As love of God carries harmony ever

widening till it knows no limit, so does sin spread ever wider and wider its circles of ruin till they seem boundless. As a stone thrown into the placid waters of the lake spreads widening and ever wider circles, so sin spreads in ever-increasing circles its refluent action, bringing ruin on the soul. What a picture of the sinner as he stands alone amid his broken ruins! What a way into malice and despair!

But is there no other path for the soul? Yes, one, and one only—the way of sorrow. What would God be? A God of hate and not a God of love, if He refused, as He looked at the sinner, to open no other gate, but left him to go on in the way of malice and despair.

It is the God of love who hath opened the gate of sorrow, and called to the sinner, "Turn, turn unto me." There is no other way of relief than the way of sorrow. This is the justification of the ways of God to men. As the sinner goes on leaving his path strewed with his ruins, sins, murders, he can find no way but these two—the way of perdition and the way of sorrow. He did not make the universe and give its laws, and he cannot repair or rebuild his ruins. What is left to him when he wakens out of his frenzy, and finds what he has done? What but sorrow? Jesus said, "Follow me, for I am a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." What can the heart do when it has inflicted an irreparable injury upon its friend, when it has struck out the precious eye which it cannot restore? What but be sorry? And what can the sinner do but be sorry? Repentance is the normal

condition of the sinner. It can only turn to God with sorrow of heart.

How many of you have had true repentance? How many of you have gone on murdering God, and defying His laws for years, and have never shed a penitent tear? But there is something besides sorrow. If one has done something he cannot undo, has broken what he cannot mend, his heart wishes to make what reparation it can. At least it will take up its punishment gladly. It cries to God, "Father, put some cross upon me that I may show I truly sorrow." That is the secret and mystery of Catholic penance. He that sorrows for his sins and does not want to suffer something for them, is not truly repentant.

We are apt to say, "Give me some cross that I may show my love and my sorrow!" and then reject the crosses God sends, and take up crosses of our own choosing. It may be that God has sent you an ungrateful child, losses, afflictions; sent you a cross, and you do not accept it. We are apt to reject those crosses that God gives us, and take up something else, as we are apt to say, "Somebody else was to blame."

Notwithstanding the American doctrine of individualism, we do not stand alone. That is true with limitations. We are bound to a race. Yes, you are tied together in nations; you are one with the race, the one race back to Adam. Thus tied to our race we are all one, and man suffers the penalty of violated law as a race. You may take plate glass, and think to mar it only in one spot, but the crack will radiate in all directions. So you think to violate law in one point, but the

cracks will extend on all sides. They go, these consequences of your sin, you know not where. Their results turn upon you, and you think that for them you are not to blame. Now, when you ask, "Why was this sorrow sent to me?" think, have you not done your part in the world's sin? And if God sends you a cross, if He gives you an ungrateful child, that is your cross. Whatever disappointment and grief God sends you, accept it lovingly as your cross, and that will show God that you are sorry that you offended Him. God sends you a cross; accept it as a penance for sin. And this is not all of penance. There must be something more than sorrow and the desire to show that you are penitent; there must be also the desire and determination to create no more ruin as you go on your way. Penance, sorrow, repentance, and a determination to amend—this is the whole Gospel in its reference to the human soul. There are different truths, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and others, but this is all the human soul can do—repent and amend. "Take up thy cross and follow after me," says our Lord.

Thus the dispensation of sorrow in all its forms is the dispensation of love from the Heart of a loving God that longs to save the sinner who has no other way but one, and that the way of malice and despair. So Love, opening the gates of sorrow, said, "Walk ye there in repentance for what you have done."

"Ye shall have sorrow, but the world shall rejoice," says Jesus. There are two kinds of rejoicing: First, the joy of the world, and secondly, that rejoicing which the Saviour spoke of when He said, "Your sorrow

shall be turned into joy." What is the rejoicing of the world? I go into a poor tenement house. There are hearts there as loving and tender as yours; there are tears there and griefs. I go up the stairs, and on one side the narrow hall lies the dead child; on the other I hear the shouts of the carousers, the ribald jests, the loud and vacant laughter. Oh, what a contrast! jesting, carousing, laughing on one side, on the other a funeral. And so, when we think what a sinner is and what he has done, and if we think "I am that sinner," how we turn from the laughter and pleasure of the world! How must the rejoicing of the world sound to angels as they listen! Yes, the normal attitude of the sinner is sorrow, but there is something else to be said. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy"—not the sorrow of this world but the penitent's, the Christian's sorrow, shall be turned into joy; not the joy of this world, not the laughter of earth, but the joy, the laughter that is deep down in the penitent, sorrowing human heart, when it knows that God is drawing it nearer to himself. God has opened the chambers of the human heart to sorrow. We know we cannot repair or undo the past; but we can try to do better in future. Oh, the joy of accepted sorrow to the truly penitent heart!

Beloved, ye are hastening to your graves. Is it not time for you to sorrow for sin? If ye do so now, if now ye truly turn to God saying "I have sinned, I repent," God will give you that peace and that joy. You may have sorrows and troubles, but it shall be given you to know that peace and joy that come from acceptance of

sorrow—the peace, the joy, the songs of the forgiven spirit.

Ah! they are as much sweeter and higher than the joy and laughter of the world as Heaven is sweeter and higher and greater than Earth.

"And ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Twenty-third Sermon.

ON SORROW.*

II.

YE SHALL WEEP AND LAMENT, BUT THE WORLD SHALL REJOICE: AND YE SHALL BE SORROWFUL, BUT YOUR SORROW SHALL BE TURNED INTO JOY.—*From the Gospel for the Third Sunday after Easter.*

THIS is a portion of the Gospel for last Sunday, to which I then called your attention, and I desire to keep your minds on these words to-day. "Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Last Sunday I reminded you that when we consider the sorrows of earth, its disappointments, griefs, desires, and death, it is very hard to reconcile the ways of God, as a loving God, with human misery. How is it, as we look down on the scene of this world, that we see not only sorrows, trials, troubles of all kinds, but we hear voices of defiance, and of rebellion? Says the great Divine and human book, the Bible, "The spirit of the Lord fillest the world and hath knowledge of the voice."

Into His ear ascend all these voices of murmuring and rebellions, all the sobs of sorrow, and sighs of the

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

mourners, and so it has ever been hard to teach the world how to reconcile the ways of God, as a loving God, with the state of the world.

You remember I said that the question is not whether man could have been perfect without sorrow as the angels are perfect; but as man is a sinner, the question becomes a very different one. It is, whether a sinner could have become perfect; and then we considered that sin is not only an insult to God; a setting up our own wills; but that it is even an attempt to murder God. And then when we turn to creation, which God made perfect and subject to His Divine laws, we found sin was also an attack upon the order and harmony of the universe, and an attempt to murder creation. We saw that for the sinner in his normal state of sin, there is but one roadway open, the way of utter malice and despair, for, as the poor sinner looks back over the road he has passed, and sees it all strewn with the breakages and ruins he has wrought, and knows that it is not in his power to repair a single one of his ruins, what is left him but despair? Who can conceive the number and extent of the ruin and destruction caused by one single sin? Thus the sinner knows, that only God can ever repair and restore the past, and if there were but the one road, that road must be the road to malice and despair.

But we saw there were two roads. We can at least be sorry, if nothing else. That is all we can do. The only other conceivable road for man is the road of sorrow, if he would escape the road of despair; and God were not a God of love, had He not opened the gates of

the pathway of sorrow, for man to flee through and escape the road of despair.

But a loving God looking down on the sinner, and seeing that the only way open to him is the path that leads him on from bad to worse, through different degrees of ever-increasing sin and malice, and despair, opens to him another path. For how could God have looked down on the despairing sinner, and not open to him another path, if He be a God of love? But God is love, and with loving hand He threw open to the sinner the gates of sorrow, and said to him, "Go not on in the roadway of sin and despair. Turn into this new pathway, the pathway of sorrow that shall lead you to the only relief, the only peace."

Then we considered what repentance is and what is true repentance. Then you know I said, "The sorrowful heart, if it cannot repair the ruins of its past, can yet use its sorrow." For there is something at the bottom of man's grand nature that prompts him to try and atone for his sins, the desire to take on himself some punishment, some cross, that he may show his sorrow. If you have in your anger struck out the eye of your child, oh! how tender of that child will your remorse make you: how ever gentle and loving towards him! This is reparation. True sorrow wants to do something; to take up some cross. This is the philosophy of penance. It is in the human heart, and when the human heart is deprived of or does not accept the Sacrament of Penance, sooner or later it will react from the Protestant error and swing back towards the Catholic truth and accept for its relief the Sacrament.

Protestantism is an outrage on the deepest instincts of human nature. This is one of the points that distinguishes this Revival, this Catholic movement going on in England and America in the Church for the last half century.

Now it follows from all this that Christianity does not underrate sorrow. There are Stoics, for Stoics were not confined to ancient Greece, nor to the age of Pericles, nor to the followers of Zeus. Stoicism is found to-day in America and England and France and Persia; all over the world are Stoics. The Stoic says, "I must be superior to sorrow," and he tramples his human feelings under foot, and tries to get out of and above his human nature by the mere force of his will.

There are Epicureans too. Ah, the disciples of Epicurus were not confined to Greece and Rome. Epicureanism is in every time, and every race; but men may try to escape sorrow, or to cover it up, to avoid it in some artificial way, sinking it in the depths of the memory, hoping it may sleep there without any reanimation. We see a ghastly and extreme example of this when misery tries to drown itself in its cups, and takes to debauchery and vice, hoping to silence the voice of sorrow by shouts and songs of revelry.

Then there are Mohammedans in this respect, who never think of Mahomet. Mohammedans who, like the Stoic, underrate sorrow, thinking all comes from blind fate, and that sorrow is to be borne as a fatality. There are in every community (I hope there are none in this congregation) men who are fatalists at heart, who set

their faces grimly towards what they cannot help, and harden their hearts to bear sorrows.

But not so with Christianity. Christianity does not underrate suffering. She does not dethrone sorrow or strike it with a Stoic's reed upon the head. She does not mock it with Epicurean knee. It has been almost every one's experience when with friends who have been struck down with some trouble or grief; when a wife has nothing left on earth but the dead body of her husband lying in the darkness of the parlor crowned with flowers, and friends come and say (with good intentions), "Do not weep," "He is better off," or if it be a child, "Think how happy it is." Yes, it is well meant; but oh, the human love, oh, the human sorrow, oh, the human heart! It is all true, but there are moments when we cannot see the truth, and the sufferer pleads, "Let me weep now, I am in grief now, I know all you say is true; but do not ask me to realize it just at present; give me a little time." The worst thing a pastor sees at a funeral is the sufferer's dry eye, and he says, "Let her weep; it will relieve the burden of her heart." Some must weep, and Christianity does not underrate sorrow. She says, "Weep now, poor bereaved one; by and by I will tell thee how happy thy little one is." Christianity sits down by the side of sorrow with sympathetic heart. She knows that only God's secret comfort, and time's strong hours, can conquer the grief, and she waits till the sorrowing heart has grown calm, and can hear with gentle tears and pensive smile the words that tell of hope and happiness for the little one. Christ never said to the afflicted, "It is nothing;

do not take it so hard." No! He said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children, for if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?" So there stands by the Sepulchre of Lazarus the great picture of holy sorrow —the picture painted in two brief words: "*Jesus wept.*"

But, beloved, if Christianity does not under-rate sorrow, neither does she over-rate it; all good things may become bad, virtue itself may become vice; charity even without prudence and temperance may become mere sentiment; and fortitude without the cardinal virtue of prudence may become rashness. Hope without other cardinal virtues may bear us on to presumption.

So there be those that tell you because you are a sinner, you must weep all your days. But not so our dear Lord. He has told us that our sorrow shall be turned into joy; and has He not given us to drink of joys "as out of a river?" Thus there are the thousand innocent pleasures of childhood, of youth, of the young man and young woman, that cease to be pleasures to the eyes below the silvered hair; pleasures which you and I have out-grown. But why check in the young their enjoyment of innocent pleasures and joys of life? No! No! just as certainly as the well-being of creation calls for alternate day and night, sunshine and cloud, calm and storm, so the well-being of the sinner calls for alternation of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, so our human hearts dwell ever in chiaro-oscuro.

But there is another way of over-rating sorrow. To him who never says a prayer, never makes a medi-

tation, who, sunk in pleasure, never gives a thought to his soul, to God, to Christ, never remembers the great facts of Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell, when sorrow comes, it comes with an unmitigated force; when over his fool's paradise the tempest falls and down sweeps the angel of death, or misery in any form, what does it do? It wrings from him a shriek of agony, a cry of despair. Sorrow is either to a man a savor of death unto death, or it is a savor of life unto life. See that ye do receive sorrow when it comes to you, that it may be to you a savor of life unto life. It is either the one or the other. No man ever uttered a greater truth than he who said that the scene of the Judgment day will begin on earth. Here also men begin to divide and go, the sheep to the one side and the goats to the other; one to the right and the other to the left. Never is a truth uttered to the multitude, that the sheep and goats do not divide. Never sorrows came and smote two men, that they did not pass to the right or to the left.

Remember these words: sorrow is either a savor of life unto life, or it is a savor of death unto death.

He to whom sorrow comes without mitigation overrates sorrow. But the Christian, knowing he has a good, kind, watchful, all-wise Father and God, does not fear sorrow. He knows that if God sent us no sorrow, He would not be a God of love. If He sent us all sorrow, he would not be a God of love.

With the grief He gives us the mitigation of love, and patience, and hope, and He sends us many joys. All grief would plunge us into gloom, and what a differ-

ence there is between gloom and sorrow! But the Christian knows that God is guiding and governing all things for His children's good, and so he prays to Him for the grace of patience, knowing God does not willingly afflict or grieve His children. To the Christian sorrow comes with mitigation, but the worldling stands shelterless in its storm.

But there is another last reason why it is difficult to realize the two facts—Man's sorrow and God's love—and the reason is this: Most people think that the end of man is happiness. What! am I to seek happiness as the end and aim of life? What is that, but to say that the end and aim of life is selfishness? to look out for one's self? Perish the thought! the end of God's existence is not selfishness, for God is love, and love thinks not of itself but of others. Happiness is a result. God is love and consequently happy, and as God sends down to us the likeness of Himself, He would have all men grow into the likeness. And God has left His impress on all creation: Creation is not selfish; "Take, Take," sounds from every part of it to every other part whence cries the voice, "Give!" "Give," cries the ocean to the streams and springs of the mountains, and they hasten down to give even themselves. "Give" is the voice of all creation; and from every place comes back the answer "Take." Deep answers to deep everywhere. The deep of the child's nature to the deep of the mother's love and care!

God is not selfishness, but love. Selfishness would get all it can and keep all it can get. God loveth the cheerful giver.

No! the end of human being is not happiness, but man's end is virtue, holiness, and as he lives to that end, only so does happiness come as a result.

As Christianity sits and sees that true end of man, and that man has fallen away from such purposes, and from the love of God, she sees that sorrow is the only handmaid that can lead man back to holiness, to happiness, to God. She rejoices in sorrow; she "justifies the ways of God to men" when God sends it and calls men to do penance for their sins.

Beloved, every sorrow that comes to you passes away, leaving you better or worse than you were before. Every touch of the painter's brush upon the canvas, either makes the picture worse or carries it on to perfection. "What then are you doing?" said the pupil of a great painter to his master; "why with all your skill do you complete so few pictures, while I paint so many?" "The cause is clear," replied the master; "you paint for time, I paint for eternity." Beloved, ye are to produce in yourselves a picture of Jesus Christ. "Christianus alter Christus." The Christian is another Christ. Thou art to become like Him in charity, in patience, in humility. In all sorrows then and disappointments, in all changes and trials, see that thou paintest for eternity.

Twenty-fourth Sermon.

THE GREAT OFFER OF CHRISTIANITY.

That He should give Eternal Life to as many as Thou hast given Him. And this is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God.—*The last clause of the second verse and the first clause of the third verse of the XVII. chapter of St. John's Gospel.*

These words are from the great sacrificial prayer of Christ, on the evening when He changed the Paschal Supper into the Holy Eucharist. The whole prayer is probably the deepest and most abstruse passage in all Scripture. The utterances which I have taken as a text suggest the purpose of Christianity and set it widely apart from, and high above all other systems heretofore presented for man's acceptance. Other systems had offered to man either the gift of happiness, or the possession of wisdom, or a stoical indifference to what surrounded him; they had offered him the perfect social condition, or perchance the most successful political condition, provided their principles were carried out by him. Beginning among the requirements of the earth, among temporal desiderata, they simply issued in man as an intellectual, moral, but still a terrestrial being. Their appeal was to the lower parts of

man's nature. For taking man as they found him, they shaped themselves into expedients for his mere patent requirements, and so simply left him, as a creature, just where they had found him. But Christianity rose into a recognition of the highest part of man's nature. It came with a lofty scorn of those elements which are at the base of his being. Beginning with an Infinite God, it comes to an infinite man; and it at once proffers to each man thus infinite, a commensurate and therefore infinite gift. In comparison with all other systems the stand it thus assumed was sublime. For what was the gift it offered? No less than eternal life. Thus Christianity did not leave man merely where it had found him. It lifted him into a higher realization of the possibilities that were before him, and at the same time tendered its help to satisfy the hunger it had created. It brought out a great want, and supplied it. We move through life with a thousand lesser wants that affect the surface of our being. We heed their manifold cries, and much of life feverishly is occupied in answering those cries. But how many soever of them we may supply, we are still left with some great dissatisfaction. In seeking rest by supplying our superficial wants, we have been but hunting a phantom. For beneath all, lie great, deep, nameless wants in man's infinite being which every one recognizes, but which are so profound that few see them clearly enough to define them, even to themselves. There is, for instance, the great desire for existence, merely to continue *to be*, to continue even to be on this earth. It is a desire that no one speaks

of, it is a desire that few ever, with abstracted and clear introspection, gaze down upon as it exists deep in their being; but it is the great craving, nevertheless, that moves as a mainspring the wheels of commerce, and strikes all the rattling keys upon the great organ of labor. "*That we may continue to be*, we know not why," is the muffled cry sounding from the deep of man's nature. Now Christianity gives the meaning of existence, and so gradually intensifies that cry, and makes it articulate; and so the more civilized and enlightened the man, the more sacred grows human life in his eyes, until at last the code of honor so called, the duel, comes to be regarded in no less light than a downright subornation of murder.

And then there is moreover a want which, in the profounder moments of a man's life, rises out clear to his realization, sounds sharply upon his mental ear; a need that this existence of his shall be filled with an adequate object. Christianity alone has presented that object. Now, is not that the greatest philosophy, which thus opens before a man his profoundest and most infinite needs, and stands ready to supply them? Hence it is that in presence of Christianity, even as a philosophy of life, all other systems of philosophy have disappeared. The world once awakened by her to its greatest, its infinite wants, will have her and nothing else. So Christianity, my friends, depends not so much upon labored arguments in opposition to infidels, not so much upon evidences and miracles, as upon her inherent grandeur, and her harmony with the soul of man. If heresies arise, which

we think calculated to destroy her, lo, in the end she hath ground them to powder, and her own adamantine surface still glitters undefaced, even by a scratch. I have said that Christianity has, to all intents and purposes, created a want, and then stands ready to supply it. How has she created it? She has done it by a proffer; and what is her proffer? The text answers the question. "That he should give eternal life." What is that eternal life? Is it that merely which many a pious soul pictures to itself; is it to tread sapphire streets, to rest forever free from care, to have no more seasons of sorrow? Sapphire streets? There is something better there. No more seasons of sorrow? Wisdom knows that sorrow is sweet. Let us thank God for the shadows that fleck our landscapes. Shall we be freer hereafter from sorrow than angels, bright Archangels and Cherubim are now; and is there no sorrow among them for sin? Ah, their ethereal natures are tender, not callous. And is there to be no suffering hereafter? Then the generous soul should cry, preserve me at least from that callousness of spirit that cannot sorrow for the suffering that exists hereafter! Heaven preserve me from that selfishness and pride that shall go on wrapt up in its own bliss and utterly careless to all else. Freedom from care? What! the whole universe before us as a field of labor, and God, the ever-working God, as our guide, and no toil, no care that our work may be well done! Heaven preserve me from an eternal prison-house of sloth. There is no bliss in sloth. There could be no bliss in an eternal unvarying bliss. There could be no bliss in

a stagnant heaven. There can only be eternal happiness in an eternal variety. New causes, new knowledge, must ever expand our realization of the wisdom and goodness of God. And so eternal bliss must only come out of eternally new causes. Calm? There is a calm deeper than that which comes from mere inaction. Rest? You have seen the bird dart through the air on still wing; and yonder our movements, while we are about our great work, will be so unimpeded and rapid through the realms of God, that there is no phrase in human language that can express their fleetness and freedom save the phrase "perfect rest." No, the proffer of Christianity is eternal life, not eternal stagnation.

Now secondly, what *is* that eternal life? It is, "*To know Thee the only true God.*" In this one sentence Christianity opens before thee thine own great being, O man, in all its depth and width. It takes thee and lifts thee almost above thy very self. It tells thee that thou art infinitely elastic in the expansion of thy being, and therefore potentially all capacious. It tells thee what the true measure of thy vast capacity is; that it is not simply two or three or half a dozen departments of terrestrial knowledge. Could thy being only expand its width and depth so as to hold these and none other, thou wouldst be finite. But thou art infinite. It tells thee that the sole measure of thy true capacity is the knowledge of the Infinite God. It is that alone that can possibly fill the depths of thy nature, so great, so infinite is it. If there be one boon for which we should be thankful to Christianity, it is that she is thus the

elevator and enlarger of man, that she has opened out man unto himself, caused him to know himself, and sent him forthwith upon a nobler mission.

"And this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God." Here in this knowledge we have the true measure of a man. Let us pause a brief moment longer on this point: "knowledge as a measure of being." When an earthly science begins to develop before the mind of a man, for instance the science of chemistry, the chemical structure of bodies, as he labors in his laboratory, element after element begins to be discovered; truth after truth comes out; principle after principle is learned; until the science is found to be connected with all bodies all over the earth, and gradually to link itself moreover with other sciences by a thousand connections—to medicine, to astronomy, to mathematics, to agriculture, to painting, and to all the practical arts of life. Now, as man's mind goes on grappling the science wider and wider, and compassing it all, and then goes still further on to compass the sciences which are connected with it, we have in chemistry a measure of that mind. But Christianity stops not here; it lifts man's being and applies it even to God; to the knowledge of whom the mere knowledge of chemistry is but a drop in the ocean. And would you realize the true measure which this gives you of the possible depth and capacity of your being, remember that the knowledge of God, which is to enter and fill that being, is not only infinite, but infinitely expanding.

But Christianity creates no want that she does not

stand ready to satisfy. "And this is life eternal," are her words, "to know Thee, the only true God." And not only this, but also, "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Here she gives not only the designed end of man, but the means; and rest assured, brethren, the sole means through which that end is to be attained. This is the experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ. He who divides the end from the means, who expects to know God without knowing Christ, is not Christian, and labors under a fatal delusion. Christ declares that the only way of attaining the great destiny of the knowledge of God is to know Him, and we cannot know Him except by union with Him. There must be a mediation. God must throw Himself into a form to come within the range of man. This was accomplished in the great mystery of the Incarnation. And if we would learn and know God, and increase in that knowledge throughout eternity, it must be accomplished only in the scheme of mediation, by union and communion with that Being, Christ Jesus, who alone is declared unto man to be the very brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person.

Now, how can we have that union? Go on and see Christ's whole scheme! If you trust Him for a part, if you trust Him for a knowledge as to what your destiny is, trust Him for the whole! He does not leave man in mere indefiniteness. He does not merely and indefinitely say, "Come to me," and then leave all dark as to how you shall gain union with Him. He has organized His Church, He has declared it to be His very self—bone of His bone, and flesh of His

flesh—He has declared it to be His own Body Mystical. And true union with it is true union with Him; true union with Him is union with God. You are to know God. How can you know even a friend without long and constant communion with him? and how can you know the infinite God; how can you go on in your true and noble destiny, without constant union and communion through eternity with that Being, Christ, who presenteth in His own Person God unto man? There is a means of union with Jesus on earth clearly revealed in Scripture, set openly in the Church; so organized by Christ and the Holy Apostles that the world may see and recognize it. It is Holy Baptism. The Scriptures tell us it is by baptism we put on Christ. That we are all baptized into His Body. But after death there is no such means of union, and if not availed of in life we have the warrant of Scripture for it, that the die is set forever, and all this great designed destiny of yours is lost. In this same prayer Christ uses the following language, language solemn in its import to every man who puts aside the highest interests of his being for the sake of that which is earthly and temporal. He says, after alluding to those who had become His disciples (for He says, disciple all nations, baptizing them into me), "I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me —for they are thine: and all mine are thine, and thine are mine." Let every parent ask himself, whether he hath gone to the font and given his children one and all unto Christ, that they may be His, and that the rich blessing of His prayer may go up for them for-

ever. O to be outside the shelter of Christ's prayers! And let every parent and every man ask himself: Am I excluded from, or included in, Christ's petitions to the Father? "I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me; neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." Their word is to-day repeated to you through the lips of the descendants of those disciples in the Apostolic succession. O man, with an infinite destiny before thee, which thou mayst fulfil or utterly fail of, *wilt* thou believe?

Nor will mere union with Christ in baptism avail aught without Christ's appointed constant communion with Him subsequently. Your existence cannot be adequately filled, except it be filled with Christ. For "this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Twenty-fifth Sermon.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL ATHEISM.*

I.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.—*Ps.* xiv. 1.

AT first reading our thoughts would lead us to believe that this passage refers to Atheism; we think "the fool" is the Atheist; but if we reflect upon it a little we shall find, I think, that it does not refer to Atheists, but to another class entirely.

Once in a great while we meet with a man who by some dark process of reasoning has come intellectually to the dismal conclusion that there is no God. I say dismal; for if you take God away from human affairs, you have removed the pedestal from the statue, and morality has nothing to stand on. Take God out of the universe and you have only an outlook of purposeless confusion, without any intelligent departure from any given point, without any intelligent end or aim. God is the Bond of the universe, God is the satisfaction of the human mind. If Almighty God gives to the bee and the beaver the instinct by which they work

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

all the summer to prepare for the winter, He gives also the succession of summer and winter. God does not cheat the bee and the beaver, their instinct is a true one; and so if Almighty God has given to multitudes of human beings this instinct so universal to the human mind, belief in the existence of God, such instinct is a true one.

I say, intellectually a man may come to the dismal conclusion that there is no God, but it is contrary to man's instinct. When I was a boy, it was said by some one that it is impossible for a man to be altogether an atheist. But now, for fifty years atheists are increasing more and more, till to-day they number thousands and tens of thousands.

But atheism does not ripen its bitter poison fruit all at once. All things contribute to its slow development: all spiritual things are of slow growth, and so is atheism. But the time will come when the upas fruit will ripen, and men will look out aghast upon the scene of confusion; and as the asp bites and the beast goads himself against inanimate things in its rage, so atheism will throw herself in the confusion she has made, hopeless, despairing, into the horrid void. But the fruits of atheism are not yet ripe, and though they will come at last, we do not always see them produced among atheists. So we may often meet one who has intellectually reached the conclusion that there is no God, and we say to him, Oh fool, thou sayest in thy head there is no God! oh fool wise of heart, better art thou known than thou knowest thyself, for thy heart affirms what thy words deny; in thy heart thou sayest, There is a God.

Oh, in thy probity, in thy temperance, in thy generosity, in thy justice, in thy benevolence, in thy bright hope, in all thy virtues, whatever else thou believest or deniest, thou art thus far a theist like the rest of us. But, alas! turning from the few who deny, to the vast majority who affirm, are there not thousands and millions of whom we may say, "Thou sayest, there is a God." But oh, fool! thy words, thy head affirm, while thy heart and thy life deny.

There is a vast difference and discrepancy between thy head and thy heart. We say, men are reasonable beings, and the vast majority at least, we think, are governed by their reason. But if you come to put the question solemnly and to ask, are the generality of mankind led and governed by their head, you will find that though reason is the throne of man's nature, yet there are places beneath the throne that are stronger than the throne itself. I do not deny that men are often ruled by reason, but once let the feelings get the lead and they influence the head: they are like evil counsellors inducing the reason to go their way. Head and Heart!—I think a little reflection will show us that men are generally influenced more by feeling, passion, prejudice, public sentiment, the opinions of others, all the circumstances by which they are surrounded, than by cool, calm reason.

In science, how long it takes reasoning men to get out of the rut of an error! Many things prevent reasonable people from saying: "Show me the truth, and I will buy it and sell it not; give me the truth, and I will keep it and preserve it." No, people think of

what their friends will say, what the world will think. It is the heart that rules man, not the head. Show me what a man's heart is, and I will show you what the man is. Show me where his heart is, and I will predict the man's career. Therefore it is that Almighty God says to you and to me, and to all men: My son, give Me thy heart. Now a man may, from causes over which he has no control, make shipwreck of his earthly affairs, but, beloved, he whose heart is not in his affairs, will be sure to make shipwreck. So if your heart is not in the affairs of eternity, if you take no interest in spiritual things, if you care nothing for the things of God, should you not expect to make shipwreck of your soul's great interests? And who of us can say, his heart is really in things that are spiritual and eternal? Do not think of your neighbors, but let each of us ask ourselves. It is I that must at last stand at the judgment-seat of God. There, I thank God! I shall have to answer for myself alone, and I thank God no one will have to answer for me.

Yes, the heart is dominant. See how Almighty God uses it as the great engine for His work. Take one example. What is stronger than the love of parent for child, and child for parent. It is the heart that binds together the family in mutual bonds of love. The heart is God's great engine to unite and bind people together. I am wrong. Did I say, nothing is stronger than the love of parent and child? There is one feeling that is stronger, one that leads the child away from home and parents, that tears the daughter from her mother and from home; for lo, she loves a young

stranger, and this love has sometimes a severing as well as a binding influence. But in this sundering of families, lies the germ of new families. Almighty God has planted the heart in the midst of our nature, and by its guidance, from one single pair, Adam and Eve, He has filled the surface of the earth with families.

They tell us of the influence of schools. They are essential, for man was not intended to be an unreasoning, ignorant creature. We must have schools, and the best of them. What can be more melancholy than a man shut out, because he cannot read and write, from all the enjoyment that reading gives? It is bad enough to be shut off from the literature of all but one's native language, from all the magnificent treasures of French, German, or other languages; but to be shut off from the literature of one's own language is worse.

But do you know one of the tricks of Satan? He is too shrewd to tell a palpable downright lie. No, he takes a truth, and so warps and distorts it, that it becomes a lie. We need the learning of schools, and yet schools may seem to make men more wretched. Schools belong to the head, and they teach us the great facts and inventions of science; they tell us of machinery, of railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, sewing-machines, etc., but schools are not the panacea of all evils; they may but render villains more shrewd and successful. They alone make men more miserable. They cannot in themselves make men happy.

All the fruits of man's knowledge, reason, and invention are God's own work, and they are glorious. But

we must never forget that in the world, as in the Bible, there were two distinct lines—first, the line that begins with Abel; and second, the line that begins with Cain. It is on the latter line that machinery stands, through Tubal Cain, the first great artificer in brass and iron. Machinery—like all God's work on earth, like man, God's greatest work on earth—is fallen; machinery unfallen would be glorious, mighty indeed. But like Lucifer, who fell from Heaven, and fallen remained yet the mighty archangel, his great powers turned from good to evil, so with man's reason, so with machinery. It is still God's work, and glorious as an engine of good, but the curse of the fall is upon it. Railroads, telegraph, telephone, machinery of all kinds are not capable of creating an atom of happiness. They are convenient, but they are not the cause of happiness, can never produce true blessedness. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Machinery can never create happiness; happiness is of the heart; knowledge belongs to the head, and the head may be all knowing, while the whole man is all misery. Satan believes, and is miserable. When I ask myself about happiness, and peace, and joy, and blessedness on earth, a vision comes to my mind—a sweet vision of long ago. If you can go back in memory fifty years or more, and if you will set down a list of the articles of convenience and luxury that we have now, which were unknown then, you will be amazed

at the length of the list. But the objects familiar to us now, which were then almost undreamed of, would be too long to enumerate here. In my vision I see my ancestors in the old homestead without all these things, and ask myself were they not as happy as we, were not theirs the real joy, and peace, and happiness? Ah! in the eager restless joy of this later generation, I look in vain for the joy, the peace, the calm of those days; and I know there was as much serenity and blessedness, might I not say more, in the old homestead than we are apt to find with all the appliances of modern convenience and luxury. For it is from the things which come from the heart, not from the head, that peace and blessedness flow. Depend upon it, that man, that nation alone is happy, and makes the fewest mistakes, which is pure, and true, and just, and whose great heart is right. If I must choose, give me the man whose heart is right and whose head is wrong, rather than the man whose head is right and his heart wrong.

But the time has slipped by, and I find I have hardly completed the portico of the great lesson I wished to bring before you, and I must leave you with this one thought: the heart of man is greater than the head, joined to what God says to each one of us, "My son, give Me thy *heart*." Yes, the heart is king. But if the heart of man is king, it is king for evil as well as for good. Another vision comes up to my mind. Time was when the mass of the people in Germany, France, England, Belgium, etc., were Christian; and what does the Christian heart say? It looketh not for bliss

in external circumstances; it knows there can be misery and wretchedness in a palace, and happiness in a poor hovel. In all the inequalities that exist in this world, some happy, others wretched; some rich, others in poverty; the Christian heart said: "I have a hope, a future. If I am Lazarus to-day, I know how it will be with me when I rest in Abraham's bosom."

Again I see a vision, not of the past, but of the future. One does not wish to prophesy, but it does not need the eye of the prophet to see something coming upon us. How shall I show you this vision of danger that I have seen? Think of human society as a mighty pyramid, the base of which is that portion of humanity that labor for the merest pittance. If the base is Christian, if the laboring classes have a hope for the future, they are willing to wait for their happiness. But now suppose there are men who arise to teach these poor people that there is no God, no Heaven, no hope of adjustment between Dives and Lazarus, and we must not ignore the fact that this is what the thousands of Communists all over the earth, in Belgium, France, Germany, England, and America are teaching. Here we have an earthquake force that may at any moment upheave the foundations of society. These men are human, and they ask themselves, "Why is it that one man has his millions and I am starving?" Suppose their faith in a loving God be torn away from them; suppose them mostly infidels and atheists; suppose these masses that form the base of the great pyramid of society rise against the upper classes; imagine the scenes of tumult of which we have heard in Paris

and Pittsburg repeated all over the earth—what would it be but a return of barbarism!

Men are teaching in secret places of London and Paris, Berlin and New York that there is no God. Very well, they cry, if there be no future, no Heaven, no God, give us then the earth! What may follow is appalling beyond what the wildest imagination can conceive. And who hath done it but they of whom Almighty God hath said: "A fool is he that saith in his head and in his heart, There is no God."

Twenty-sixth Sermon.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL ATHEISM.*

II.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.—*Ps.* xiv. 1.

You will remember that Sunday before last we dwelt somewhat on these words, which are to be found in the Fourteenth and Fifty-third Psalms. We asked ourselves does the Psalmist intend to speak of atheists, and we found to our surprise that he did not; at least, that the words are not confined to atheists, though they are included; but he meant also some one else. We find many men, and they are increasing in number, too, who do not call themselves believers in God, and yet so far as their actions are concerned, we can say of them that they are wise and great of heart; that in their probity, temperance, fortitude, benevolence, and all Christian virtues, they are unconsciously in heart believers in God. They are sometimes very different from atheists. They are known by others better than they are known by themselves. But oh! the multitude that say in their minds, "There is a God," while in their life and actions they say "There is no God."

* Report of an extemporaneous sermon.

We spoke last Sunday of the head and the heart, and we asked which is the great ruler of man? Men are supposed to be reasonable creatures. Did we not find, if reason can be said to be the throne of man's nature, that there is a power beneath the throne and greater than the throne that rules the great and mighty forces of human nature? I don't care what the head is, as a general thing; it is the heart that makes the man, not the head. The heart rules to a great extent the conclusions which the head reaches. Show me what a man's heart is, and I will tell you what the man is; what under certain circumstances his career and conduct will be. Take the average man. If you ask nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand, "Do you believe in a God?" how would they reply? how, but with a stare of wonder, if they did not look at the question in the light of a passing insult. But I believe, if we come candidly to this question, "Do men in general believe there is a God?" we shall reach the startling conclusion that practically they do not. How is it with a man who really believes that a certain stock he holds is going down? Does he not hasten to sell? If a man believes that his own house is in danger of burning, will he not remove his most valuable treasures with all speed? How is this? It is the fool that hath said in his heart there is no God. There are atheists of the head and atheists of the heart. We have seen that some who call themselves atheists belong to the first set; but let us turn to another set, they who say they believe, but are atheists at heart. And how is it with most men? how is it with most of us? Are we not

almost all atheists? We may be growing less and less atheists (may God increase our faith), but is there not a tinge of atheism in most of us? It is well the heart of man believeth, and this is why God said, My son, give Me thy heart. Be sure that be he prince or peasant, simple or learned, that son who obeys the call is dear and precious in the eyes of Almighty God. It is the heart—believing, trusting, loving—that makes a man wise in the sight of God. God has called to each one of us! My son, give Me thy heart; and He asks how it is with us. Do not let us go off upon abstract theories and considerations. Do not let us ask how it is with others, but how it is with us? How with us who are here to-day within these four walls? How is it with our national, our social, and our individual character. How is it with you, my brother? my sister? how is it with me? Man is naturally religious, and yet man is fallen away from God.

Look at man in his national character. See the great nations, each a great human colossus. See them as they watch each other, looking each with jealous, envious eye upon the other's possessions. We see the jealousy become war; we see these giants collide and fall each with a great ghastly Bound; we see one colossus attack another, bring him down, rob him, perhaps of his Texas, his California, his Alsace, his Lorraine. How is it with each of the great human colossi? Is each nation acting as in the presence of Almighty God? As a nation, as a collection of individual men in their national character, is it moved by pure principles of justice, right, and honor, or is it for self and self alone?

What nation asks, "Is this act right, honorable, just, and true?" Is it not "Where is the outlet for my manufactures? How will it be with my markets, my colonies, my stocks and bonds?" Are these the questions which determine war and peace, or the principles of purity, justice, and right? How was it with us when we looked with envious eye upon Texas? How with the Turk when he turned his gaze upon the Christian and increased his cruelty and barbarity toward your brother and sister and mine?

Monarchs may stamp upon their coin "By the grace of God King of Spain, Queen of England, Emperor of Germany," but do they act as in the presence of a great and holy God?

But let us not be pessimists. There is a spirit abroad that cries down the present and exalts and looks to a Utopia in the past. The great sun of Christianity cannot have been rising and rising ever higher in the heavens and shining for hundreds of years upon our earth without warming and enlightening, ripening and improving. Have there not been noble voices, voices of Saints and Martyrs, Pastors and Teachers; voices, too, of the press, silent but mighty, lifted up for truth, for right, for purity, for justice, for honor and charity? Yes, and these voices are increasing and growing stronger and louder, and all may take cheer. The voices that cry out for the truth are sounding even more and more. Be not discouraged; your voice is feeble, but lift it up and you will find that it is but one of a chorus of forty millions of voices.

To show you a law: There was once One who sat

weary by a well, and there came a woman to draw water to whom He spoke the word of salvation. And when He spoke this word into the ear of that one poor woman, He spoke to all men and women all over the world, to all time, to eternity, through the channel of that one woman.

So it is the duty of every priest, of every man and every woman, to speak for truth and right so as I speak to-day. Who can say but some young man, some boy perhaps, may hear a word that hereafter he will proclaim with clarion voice, speaking in the cause of truth and justice in such a way that a whole nation shall hear.

But as we have spoken of the unbelief of nations, let us now pass to another point, and consider how it is in society. Socially, how is it with you and with me? Social life is largely mercantile. We have to do with mechanics, with machinery, with trade. Please God, many among us are building up the noble upright character of the honest merchant. When we have said that, what volumes we have spoken; the upright, honest, honorable merchant, is not he the just man of to-day? and are there so few that we can count them on our fingers? No! Blessed be God, we have thousands and tens of thousands here, and all over the earth; men who would not defraud men, who never sell their souls for wealth or power. Remember what I said of machinery. It is a creature of God, but fallen. Like man the whole creation is groaning and travailing, looking for its deliverance; and is not mercantile life a great creature of God, but fallen also? We must speak of the great-

ness of the noble honest merchant, and the truth of the great inventor and manufacturer. But we must speak also of the opposite side of the picture. Are there not on the other side the worse than dubious operations of the stock exchange? fraud, theft, peculation? Can these men believe in their hearts that there is a God? But we need not linger here. Then comes the solemn question, how is it with us each one as individuals, how with you and with me? How is it, young man, with you in your duties as a clerk? Do you act honorably and honestly by your employer? If he says he expects you to be at the place of business at a certain hour, are you there half an hour later? If your employer tells you to stay till such a time, do you leave earlier? Do you, in all your duties as a clerk, in all your ways and acts, do as if you were walking in the presence of God? There will come a time to each one of us when our breath will grow fainter and fainter till it is gone, and then we must enter alone into the presence of our past, of our own souls and God. How will it be with us then? But do you realize that you are in the presence of God now just as much as when you will be before Him?

How is it with you as a member of a corporation? They say corporations have no souls. How is this? It is because of the actions of corporations and their results, for were corporations to act in the way a great honorable Christian merchant would act, it would never be said that corporations have no souls. It would never be said, did each member of a corporation act as though he were in the presence of God? As a member of a

corporation do you thus act? When you cast your vote for any man or any measure, do you remember that you have a duty in regard to the glory of God and the good of man, and that God sees how you are thus fulfilling it?

And now let us inquire, how is it with us socially, in regard to marriages, for instance? Let us think of the marriage of convenience, as it is called, or the marriage for reasons, for money, for position. How often do men marry money bags instead of a woman, and women marry the money bags instead of a man, many without love, against the law of Almighty God that love should exist between man and wife? And how is it in this great city, and all over the country, in the destruction and prevention of human life in one great Herodian sin? Remember, if we sin God does not always send a punishment that we can recognize as inflicted for a particular sin. The punishment is often of a different kind, and we do not feel that we are being punished for this or that wrong-doing, and so we perhaps lose the lesson. But there may be in our home, in our families, trouble and grief and disaster. There may be something that frets and pains us. Let us trace it back to its real cause.

But as God is with us in all our social, so He is in all our lonely hours. How do we spend our time when we are alone? In wrong, idle, vain and selfish acts and thoughts? How is it with you, young woman? Remember, when you are alone, when no human eye can see you, that you are still seen by the pure eyes of

angels, and that in no solitude are you away from the presence of Almighty God.

And now what shall I bring to you as a brief practical lesson, that you may take to heart and carry home?

I have read of a wealthy young nobleman who spent all his time in vanity and feasting. All his thoughts were given to his table, his dress, the chase. But one day God sent an angel to touch his heart; and though he knew not whence it came, he found a disgust of his past life and a desire to turn away from his errors. So he went to a holy man who was a great master of the spiritual life, and told him for an hour of his old sins and his new desires. The master, having heard all his long discourse, replied in these few words: "What shall you do? go home and think on these words, 'Thou God seest me.'" The young man felt somewhat slighted and provoked, and he said to himself, "I thought when I came to this great master that he would bring out his books and explain all my case, that he would instruct me in making meditations, contemplations, and acts of virtue, and now he bids me only to think of these simple words." But at the banquet that night, in the midst of the revel, he heard again those four words whispered in his ear, "Thou God seest me," and all that night, and the next morning, and the next day, wherever he was, whatever he was doing, came back to him like the refrain of a song those words, "Thou God seest me;" and the end was that he became a great saint of the Catholic Church.

I give you to-day these same words, "Thou God seest me." Take them with you. Keep them in your mind wherever you go, at home or abroad, in all your avocations, business or pleasure. They will not interfere with any duty, with any right pleasure. Repeat them to yourself many times a day, at home, in your shop, in your recreation. "Thou God seest me."

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